The Saturday Evening
POST
June 28, 1958 – 15¢

JUN 24 '58

THE TURNPIKES ARE IN TROUBLE
By HAL BURTON

A VISIT WITH EDDIE ARCARO
By STANLEY FRANK

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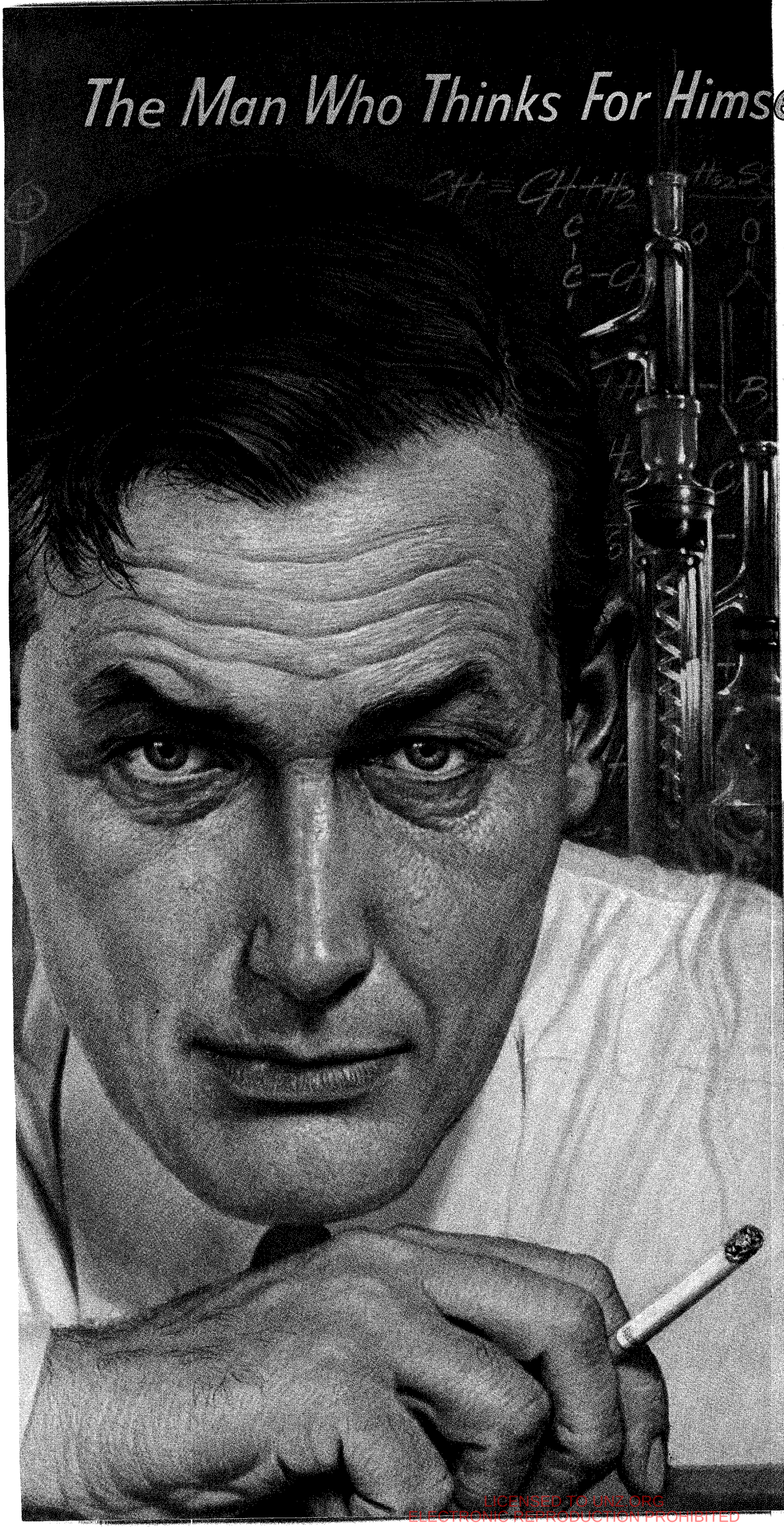
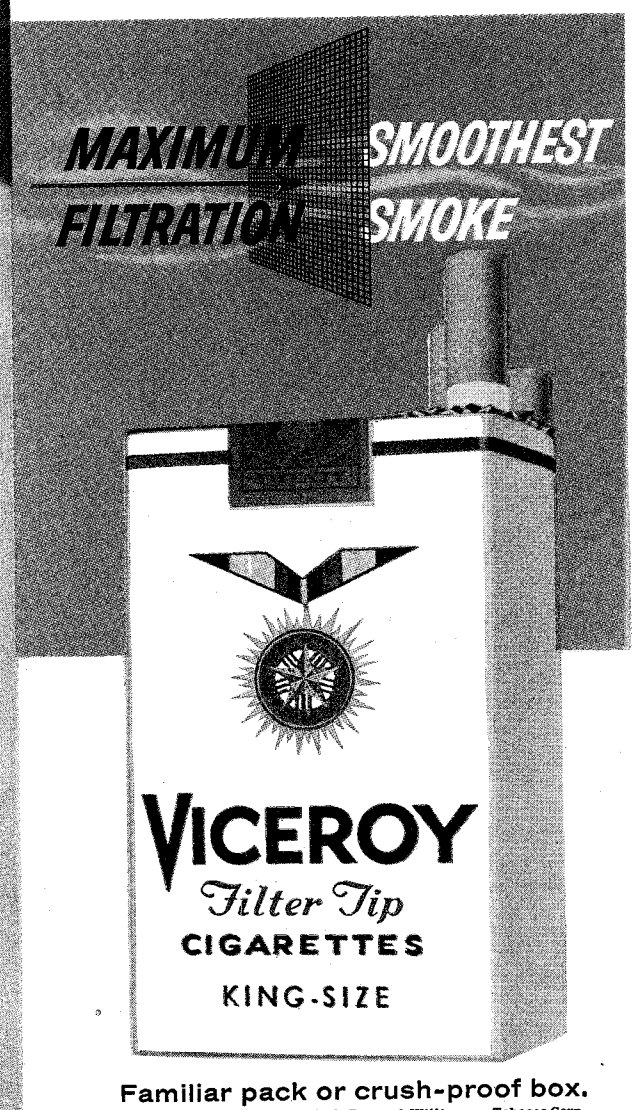


The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...

VICEROY GIVES YOU MORE OF WHAT YOU CHANGE TO A FILTER FOR

The man who thinks for himself wants facts—not claims. And the facts about filter cigarettes are these: Viceroy gives you *maximum filtration* for the smoothest smoke of *any* cigarette! Maximum filtration... smoothest smoke... finest tobacco taste. Viceroy gives you more of what you change to a filter for! Think it out for *yourself!*



Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

© 1958, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

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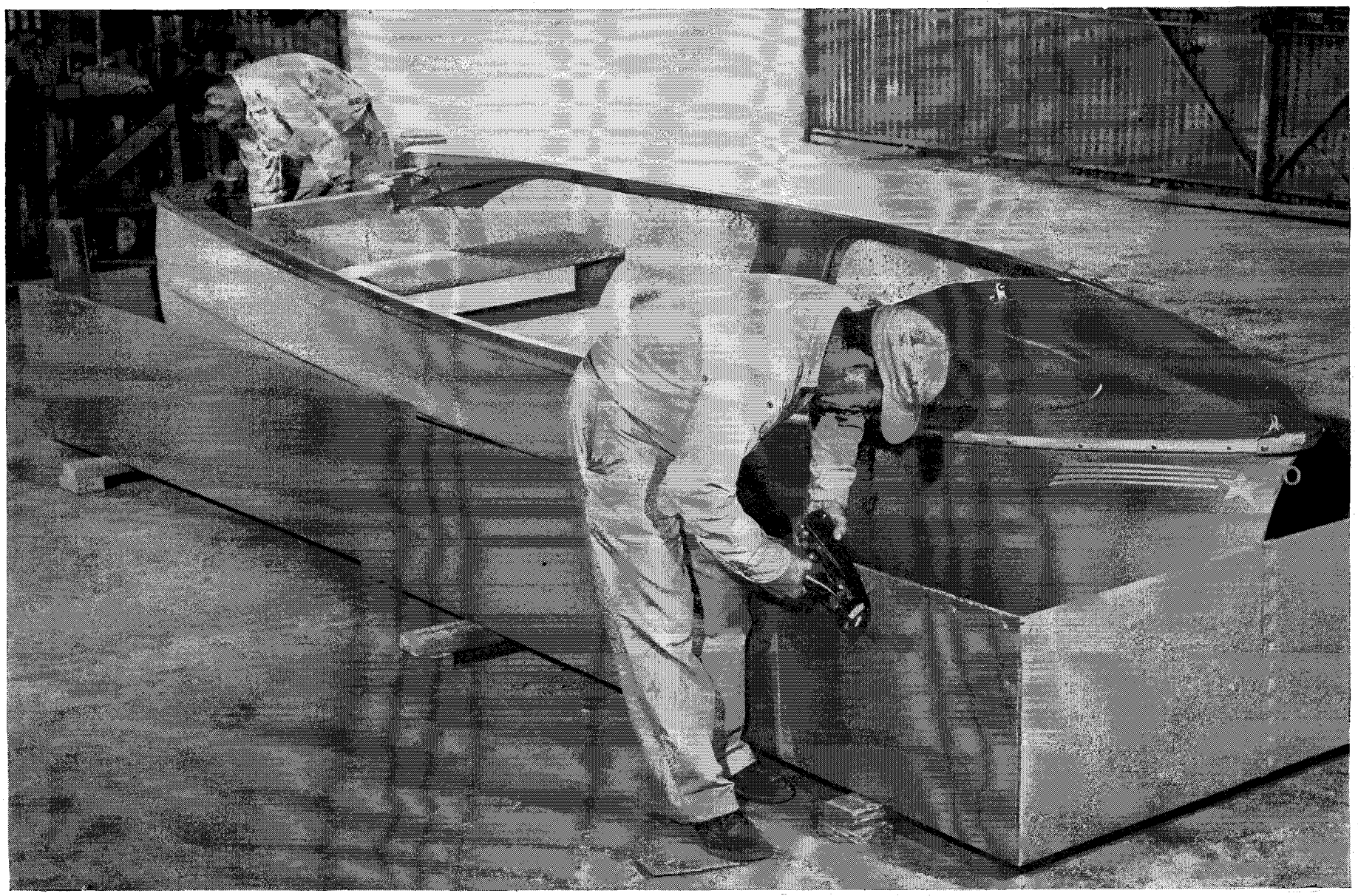


Lone Star boat travels shipshape in corrugated cartons fastened with Bostitch staples

Huge stapled carton cuts boat packing time 50%

Even in Texas, where you expect things on a grand scale, a corrugated carton big enough to hold a boat is *big*.

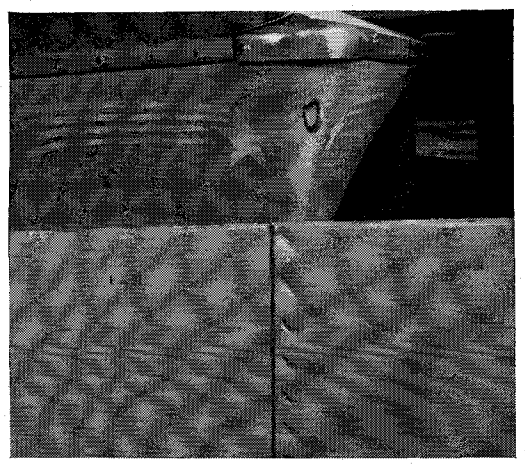
A Texas boat builder wanted to replace heavy wood crates for packaging 14-foot boats. He preferred the smooth surface of paperboard, so the boat's finish wouldn't be marred. But he had to have strength enough to support the boat's ¼-ton weight. Rugged Bostitch staples solved the problem.

The carton—biggest the box manufacturer makes—arrives flat with its center seam already securely stitched with a Bostitch stitcher. Then using Bostitch staples, boat packers form the corners and join the telescoped sections. Finally, corrugated cushions are installed and bottom and top sections stapled together. This is all done in *half* the time needed to assemble and nail a wooden crate.

The boat company likes the Texas-size assembly and freight savings of stapled cartons. Dealers like the way stapled cartons protect the boats. Of 3000 shipments, 2998 arrived in perfect condition. The other two were only slightly marred.

Your fastening problem needn't be *this* big for big savings. There are 800 Bostitch models to save time and money in thousands of ways in home, factory and office.

A call from you will bring one of 375 Bostitch Economy Men located in 123 cities in the U. S. and Canada. He will be glad to show you how.



Center joint of huge container has been pre-stitched at the container factory with a fast Bostitch stitcher

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Look up Bostitch in your phone directory, or write:
Bostitch, 406 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, Rhode Island

☐ Please send me information on ways stapling helps shippers.
☐ Please send free bulletins that show how stapling can cut my costs in other ways.

I want to fasten: ☐ corrugated board ☐ cartons ☐ fabric ☐ leather ☐ plastic bags ☐ wood ☐ roofing ☐ rubber ☐ light metals

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Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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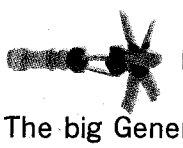
Coming this Fall! A new jet age travel experience!

Electra/Flight

The New Lockheed Electra will bring you a totally *different* air travel experience—you'll fly faster than ever before... yet in *vibration-free,* relaxing quiet! Save 25% in time over today's inter-city schedules.

You choose from more frequent Electra/Flights...leaving from today's close-in airports...taking true jet age air travel even to smaller communities. (The Electra can serve over 300 existing commercial airports in the United States alone.)

On board, you feel at home immediately in "living room" comfort. Electra cabins are wider, more spacious. Your seat is roomier, more relaxing—you look through a big "picture window," or stroll a broad aisle to enjoy a friendly lounge.



Look for the jet with props

The big General Motors Allison Propjet Engines are turning over. (Note there's no quiver—no shake!) These 4 giants are turbine engines (for power and speed) combined with 4-bladed props (for more dependable short-flight performance).

In the air *you speed along in serene smoothness. If "weather" is sighted or radar-sensed ahead, your pilot can choose the best altitude or course for your comfort...above or below storms or winds. You can depend on scheduled arrival and departure times.*

When Electra descends for landing—*relax.* The big props actually act like "brakes" against the air for short, safe landings even on slick runways. You disembark near terminals and can carry your luggage for quicker getaway.

You will enjoy Electra/Flight on these leading airlines:

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American Airlines
Ansett / ANA of Australia
Braniff Airways
Cathay-Pacific Airways
Eastern Air Lines
Garuda Indonesian Airways
KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
National Airlines
PSA-Pacific Southwest Airlines
Western Airlines

The finest jet age airliner for city-to-city travel **LOCKHEED ELECTRA**

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California

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IN THIS ISSUE

June 28, 1958 *Vol. 230, No. 52*

4 Short Stories

Yusuf the Lionhearted . . . . . *Neill C. Wilson* 20
It Has to be Love . . . . . *Steve McNeil* 24
Make-Believe Hero . . . . . *Pat Pfeifer* 31
Husbands and Strangers . . . . . *Lawrence Lee* 32

7 Articles

I Live on Wheelchair Island . . . . *Albion Hartwell, as told to Alice Lake* 17
The Intrepid Kids of Disneyland . . . . . *Robert Cahn* 22
The Turnpikes are in Trouble . . . . . *Hal Burton* 25
A Visit With Eddie Arcaro . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 26
The Face of America: Classic Machine . . . *Photograph by Gus Pasquarella* 28
How Americans are Like Russians . . . . . *Demaree Bess* 30
Dishes for the Bride . . . . . *Noel Barber* 34

2 Serials

Frame-Up for Murder (Second of three parts) . . . . *Rex Stout* 36
The Chains of Fear (Sixth of eight parts) . . . . *Nikolai Narokov* 41

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 38
Verse 46, 91, 96, 120, 125
Keeping Posted 128

THE COVER

On the cover, and again on page 26, you can find jockey Eddie Arcaro, millionaire star of the sport of kings and several million non-kings. Norman Rockwell met Eddie at Santa Anita—"He's a wonderful little guy. My cover, as usual, has some trifling exaggerations, but I'm sure he won't mind that." (Gentle caricature is part of the Rockwell art.) Before a jockey goes out to a race, he weighs out; after a race, as you can see, he weighs back in. Eddie is wearing the famed Alfred Vanderbilt colors because the artist thought cerise looked so droll on the hard-bitten, sun-bronzed athlete. At Santa Anita, Rockwell made his first racing bet, $10 on Arcaro's mount and another $10 on a long shot; so Eddie's horse ran out of the money and the long shot won—profit $120. Norman should quit, but will he?

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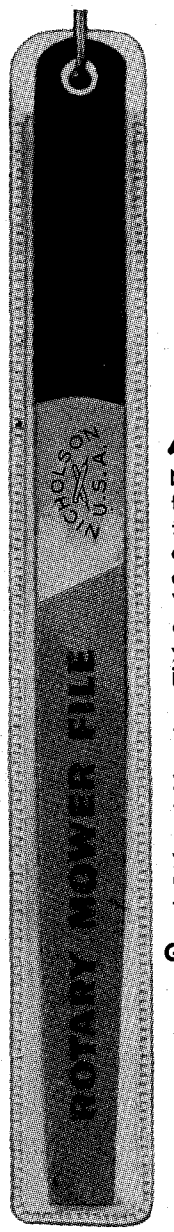

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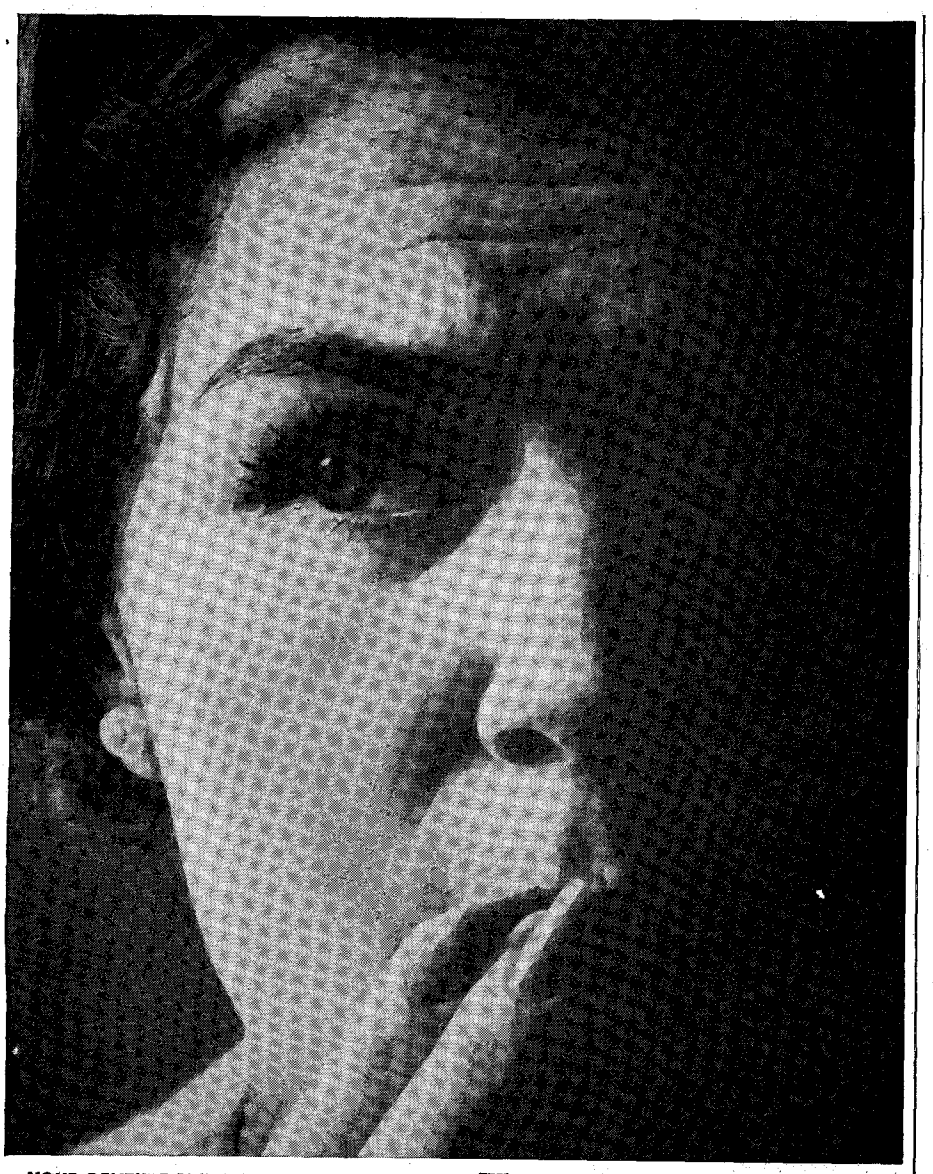

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Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

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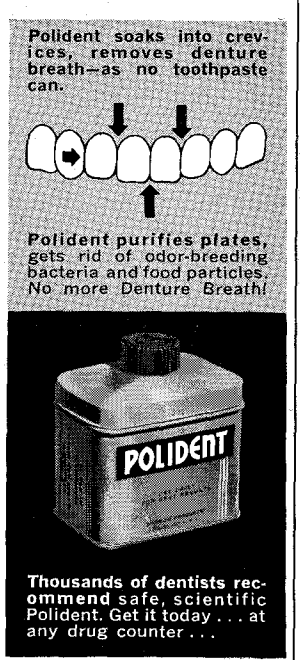
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Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

Letters

Adventure in Art

Dear Sirs:

Enthusiastic congratulations on your publishing of the late Francis Henry Taylor's ART AND HUMAN DIGNITY (Adventures of the Mind 4, May 17).

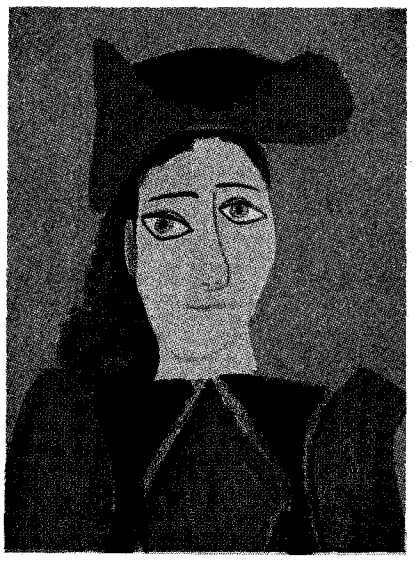
There are few to take his place as the hearty champion of both artist and public in their mutual need for art.

This last article is a grand reaffirmation of his testament.

LEE MALONE, *Director*
The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Taylor makes it very clear that only the privileged can appreciate the worst monstrosities of modern art, and he leaves me definitely out of this select group when he chooses Picasso's Seated Woman, with her broken building-block



ankle and his equally absurd Portrait of D.M. (see cut) with the eyes that don't match.

Does Hans Christian Andersen's naked king march again, with only people of superior mentality able to see the rich raiment which hides his knobby knees?

R. P. ASKUE
Larchmont, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Lest the artist of tomorrow yield too readily to the blandishments of success, we have Francis Henry Taylor's precept and example: the basis of true greatness is lonely faith and courage.

HENDERSON WOLFE
Mystic, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Referring to artists who are "politically, economically and socially . . . children," Francis Henry Taylor suggests, "What they need is a little old-fashioned Dutch courage to face the future."

Dutch courage? To your dictionaries, men!

How surprising to see such a proposal for improvement of the arts from Francis Henry Taylor! And in the Post too. Tch! Tch!

S. G. MANTEL
Montclair, N.J.

● *A boner. We take it all back.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

I was going to pass over Adventures of the Mind as too "high brow" and maybe too much work. But I got involved and the articles are wonderful! Not light reading—but tremendously rewarding.

MRS. MAXINE LITTRELL
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

The articles are thus far a sheer delight. They have shown that one need not be obscure in order to be profound.

HAZEL VANDYKE ROBERTS
Associate Professor of Economics
MARY L. GAMBRELL
Chairman, History Department
VERÉ L. RUBEL
Professor of History
Hunter College
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have passed your "adventures" along to my son-in-law who starts teaching science in high school next fall. They will prove invaluable to him.

FRANK A. GANTS, D.O.
Cranston, R.I.

Murderous Germ

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the article THE HOSPITALS FIGHT THEIR TOUGHEST WAR (by Steven M. Spencer, May 17). Coming as it does, just a few weeks after my husband's death at 43, from the staph germ, it is of special interest to me. . . . He, too, was progressing normally after serious surgery until two days later. The sudden rise in temperature, the weakened heart and the lung congestion took him quickly.

The layman may sometimes have the impression that the doctor is hardened to suffering and death. I saw how distressed they were when their greatest efforts failed to save my husband.

NAME WITHHELD
Stoughton, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

I imagine there will be many disbelievers among your readers, and I would be too—except my daughter was a victim.

MRS. E. D. JOHNS
Elyria, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

It has gotten to the point that when our doctor sees us, he asks, "Who has it, and where?" . . .

Since we have been through this trying year, with Staphylococcus infections a part of our household, it was most encouraging to read such an informative article, and know so much is being done to control and combat it.

MRS. WILLIAM A. JONES
Hobbs, N.M.

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised to find no mention of the fact that the most effective method of preventing infection in nurseries is to do away with them [the nurseries]. Many of the best and most progressive hospitals in the nation, including all military hospitals, keep the baby in the room with its mother, where the danger of cross infection is reduced to a minimum. Such hospitals have the problem, but not to the same extent as hospitals with crowded nurseries.

GRAHAM L. DAVIS, *Director*
Onslow Memorial Hospital
Jacksonville, N.C.

(Continued on Page 6)

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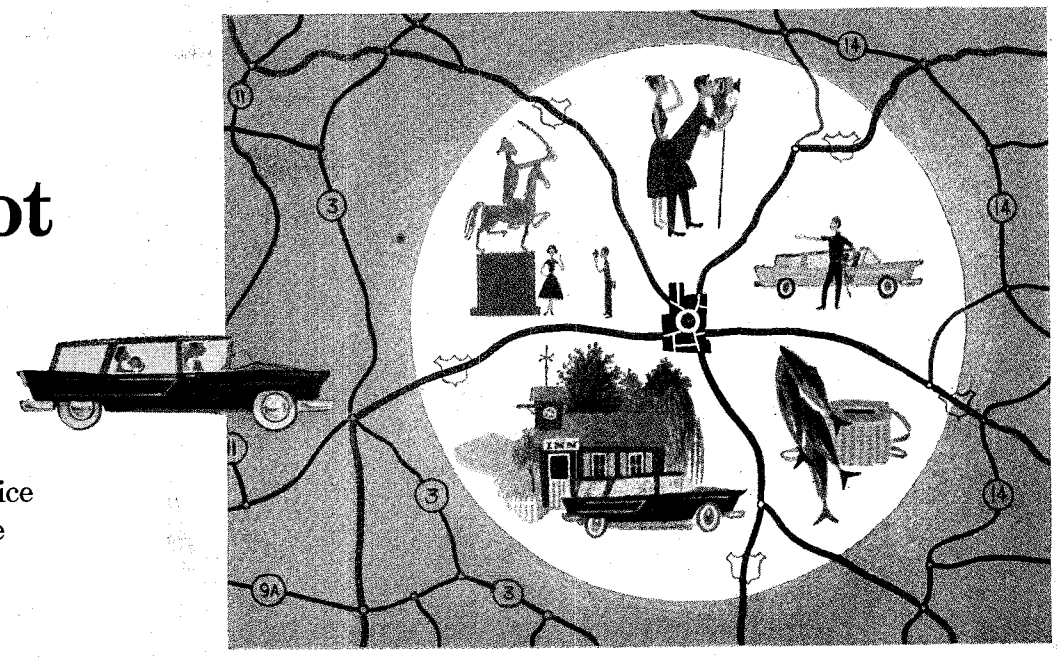
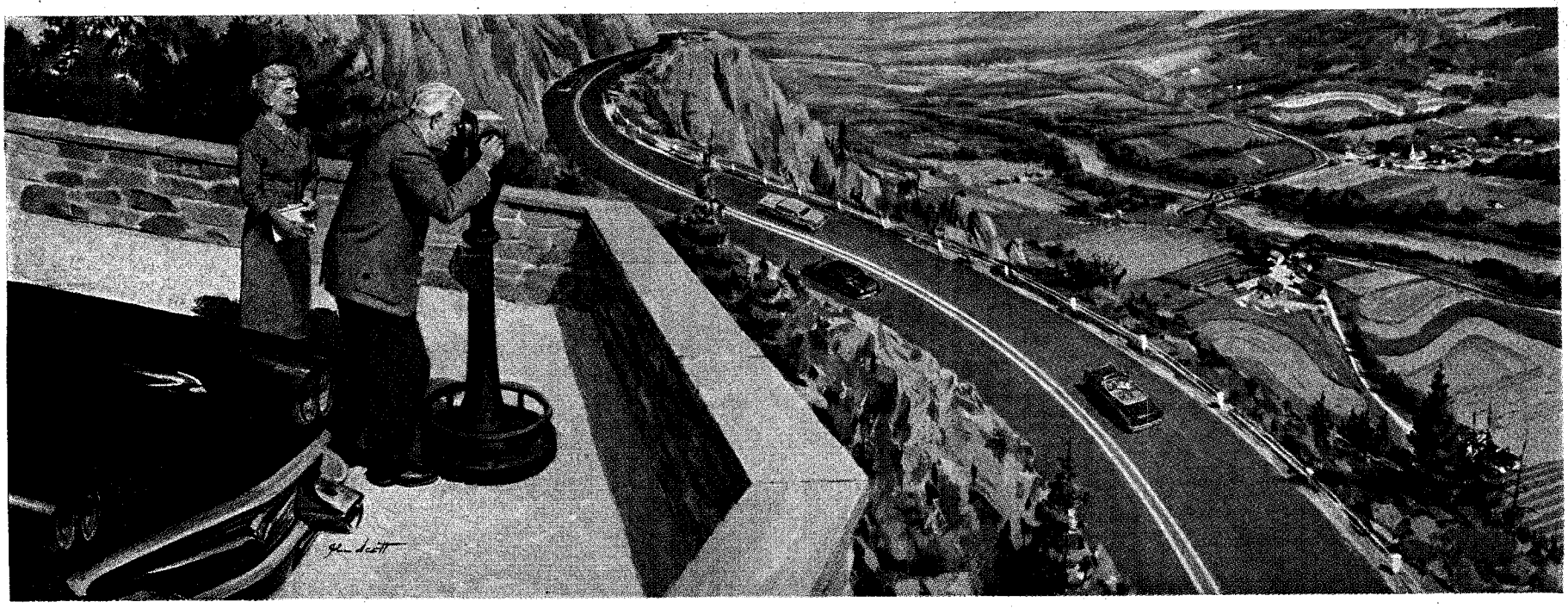
Your car makes any vacation spot a new Magic Circle



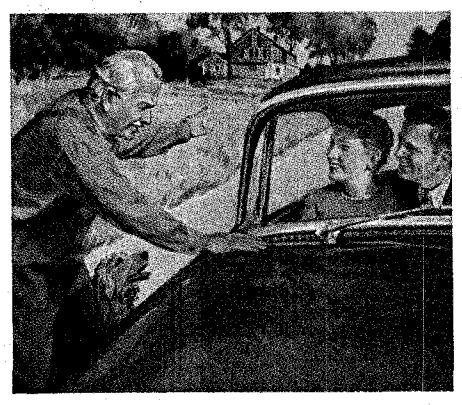
This summer, let your car make your vacation twice the fun. Use it to explore a new Magic Circle—the one that surrounds your new holiday home.



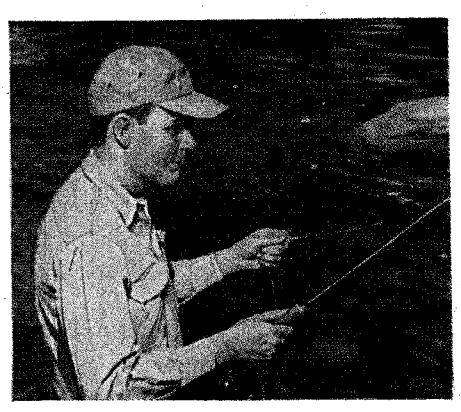
See your vacationland close-up . . . cruising a new and different countryside, discovering new and fascinating places, doing new things . . .

See, for example, the fine old landmarks . . .

Look for those charming country inns . . .



Let your car take you where you can make new friends . . .



Or perhaps drive out to try a new fishing hole.

Your car makes your vacation more fun—more interesting. For anywhere you go, a new Magic Circle surrounds you with a worldful of things to enjoy.

It makes your car not just a way to get there, but a wonderful way of life after you arrive. And from start to end of any trip, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure. See for yourself *this* vacation.

Drive more . . . it's fun to explore your Magic Circle

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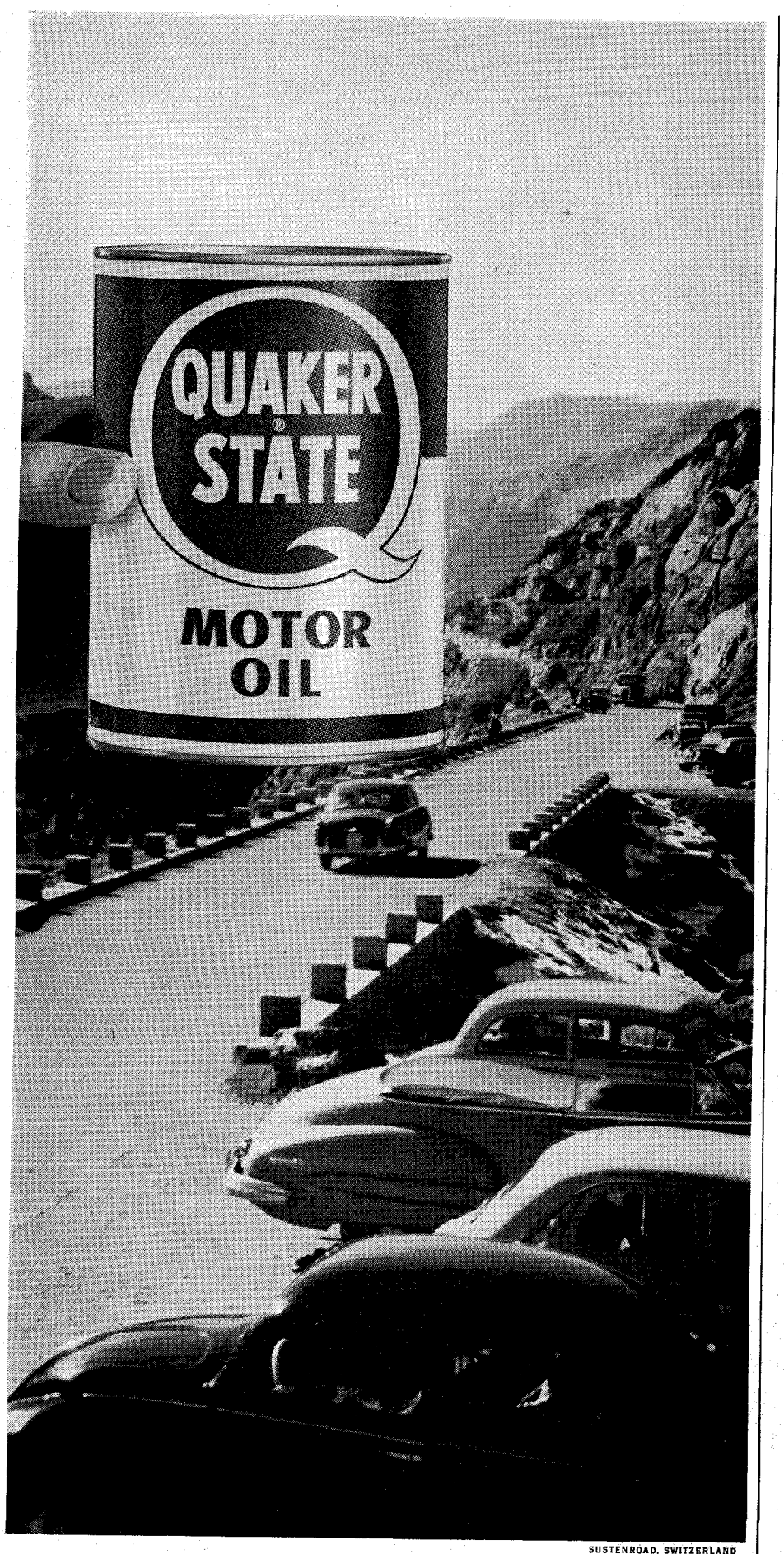

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Big news on the road today is Quaker State. More and more motorists *the world over* ask for Quaker State for their cars. They know they can count on this pure Pennsylvania oil for dependable, longer-lasting engine protection *wherever they drive*. Treat *your* car to Quaker State . . . *it's the best motor oil money can buy!*

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Quite a stunt Jerry Marcus pulled off, opening that door from the hinged side. (May 10 cartoon, above.)

TOM PRICE
Corpus Christi, Texas

● *Agreed. —ED.*

Cosmopolitan Kiddies

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Cheney's little daughter (MY DAUGHTER'S AN ARAB, by Michael Sheldon Cheney, in the May 17 Post) is very fortunate to have the choice of

citizenship when she grows older. We thought our two little girls (see cut), one born in Canada and one here in Colombia, would also have a choice. My husband is an American and comes from a long line of fine American people, and is very proud of his heritage. I am Canadian. My husband has spent most of his life in Canada, but during the war, while attending a Canadian university, was called to serve in the American Army, and as far as we knew was a full-fledged American.

Now we are told that because he hasn't lived in the U.S. or territories for a period of four years since the age of fourteen, his children cannot claim American citizenship and if they wish to become citizens, must enter as aliens and apply for citizenship as such. So it seems we are one American, two Canadians, and one very small Colombian. We are both very disappointed in his country.

MRS. JOY EASTMAN
El Bagre (Antioquia), Colombia

Baptists and Baptism

Dear Sirs:

I wish to commend you for handling OUTDOOR BAPTISM in your Face of America series (photograph by Thurston Hatcher, May 17) with such good taste. So often baptism by immersion has been portrayed as anything but a religious service of significance.

RONALD KEELER
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

The real meaning of the baptismal rite as observed by Baptists everywhere is not so much the symbolic washing away of sin (as stated in text) but rather the depicting of the death, burial and resurrection of Christ and of the believer himself.

REV. WILLIAM H. SCHOBERT
Bankers Baptist Church
Hillsdale, Mich.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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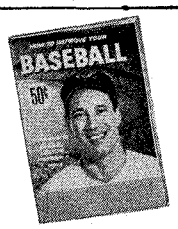
More to enjoy

The Fearsome Foursome clusters around Motorola Corsair 5-tube, 3-Way Portable Radio, Model 5P21, $27.95 in Suede Brown (less batteries). Slightly higher in Red & Antique White or Turquoise & Antique White. Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

Big League listening for Little Baseballers. This powerhouse lead-off quartet calls "time" to hear its press-box talk straight from the source's mouth. In this case, the Motorola Corsair . . . most reasonably-priced, best-performing portable radio in any league. Built rugged to take plenty of batting around and come up playing sharp and clear. Sparkling new molded cabinet of tough polystyrene resists breakage, scratches, scuffs, and stains. Antenna in the handle is a king-size station-pulling ferrite rod meant for most sensitive, realistic reception. A compact, carryable package of *More to enjoy* . . . from Motorola.



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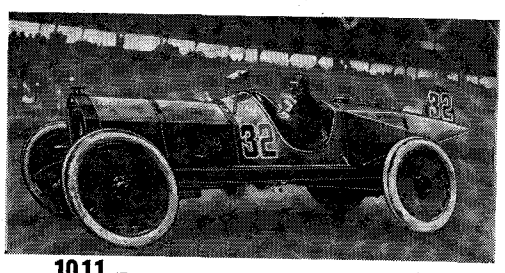
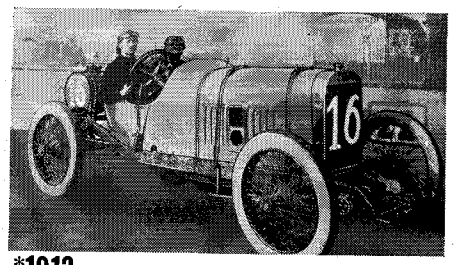
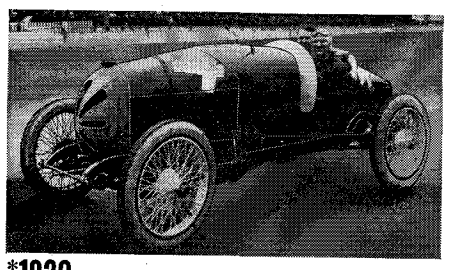


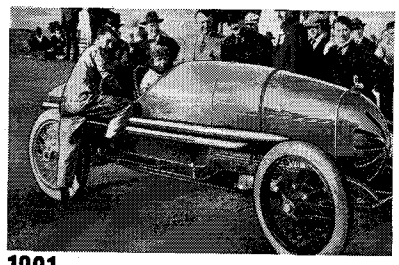
1911 *Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.*



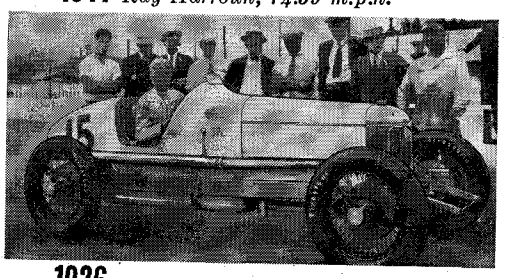
***1913** *Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.*



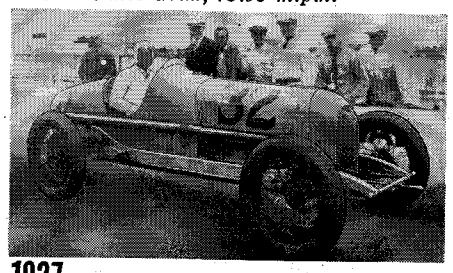
***1920** *Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.*



1921 *Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.*

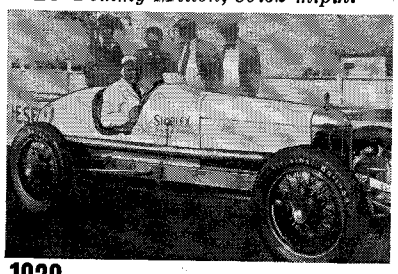


1926 *Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.*

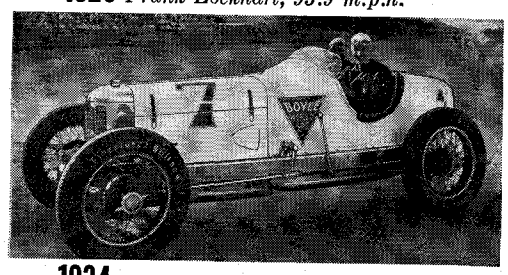


1927 *George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.*

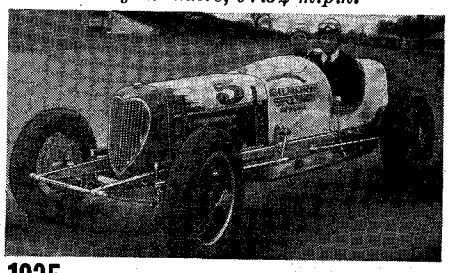
1928 *Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.*



1929 *Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.*

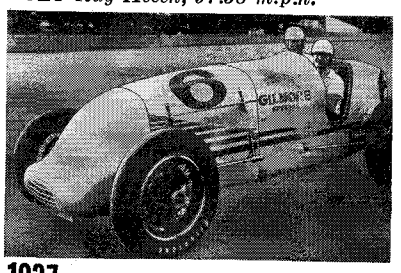


1934 *Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.*

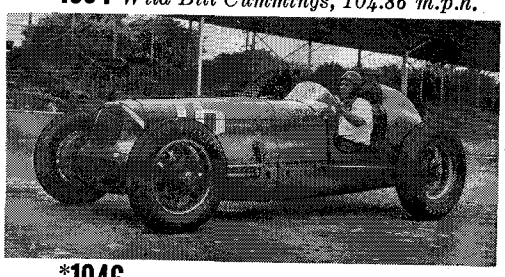


1935 *Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.*

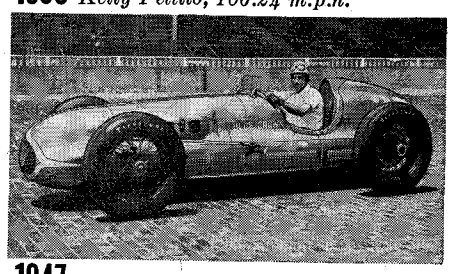
1936 *Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.*



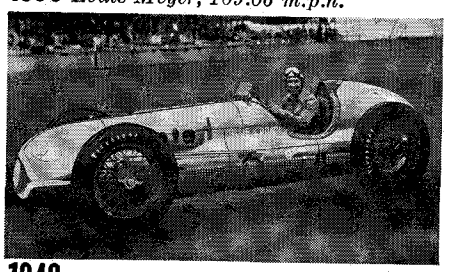
1937 *Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.*



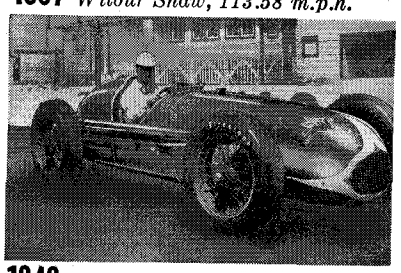
***1946** *George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.*



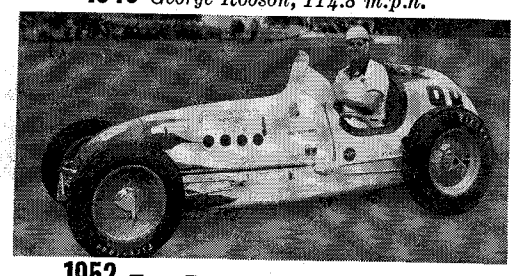
1947 *Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.*



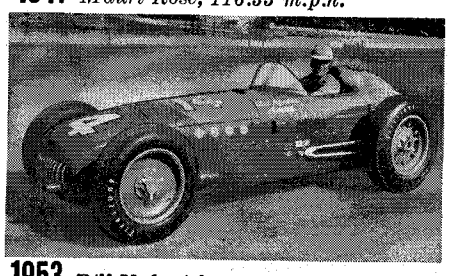
1948 *Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.*



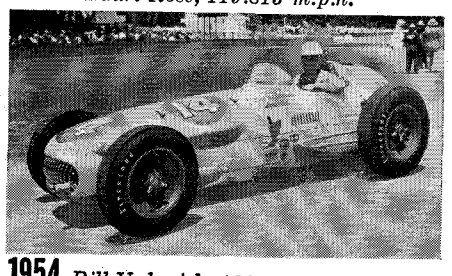
1949 *Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.*



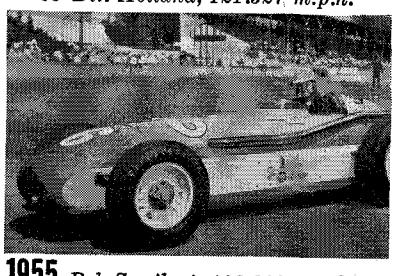
1952 *Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.*



1953 *Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.*



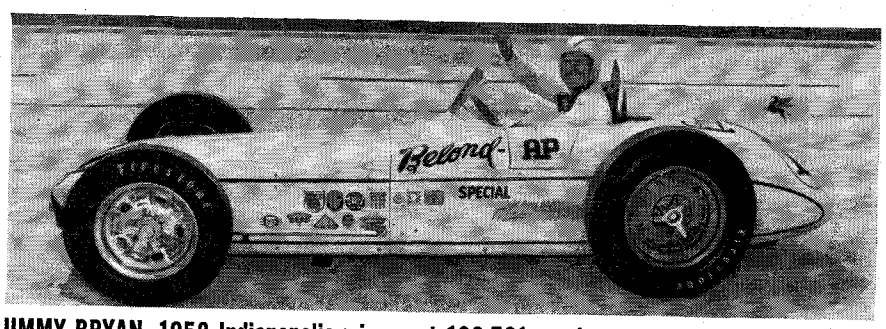
1954 *Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.*



1955 *Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.*

FIRESTONE RUBBER

makes tire history in Firestone's 35th consecutive



JIMMY BRYAN, 1958 Indianapolis winner at 133.791 m.p.h. says:
"No driver is better than his tires. That's why it's comfortable to know you're on Firestones when you're leading a fast '500' field. Firestones are your best safety insurance on the highway, too."

Again, in open speedway competition, records show that winning drive insist on Firestone tires. In this year's 500-mile classic at Indianapol Firestones were on the winning car for a history-making 35th race ir row—and there's a good reason! The hard school of racing experier has convinced "500" drivers that only Firestones are tough enough pass this supreme test of tire engineering.

To meet the challenge of the "500" in 1958, Firestone came up wi something entirely new. They combined a new kind of rubber—Firesto Rubber-X—with S/F (Safety-Fortified) Nylon. The result: a new ki of tire to withstand the torturing test of the "500" like no other t ever made. All this adds up to better tires for you—and here's wh

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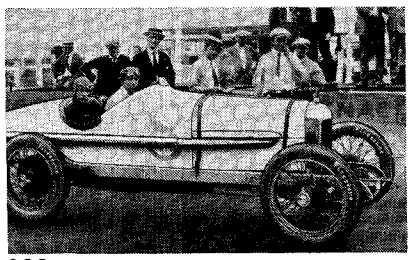
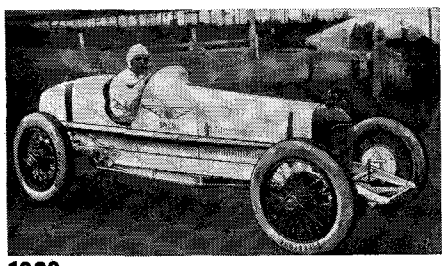
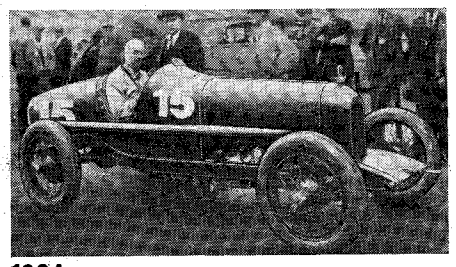


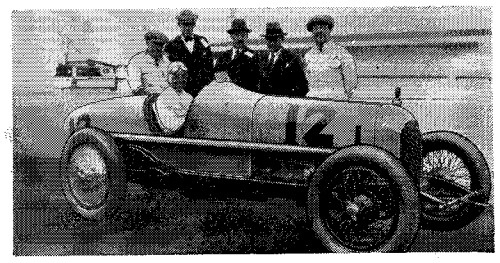
922 *Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.*



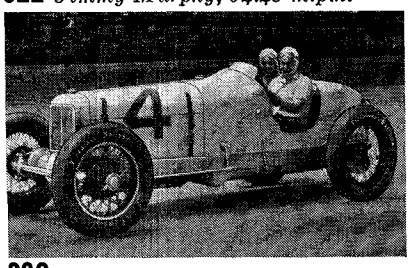
1923 *Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.*



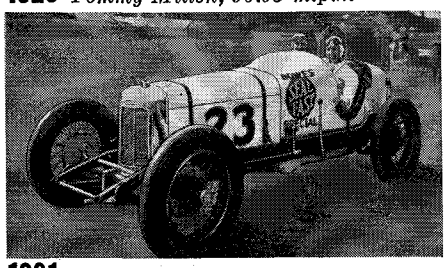
1924 *L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.*



1925 *Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.*

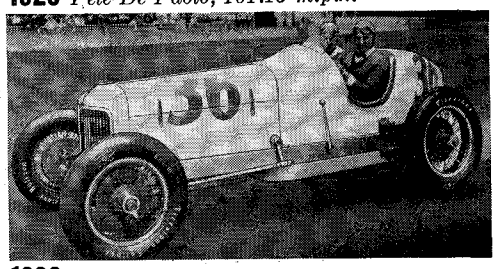


930 *Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.*

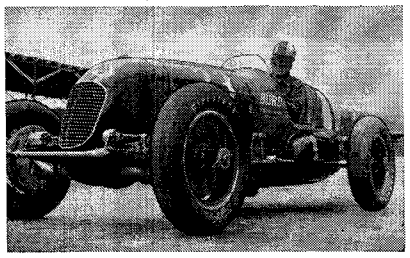


1931 *Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.*

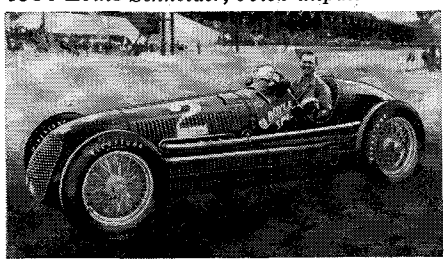
1932 *Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.*



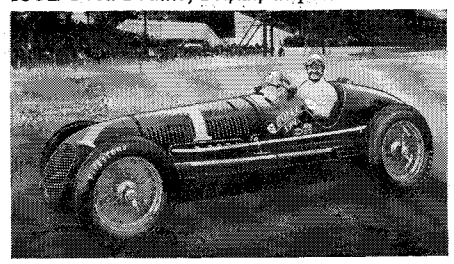
1933 *Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.*



938 *Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.*

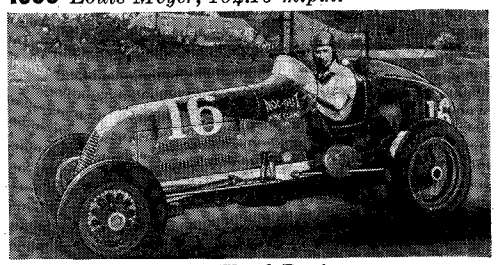


1939 *Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.*

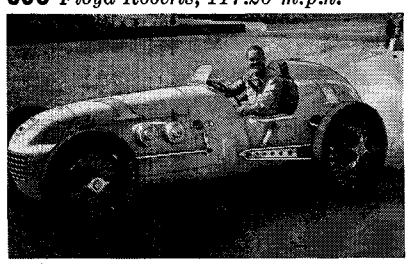


1940 *Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.*

**No races during the war years*

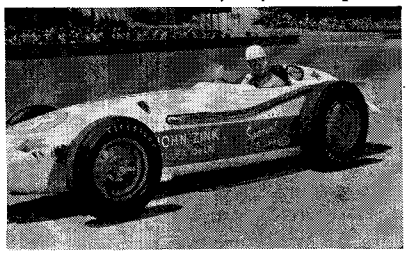


***1941** *Mauri Rose, Floyd Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.*

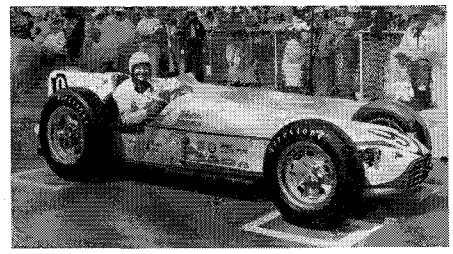


950 *Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.*

1951 *Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.*



956 *Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.*



1957 *Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.*

-X

500" win at Indianapolis!

Months of testing prove Firestone Rubber-X is the longest wearing material ever used in tires. Its new toughness now adds extra safety to every Firestone tire—regardless of price. And Firestone's exclusive S/F Nylon construction offers unmatched protection from heat and impact damage. Best of all, Firestone offers you proof of performance—through speedway research that results in greater highway safety.

You'll find tires of Firestone Rubber-X at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Be sure to specify them when you order your new car! Enjoy their extra margin of safety and wear by putting them on your present car. Buy them on convenient terms, if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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Editorials

And We Used to Think Sukarno Was Our Boy!

The first post-Khrushchev promise to "bury" us comes from "President" Sukarno, the dictator of the Indonesian Republic. Dizzy with his apparent success over an abortive anti-Red rebellion, Sukarno predicted that "the new era will be marked by Socialism" (Note the soft sell), and that those who "cannot understand or resist this trend will be wiped out."

If we are wiped out, Sukarno should be magnanimous enough to give an assist to the hated capitalists who not only do not understand the trend to the left but continue to give it a boost when one is needed. According to such figures as are available, Sukarno's regime has got into us for about $122,000,000, mostly in economic aid and technical assistance. But money hardly measures the importance of the aid we capitalists have given Sukarno's "guided democracy," which has been effectively guided into the Communist orbit. Apparently we are still on the hook. At any rate the Sukarno regime, which had been accusing the U.S.A. of all sorts of crimes, has more recently expressed satisfaction with the American policy. Let's go back a little:

During World War II, Sukarno collaborated with the Japanese invaders, who rewarded him by placing him in charge of affairs, a position to which he has clung by force ever since. Despite his lofty speeches about democracy and the brotherhood of man, Sukarno has never been elected to anything. Nevertheless he has a splendid record in what the late H. L. Mencken used to call "bumping the boobs" of the despised capitalist world.

Two years ago last month, Sukarno visited Washington, where he addressed a joint session of Congress and won a tremendous round of applause by the simple device of quoting Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson to the entranced legislators. After his departure from our shores Sukarno received a letter from President Eisenhower which included the sentence, "You have taken something of America with you." Up to now, the take amounts to $122,000,000 plus the possible delivery of all Southeast Asia to the Communists.

Is all this second guessing? Not at all, because the facts about Sukarno and his regime have been known for a long time. After the end of World War II our diplomats, in a fine frenzy of "democratic" zeal, worked through the United Nations to force the Dutch into a sort of Chinese "cease-fire" arrangement with the "forces of nationalism"—an arrangement which, of course, resulted in the capitulation of the Dutch and eventually in the repudiation of the few concessions which the Dutch received. Well, we were against "colonialism," and that was that.

Today Sukarno, having, with the aid of Communist arms, fought off the anti-Communist rebellion, which received no adequate support from "our side," taunts the West for misreading the wave of the future. He predicts our burial. And he could be right, because up to now the West has been doing a fairly competent do-it-yourself job in the undertaking business.

Do Our Merchants Want a Nation of Contented Debtors?

By ELAINE CLARKE

Everybody hates me! I pay cash! This devious practice, which you might expect would give me a reputation as a frugal, tidy sort of citizen, actually gives me a black eye with our best merchandisers. Rejecting an offer to "charge and send" is supposed to be un-American or something. But when I follow up this heresy by asking for a "cash discount," I am greeted by blank stares. The idea that a customer with money in his pocket should be preferred to those who put it on the cuff and take six months to pay is supposed to be very funny in mercantile circles.

I first learned about the penalties imposed on the cash buyer when I asked a local department store to send out a bolt of slip-cover material on approval. This seemed like normal procedure while I was picking out the samples. But when I got home the telephone rang and the department manager informed me that my dreadful secret had been exposed. "You," she said, "have no charge account!"

I am a schoolteacher with an established business address at the Board of Education in my city. I am on the tax rolls as a property owner—but I didn't owe anybody a cent! No bolt of slip-cover material for the likes of me!

When the haze of rage and chagrin lifted sufficiently for me to see the numbers on the telephone dial, I called the manager of the store and gave her a fifteen-minute lecture on misconception of economic stability. I got the bolt of material the next day.

In my "discussion" with that department-store manager, I suggested pointedly that a merchant might do well to check with the local Merchants' Service before branding a paying customer as a dead beat. But the Merchants' Service had never heard of me. How could it? I didn't have a charge account! My grandfather managed to get an A-1 rating with the service, a rating based on his success in building a small business into a large one by means of cash discounts. But that was two generations ago. Today, it says here, credit is based not so much on ability to pay now as on promises to pay later!

A friend of mine who works in the credit department of one of the bigger department-store chains in this country assures me that when calamity, catastrophe and a need for cold cash descend upon me, I'll wish I had a charge account. My two bank accounts, my checking account, my nice little nest egg of Government bonds, my very modest investments, my house, my car, my very last thimble could melt away like a snowball out of season, she warns me. If I have never owed anybody anything when I didn't need to, nobody is going to give me a chance to owe anything when I do need to, says she.

Teaching is not a field in which fortunes are made. I have gone without a lot of things until I had the cash. This way of doing things has put money in the bank and comforts on the hearth. But I still burn up when I get that suspicious look from a salesman when I say, "I prefer to pay cash."

Some of Our Gadgets May Well Stump Future Antiquarians

It is probably nothing to worry ourselves gray about, but when the archaeologists of some future civilization sift through the remnants of what once was the United States, they may wonder what went on here.

Those abstract murals in our new buildings aren't going to help a bit. A digger of, say, A.D. 5000 might report with logic: "Americans were far behind the Neanderthal cave dwellers in ability to distinguish line and form. Their highest attainment in art was a 'blob' style of painting such as might be achieved by a careless monkey turned loose among pots of pigment. Indeed, there is some evidence that chimpanzees were enslaved and trained to render works of art."

Other flowerings of our culture may be equally confusing. The ruins of drive-in movies, for example, may appear to future explorers as arenas for the rituals of human sacrifice. The gigantic platform facing a forest of small poles to which possible victims could be tethered might easily support such a conclusion.

The archaeologists who decipher breathless headlines announcing that Gloria Softheart, starlet, and Percival Profile, leading man, *eloped* from Hollywood to Las Vegas, will be equally confused. The dictionary says that "elope" means "to run away from one's husband or home with a lover." We know that Gloria is a veteran of several church weddings, and that Percival, who has had more wives than an Arab sheik, didn't sneak his bride out of a second-story window. But what is a curious historian to think?

Our "artifacts" include gadgets which ought to mystify the future investigator as completely as some of the relics of the past confuse us. Take an eyelash curler, for example. What would any untutored archaeologist make of that? Indeed, we have knowledge of one ignorant male who diagnosed an eyelash curler as a tool to remove eggs from hot water.

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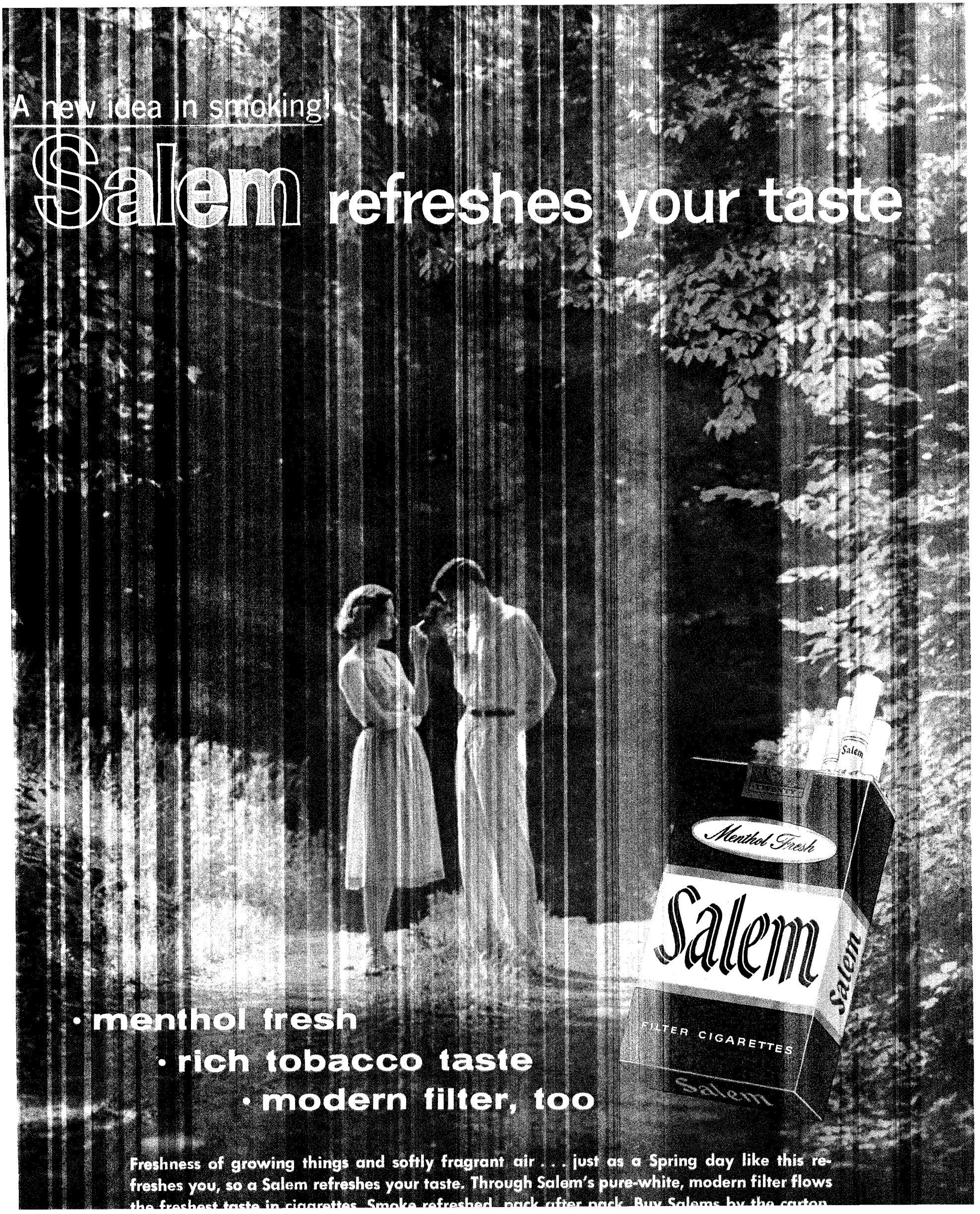
A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



• menthol fresh
• rich tobacco taste
• modern filter, too

Freshness of growing things and softly fragrant air . . . just as a Spring day like this refreshes you, so a Salem refreshes your taste. Through Salem's pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Smoke refreshed, pack after pack. Buy Salems by the carton

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Folks eat more—

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And for the best reason in the world—they taste best.

(The corn comes from Nature but the flavor is all Kellogg's)

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FRESH FROM *Kellogg's* OF BATTLE CREEK

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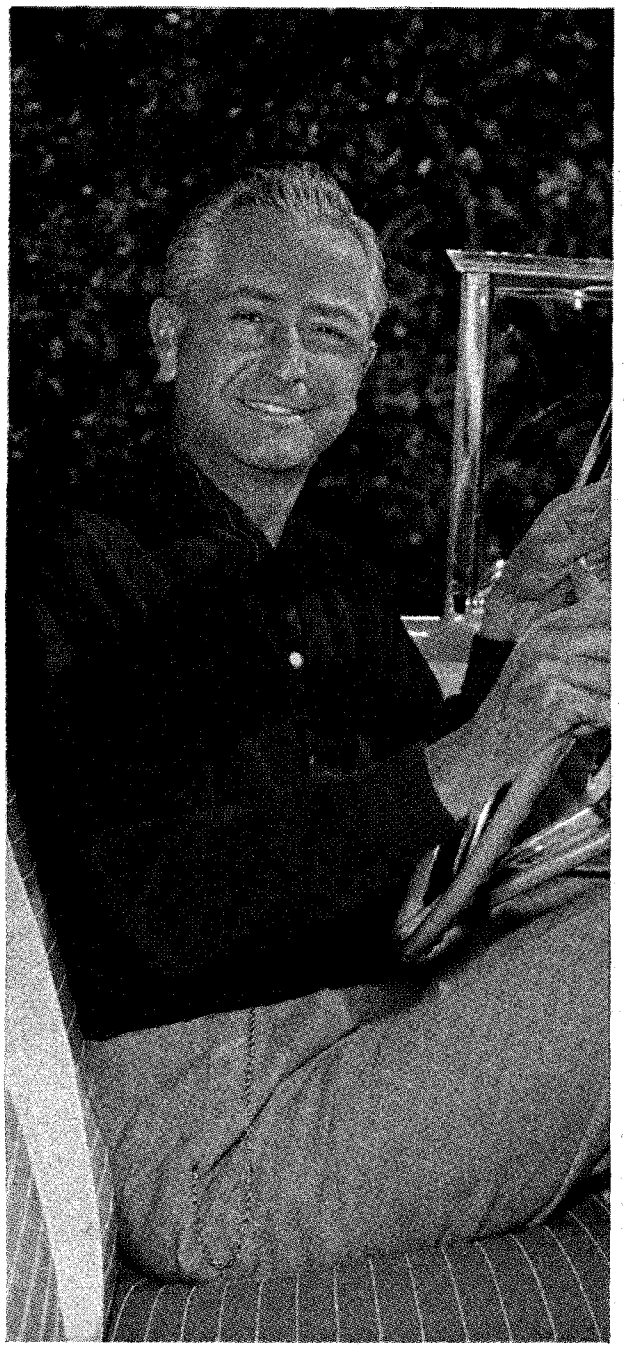


New-type concrete paves the way to carefree trips, happy outings

"Father knows best...this new-type, sound-conditioned concrete means more family fun and driving safety!"

Says **ROBERT YOUNG,** noted film actor, star of NBC-TV's "Father Knows Best"

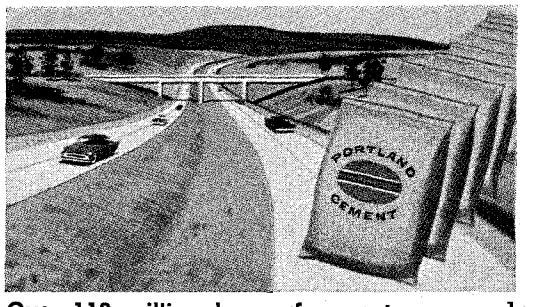
"The going's smooth! No thumps on this continuous-laid concrete for the Interstate System. And they're building into these highways the kind of safety every family wants. Highway engineers tell me it can mean the saving of thousands of lives each year."

"Pleasure trip" gets a new meaning on new-type concrete. You've never had a ride so smooth and quiet. Laid a new way, this pavement has no joints . . . only tiny *sawed-in* cushion spaces you can't *feel* or *hear*. You barely see them!

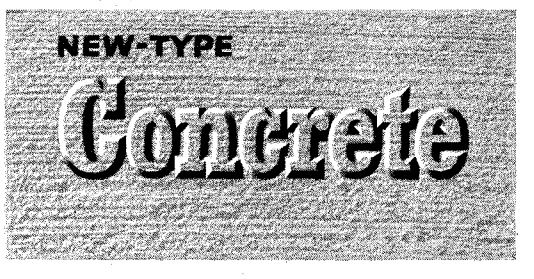
And a process called "air entrainment" puts billions of microscopic bubbles into new-type concrete. This prevents surface roughening from freezing or de-icers. A specially designed subbase keeps the pavement firm and level. Laid flat, this pavement *stays* flat to give you the smoothest, most relaxing ride ever.

And you feel so safe! New-type concrete has a grainy surface to give it dependable skid resistance. Its light color gives you far better visibility at night than any dark surface can.

Designed to meet the demanding Interstate System requirements for highways suited to 1975 traffic, this is literally the pavement of tomorrow . . . here today. New-type concrete has an expected life of 50 years and more . . . with upkeep costs as much as 60% lower than for asphalt. Yet initial cost is moderate. That's why it's the preferred pavement for the 41,000 mile interstate and defense network of modern highways now under construction.



Over 118 million bags of cement were used in paving last year. That's enough to build a 4-lane superhighway from New York to Los Angeles.



PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

At Coler Hospital on Welfare Island, the author (left) and his wife, Halo, picnic by the East River with Bernard Jolly, another patient.

I Live on Wheelchair Island

By ALBION HARTWELL as told to Alice Lake

A patient in a hospital for the disabled tells how he and his fellows have learned to face their "hopeless" handicaps.

"How do you stand it, Al?" a solicitous friend asked me recently. "Life on this—this wheelchair island?"

I have been trying to frame an answer. Before I came here two years ago, I shared my friend's viewpoint. How would I stand it—life in a public hospital for the chronically disabled and the elderly? I pictured an institution where people rocked and waited for death. Now I know they're more likely rolling in their wheelchairs.

I am one of almost 2000 patients from six to 103 years old at the Bird S. Coler Hospital on Welfare Island in New York City. Most of us suffer from diseases which medical science has not yet conquered. Members of our small group of children are twisted with cerebral palsy. We have arthritics, paraplegics, amputees, victims of muscular dystrophy and, like me, of multiple sclerosis.

It sounds grim, but it isn't. People here do not surrender willingly to disability. With rare courage they continue to battle for a full life and a measure of dignity.

I like people and I like to observe them. Although I am disabled, I still have eyes and a heart. And at Coler I see human drama, drive, spirit. Life is dull only for those who do not look.

Vincent Sharshunovich, victim of advanced diabetes and heart disease, helps May Seltenrich to a soda. She is unable to use her arthritis-crippled hands.

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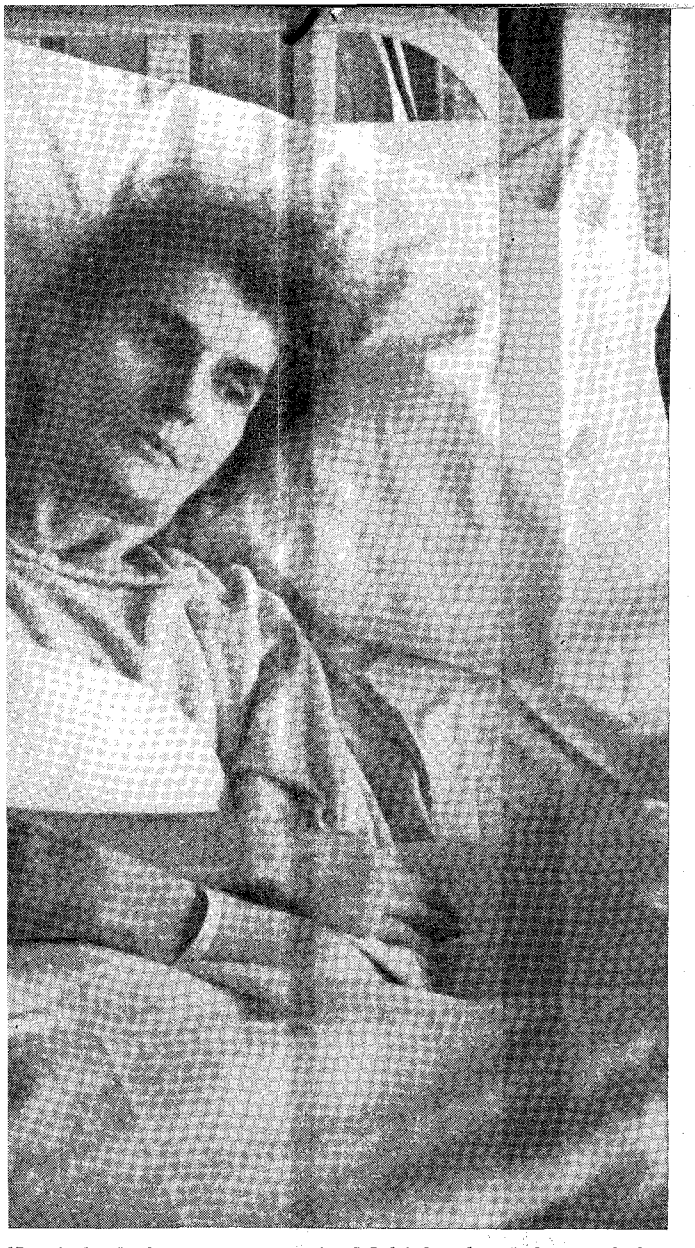

Hospital a little over two months. Multiple sclerosis has made her
e to the island in despair, but often find life there can be rewarding.

Whoever picked Welfare Island for a city hospital supported by public funds couldn't have chosen a lovelier spot. The island is a two-mile thumb of land jutting into the East River between Manhattan and Queens. Goldwater Memorial Hospital, a 1500-bed chronic-disease institution, lies at the southern tip, and Coler at the north. We share the view with the wealthy residents of Sutton Place, and with Mayor Wagner in Gracie Mansion, only a ripple and a wave away.

When a patient feels the pinch of narrow horizons, he need only glance at the river and travel with the passing boats. Stubby tugs, gaily painted in reds and blues, churn up and down, pushing behemoths five times their size. Barges carry railroad cars from a dozen states. Tramp steamers and tankers more than 100 feet long ply their way. On the eve of a long summer weekend, the river is lively with holiday spirit, sleek white yachts with flying bridges, schooners, yawls and, darting between them, tiny outboard dinghies. Last winter we had extra sport—a lone water skier defying the elements.

In spring and summer the balconies which ring our hospital are crowded with spectators. In winter we meet in the dayrooms and corridors. At Coler you don't telephone a friend for a date. You just roll in his direction.

The sunny corridors are alive with traffic. An old man shuffles along on canes. A young woman swings briskly by on crutches, chatting with a friend who steadies herself by pushing a straight chair along in front of her. A young man clings to a walker, a rolling metal frame,

: to get out of bed," says Peggy Kelleher, "the more this thick Irishman tries." Her spine is fused stiff by arthritis.

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in which he stands. Wheelchair groups are everywhere.

These are individuals, and they dress like them. One man has knotted a bright red tie around his pajama coat. Another wears an ancient yachting cap. Many of the women wear hats and cotton gloves. The gloves have a practical purpose, protecting the hands from wheelchair calluses, but hats are just for fun. I smile at an old lady with a Dodger cap perched over her gray hair. She's been a Dodger fan ever since the team was formed.

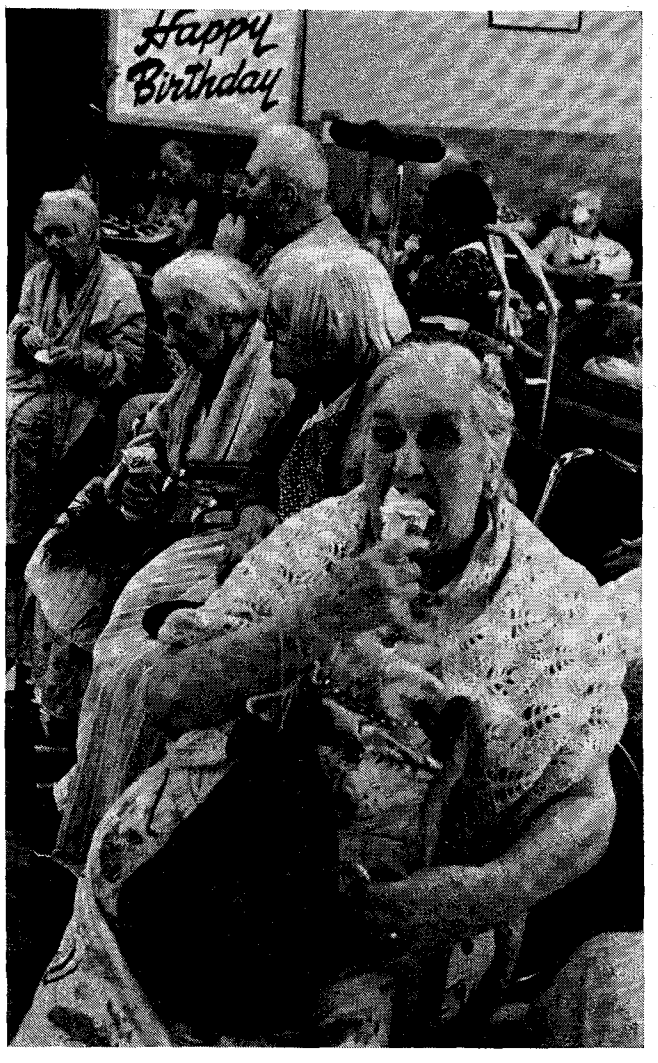
It's movie night, and many patients have already dressed up. One woman has plaited a bright red ribbon through black braids which hang to her waist. Another has draped the entire contents of a jewelry box about her neck and wrists. No one laughs. It's a healthy sign when a woman tries to make herself attractive for others.

I pass an acquaintance and stop to chat. From a huge shopping bag dangling on the arm of her wheelchair, she brings out a child's slate.

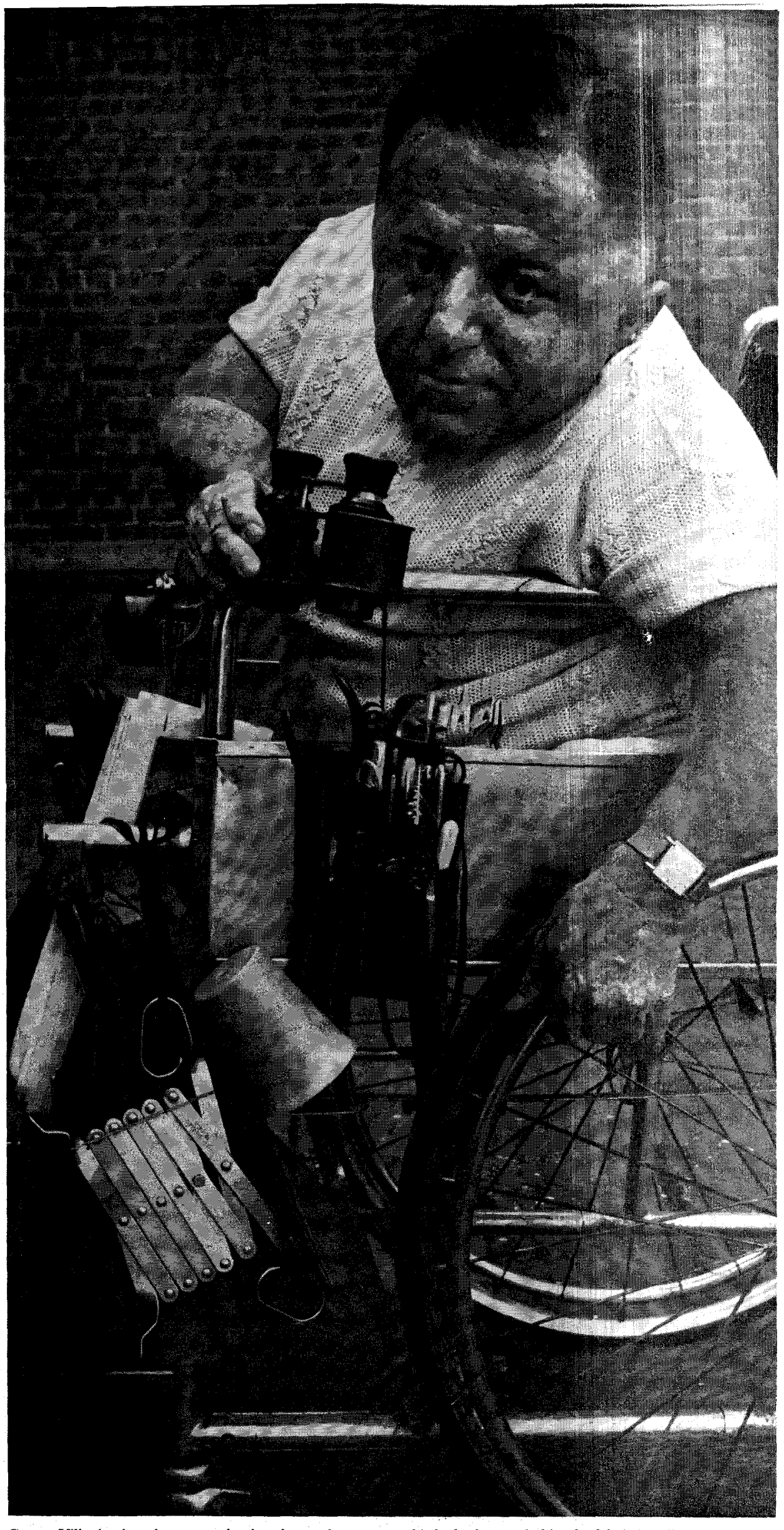
This young woman, intelligence shining in large brown eyes, has lost the ability to speak or hear. She writes, "How are you?" on the slate; then flips it up to erase it. Laboriously, with my left hand—my right side is paralyzed—I scribble a reply.

At Coler I count myself one of the lucky ones. Multiple sclerosis first touched me when I was twenty-three and a graduate student at the University of Michigan. I'm fifty now, and I've squeezed years of joy and productive living from the world. (Continued on Page 91)

Photographs by Margery Lewis



Parties are frequent on Wheelchair Island—often for birthday celebrations, and at least once every week for bingo.



George Villani, whose legs never developed enough to support his body, has made his wheelchair into "a traveling workshop, equipped for emergency." He learned to run a movie projector for Sunday film nights.

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Utterly awed, Yusuf hefted the sword.

Yusuf the Lionhearted

By NEILL C. WILSON

The blood of Crusaders flowed in his veins, and a damsel awaited a rescuer.

To Yusuf, a son of the Middle East, Ed Hooper said, "*Hombre*, we'll unload your cat right here."

Yusuf understood Ed Hooper because Ed had stopped the truck and was climbing down, gesturing with thumb toward the heavy bulldozer that rode its bed. Ed was a construction foreman for Trans-Islam Pipeline. Yusuf dragged the massive planks out from beneath the huge yellow machine and set them as a ramp. He mounted to the seat of the cat, set it quivering and roaring, and backed it down. The morning sun was two hours high.

"Now," said Ed, pointing to a tallish mound of tawny sand, "knock that dune down and shove it into that bog. *Sabe?*"

Yusuf never knew what language Ed would toss at him, because Ed had worked on construction all over the globe and often forgot where he was. Just now he was in Arabia. But Yusuf, whose English already exceeded Ed's Arabic by fifty words to five, readily got the idea.

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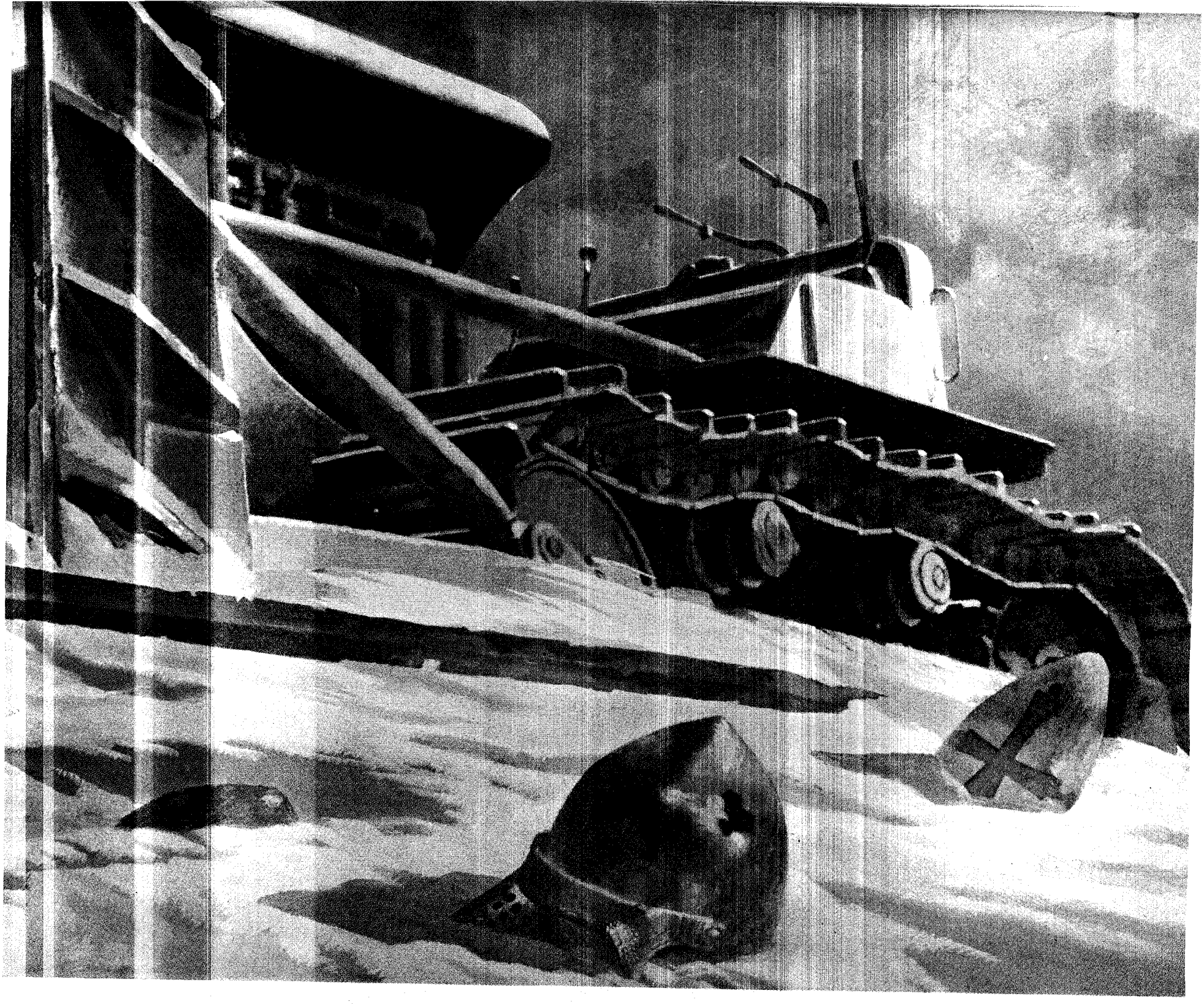

"All right, you're on your own. I'll come for you at sunset. Don't forget to pray to Mecca on the boss's time." Ed was thirty, leathery, with hair tousle and beard stubble that came by their henna naturally—a hue that the Prophet himself had made stylish. It enabled the pipeliner to get amazing results with these newly trained mechanics. After watching Yusuf at work for a few moments, Ed climbed back to his cab, twirled the truck on its enormous sand tires, and headed back for Zubail, the construction base.

Yusuf, though not the happiest of men, filled his narrow chest grandly, glanced down at the badge that rode there, and knew a joy that had been his for two exciting weeks. He was now a Tractor Operator, First Class—the badge, he'd been told, said so in both Arabic and English. But at this very instant he thought also of the sorrow that weighted his soul—sorrow almost too poignant to be borne. Caused, quite naturally, by a woman. The truth was, he still ached for a captivating morsel named Hussa. He adored her with the full thermal pressure of a son of the Arabian Desert, and that is ardor indeed. She was one of his own lowly tribe and of an extraordinary allure, fragrant as tea, light on her feet, supple-waisted, her neck and chin prettily tattooed, her dark hair long and rich as a mare's tail. She was filled with an innate wisdom as a date is with seeds, and the starvation that she was inured to burned like stars in her eyes. And she had all but become Yusuf's wife. Fifteen months he had toiled in the date groves at four cents a day to save the twenty riyals, or five dollars, which her father demanded. But, when he was about to claim her, she had been whisked off for triple that sum by fat, sleek Salim bin Hamud, a rascally merchant of Azraq.

Thinking on this, Yusuf clashed his gears, and it would have raised the bristles on Ed Hooper's red neck to hear how they screeched in protest. But Yusuf was suffering the pangs of that parting all over again. How Hussa had wept! How the silkily black-bearded Salim had laughed! How Yusuf had cursed the jinn of misfortune that had made both him and Hussa members of the most despised social layer in Araby, for whom there is nothing but blows and injustice, and never any recourse!

With lively, dark-haired, slender-waisted Hussa snatched out of his finger tips, Yusuf had rushed from the hut of his parents. He had gone, without even a headcloth, out into the searing desert. He had gone forth to die. Instead, wandering and stumbling on skinny legs, he had come upon these pipeliners.

The men from overseas cared nothing about Yusuf belonging to the Salubi, the tribe of the oppressed. They cared nothing for the weight of woe upon him either. They had a thousand miles of big-inch steel tubing to lay in twenty-four months. They pushed a shovel into his hands, told him he would be fed, housed and paid four whole dollars a day, and set him to digging holes for (Continued on Page 120)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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The Intrepid Kids of Disneyland

Here are the surprising, often hilarious reactions of children (and grownups) to the wonderful world Walt Disney built to make his dreams come true.

By ROBERT CAHN

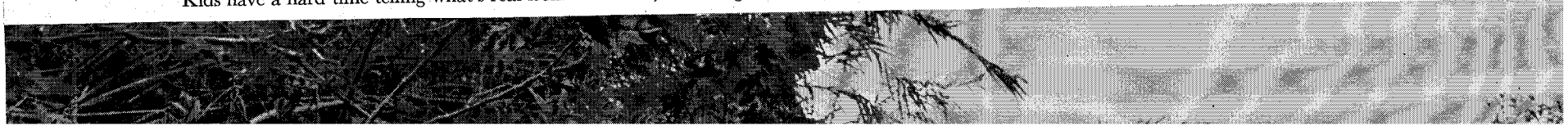
It was a normal Sunday afternoon at Disneyland. The Gay Nineties show had just broken at the Golden Horseshoe, a make-believe saloon located in the Frontierland area. The tourist-packed Mark Twain, a scaled-down reproduction of a nineteenth-century Mississippi river boat, was sailing around Tom Sawyer's Island. Stagecoach passengers were jolting through the Painted Desert, which, until recently, had been an orange grove in Anaheim, California.

Suddenly, a shot shattered the silence in the Golden Horseshoe, and Black Bart, a masked desperado, burst through its swinging doors into the sunlight outside. Hot after him came Sheriff Lucky, his Colt .45 blazing away with extra-loud blanks.

A crowd swarmed around the combatants. Protecting his stolen sack of dollars, Black Bart crouched behind a large rock, firing at the sheriff, who had taken cover behind a tree. After several exchanges, Black Bart charged out from his hiding place, but went down under Lucky's unerring fire.

As the sheriff advanced toward the wounded bandit, a tow-headed five-year-old, wearing a

Kids have a hard time telling what's real from what isn't, and the guides delight in adding to the confusion. Here a boat pilot fires blanks at a mechanical hippo.



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Photographs by Sid Avery

Above: Young Tom Nabbe is the most envied kid in Disneyland since he talked Walt Disney (left) into hiring him. Tom's job? Sit around and lend atmosphere to Tom Sawyer's Island.

The whole town turns out to watch a parade past Slue-Foot Sue's saloon. The occasion was a visit of TV's Zorro to Disneyland.

cowboy suit and holding a cap pistol, came running from the crowd.

"Can I finish him off, sheriff, can I?" he asked.

"O.K.," said the sheriff, looking the boy over. "I'll count one-two-three. You fire at three."

The boy nodded, squinted and took aim at the fallen badman. Lucky hid his own gun behind his back and started counting.

"One . . . two . . . three." As the boy pulled the trigger, a shot rang out from the sheriff's concealed weapon. Black Bart shuddered, then lay deathly still.

The lad took one look, dropped his gun and fled, screaming, "Mommy, mommy! I didn't mean to! I didn't mean to!"

His tears stopped a moment later, however, when he turned and saw Black Bart and Sheriff Lucky walking back into the Golden Horseshoe to get ready for their next performance.

The five-year-old who got into the act that afternoon was not a show-off. He simply had come under a spell that seems to afflict the 4,000,000 people who annually visit Walt Disney's playground of make-believe, twenty-eight miles southeast of Los Angeles and just a stone's throw from the Santa Ana Freeway.

Inside the gate, a Main Street of the early 1900's and four enchanted "lands" lure the visitors, 40 per cent of whom are from outside California. At Frontierland, kids and adults may ride the river boat, stagecoach and mine train or paddle an Indian war canoe. In Tomorrowland, visitors can take the Rocket to the Moon or drive little cars on the miniature freeways. A trip through Sleeping Beauty Castle or into the realms of Snow White and Peter Pan await the wanderer into Fantasyland. And in Adventureland, intrepid explorers can take a jungle cruise through "crocodile"-infested waters.

(Continued on Page 118)

During his personal appearance, Zorro (Guy Williams) staged a duel on a river boat. He won with ease.

According to the sign, Jan Fahs may have to take her father along at the Autopia car ride in Tomorrowland. Kids who are too short can't reach the pedals easily.

The scary Snow White Adventures ride. Undaunted by the spooks, Brian White, 9, said later that of all the rides at Disneyland he liked the dark one best.

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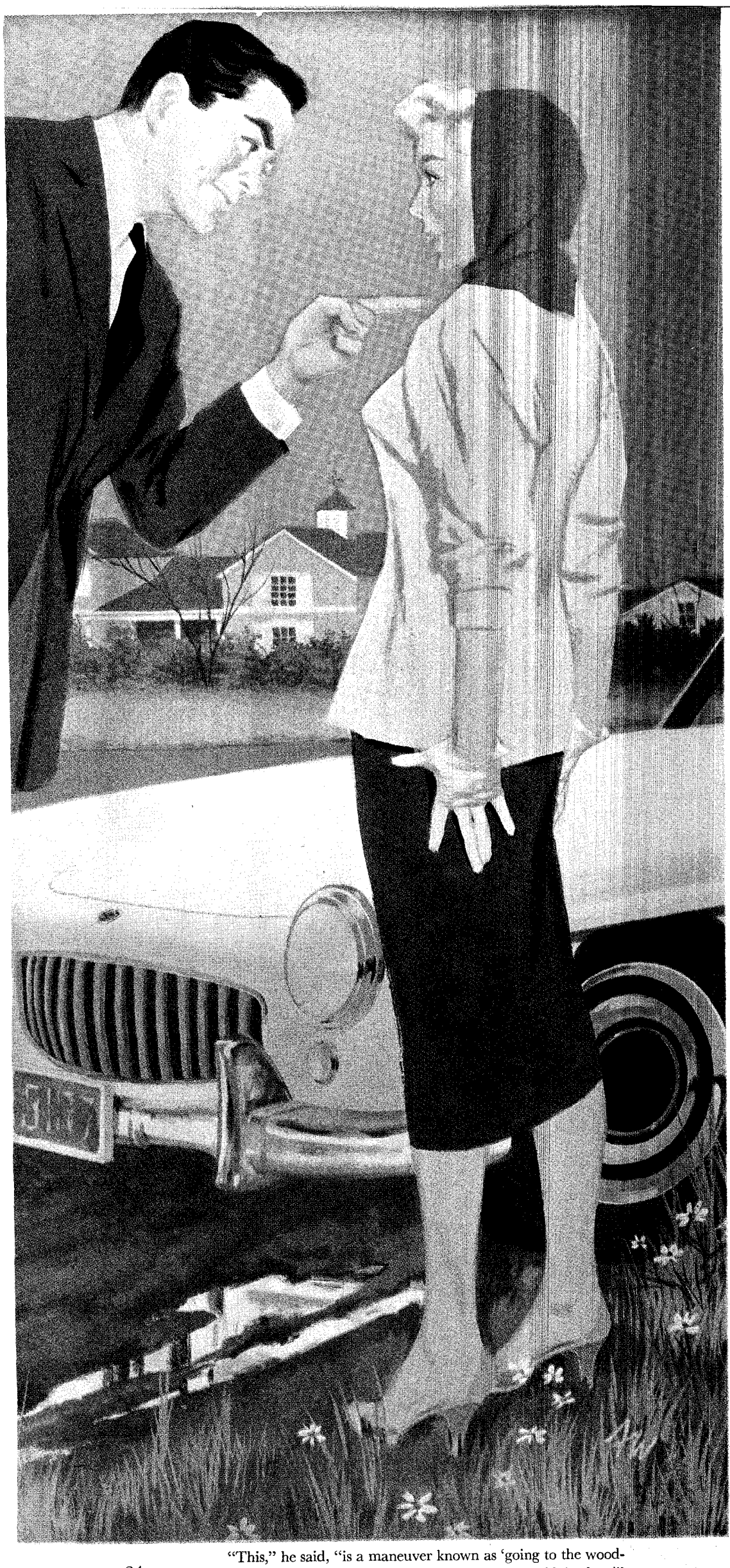

"This," he said, "is a maneuver known as 'going to the woodshed.'" She backed up, wide-eyed. "You wouldn't dare!"

When a girl calls a man a bigoted idiot, and he insists she's a featherheaded brat,

IT HAS TO BE LOVE

By STEVE McNEIL

Dr. Timothy McVey was a man in his early thirties, bone and sinew lean, with dark hair. His eyes, set deeply in his bony face, were so dark blue they seemed almost black. He had a wide mouth and a one-inch scar slashing whitely across his chin. He was wearing old gray flannels, a white shirt, a knitted tie and an old tweed jacket.

At the moment, he stood in the library of Knute Anderson's home, his arms folded, peering gloomily at Knute Anderson, who was seated in a great, high-backed chair in front of the fireplace. Knute Anderson was fifty-seven years old, with a great shock of iron-gray hair, and shoulders broadened and thickened by twenty-five years of toil in the woods, and now he glared fiercely at Tim McVey and growled, "Well?"

"For a man who's been abusing himself, you're in surprisingly good shape."

"You pill rollers don't know everything," Knute said. "The old pump isn't what it used to be. Pains. I can tell."

"Indigestion," Tim said. "You eat too much; probably drink too much. There is nothing wrong with your heart. Your electrocardiogram ——"

"Bunch of newfangled nonsense."

"Nevertheless, your heart is fine, your blood pressure right where it should be, your chest X ray is negative. All the laboratory work gives you a clean bill of health. But you're twenty-five pounds overweight." Tim reached in his pocket. "Here's a diet. Follow it for thirty days; then come down to the clinic and I'll check your weight."

"Lemme see that," Knute said. He took the paper and started to read. "Grapefruit!" he bellowed. "I hate grapefruit!"

"Substitute oranges."

"Two soft-boiled eggs, piece of dry toast. What are you trying to do—starve a man to death?"

"You're eating now as you ate twenty years ago when you were working hard eight hours a day. You don't need all that food now."

"No young squirt is going to tell me what to eat."

"All right," Tim said mildly; "then get yourself another doctor."

Anderson glared. "You've only been in this town three weeks. Do you know who I am?" (Continued on Page 94)

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through many built-up areas, such as Bridgeport, above. The cost rose from an estimate of $130,000,000 to a final $464,000,000.

The Turnpikes are in Trouble

By HAL BURTON

Financial scandals, "shunpikers" and—most of all—free, parallel superhighways now threaten to end the era of the magnificent tollways.

It was an icy night in January, 1956, and the black sedan was traveling fast. What went wrong, nobody knows. The heavy car lurched across a concrete dividing strip on the Northeastern Extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, slewed sideways through the opposing traffic lanes, and plummeted down an embankment. By the time the state troopers got there, the driver and his passenger already were dead.

This was the first fatal accident on the Northeastern Extension, which had been opened to travel less than two months earlier. A toll superhighway, it now extends 110 miles north to Scranton from the main east-west axis of the Pennsylvania Turnpike. By one of those ironies that punctuate life, the driver was a turnpike employee, and his passenger a young man of thirty-two named Richard H. Evans. Until the previous June, Evans' father, Thomas John Evans, had been chairman of the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission.

The irony sank deeper than anyone realized. In the office of Gov. George M. Leader, sharp-eyed investigators scanned the news reports. They had been digging for months into the complex affairs of the Turnpike Commission, scenting fraud. A prime target of this inquiry was the Evans family.

The junior Evans, his sister and his brother-in-law were the sole officers of the Manu-Mine Research and (Continued on Page 100)

The Northeastern Extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike threatens to be a "$171,500,000 flop" because it fails to attract enough motorists.

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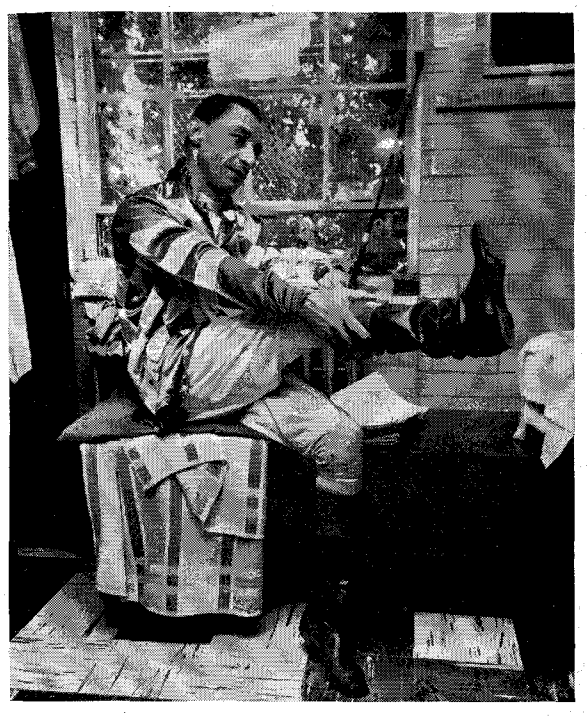

"Horses are like people. Most of them will dog it and goof off if you let them get away with it. At least 70% of all race horses don't want to win," Arcaro says.

A Visit With EDDIE ARCARO

The fiery little man who has won the most money riding horses provides a surprising answer to the question, "How important is the jockey?"

By STANLEY FRANK

Arcaro, between races at Belmont last month, cheerfully explained why he had just finished ninth on Macbern, a King Ranch horse.

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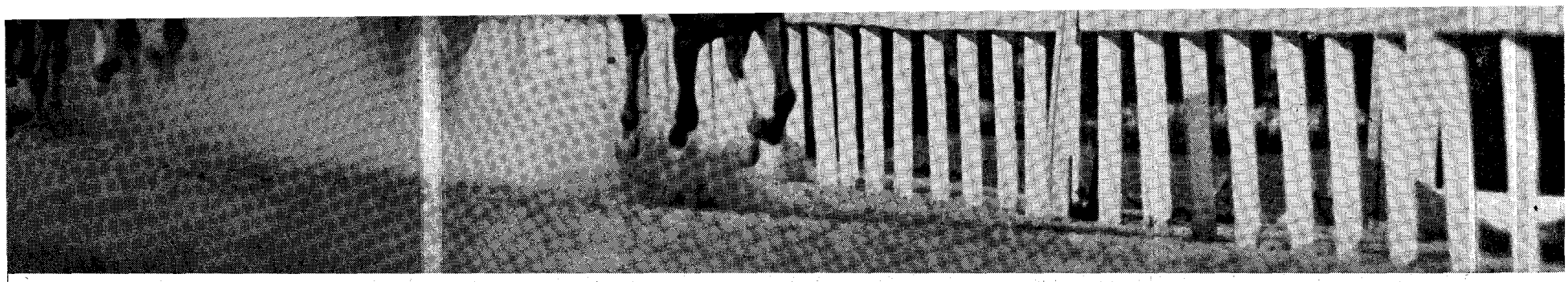

Whirlaway, with Arcaro up, set an all-time Derby record in 1941 but, says Arcaro, "I had to fight him all the way."

Eddie Arcaro nursed a highball at the bar of his home in Garden City, Long Island, while he told a friend who had phoned from California about his working day on a muddy, treacherous track at Jamaica.

"Everything was great until I was licked on three straight favorites that folded in the stretch," Arcaro said. "All of a sudden I felt the way my horses ran. Tired."

The man in California said that a rich jockey like Eddie shouldn't worry about three insignificant races.

"More than a hundred thousand dollars was bet on my mounts today," Arcaro answered curtly. "You'd scream like a stuck pig if you had money on them and you thought I didn't care whether I won. I don't like to see a selling plater or a stake horse run past me in any race. I want to win every time I go to the post."

That last remark explains why Arcaro still is at the top of his profession after booting winners home for twenty-six years. Financial security has not put a rein on his flaming competitiveness, which once brought him a year's suspension for rough riding. Good, tough kids like Hartack, Shoemaker and Ycaza come along, but in case of doubt the smart money generally rides with forty-two-year-old Arcaro.

Horse players, by nature as suspicious as insurance investigators, have a peculiar way of showing their confidence in Arcaro. They bet on him instead of the form chart—although the best of jockeys seldom exceed a winning average of 25 per cent in any given year—and then boo him off the track when he loses.

The trouble is, of course, that Arcaro is a prisoner of his reputation. He is one of three jockeys in the world who have won more than 4000 races since the creation of the Thoroughbred—the others are Johnny Longden and Sir Gordon Richards. He has won more stakes races (450) and more purse money (nearly $24,000,000) than any other jockey in history. He is the only man who has won the Kentucky Derby five times and the Triple Crown—the Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes—twice.

"Citation was the best horse I ever rode." Arcaro rode him to victory (above) in the 1948 Preakness.

Eddie, his wife Ruth—a former model—and actor Don Ameche, for whom Eddie once played theatrical "angel."

Arcaro is acutely conscious of his standing in the trade. In thirty years on the sports beat I never have met a champion who lived up to his position more authoritatively than this five-foot-two-inch, 114-pound man. Dignity is the term that best describes Arcaro.

He had ridden in the last race at Jamaica that afternoon, and he got home only fifteen minutes before I arrived. When the appointment was made a week earlier, he had no idea it would come on top of a fourteen-hour day. Now his sallow face was so taut with fatigue that it seemed an imposition to ask him to submit to a long tape-recorded interview. I suggested postponing it or breaking it up into two sessions.

(Continued on Page 125)

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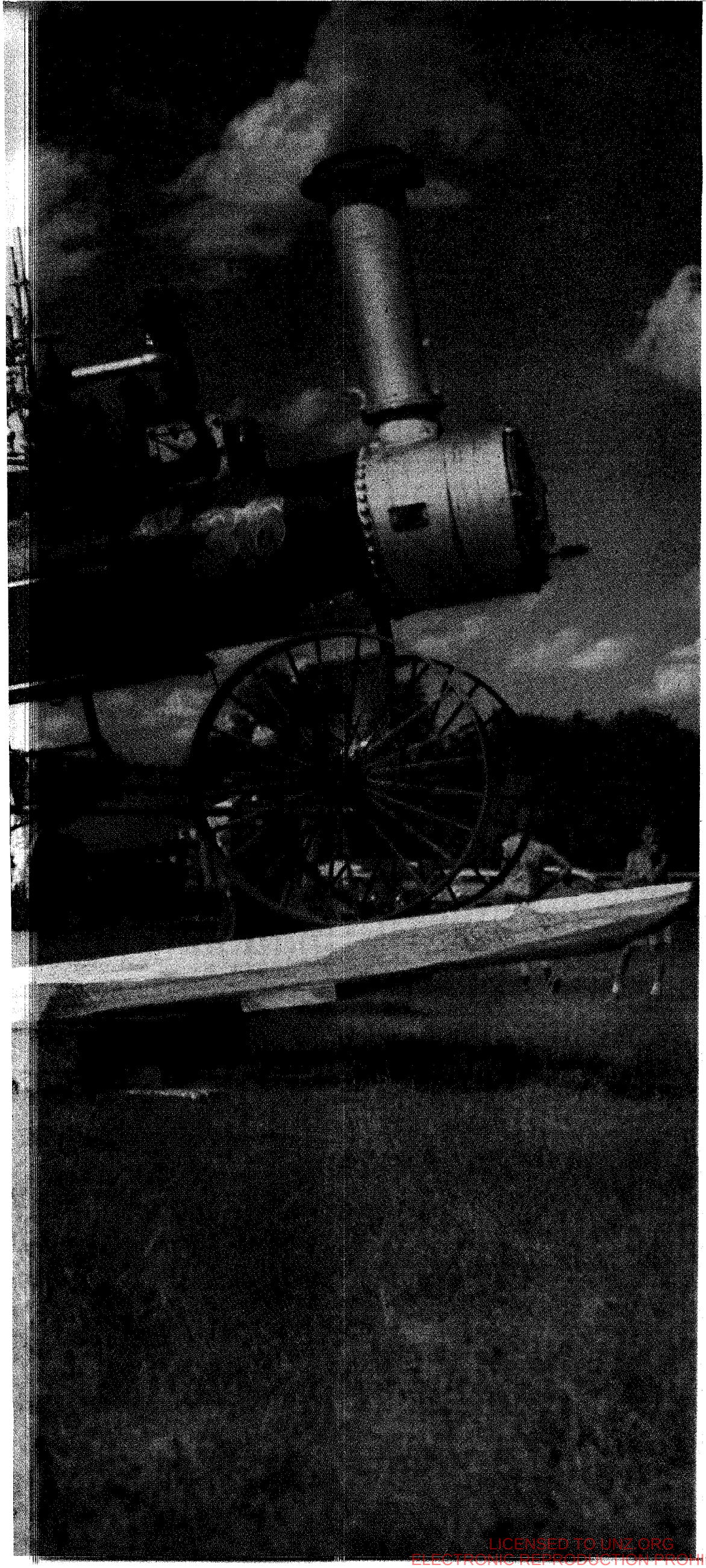
The Face of AMERICA

Classic Machine



If you happen to be lucky enough to own a genuine antique steam traction engine—what in the world can you do with it? Well, you can spend hundreds of happy, begrimed hours restoring the rusty old monster to running condition. Then you can show it off at a "steam-engine rodeo" such as that put on July 4 to 7 by the Northeastern Wisconsin Steam Club at Manitowoc. Shown here is the Teeter-Totter in which John E. Rapin and Walter Culp are striving to balance their 1911-model Case on the cross-planks. Such steam behemoths brought mechanical power to the farms as early as the 1870's; in their days of glory they pulled plows, ran threshing machines, turned sawmills. After World War I they were banished by the smaller, nimbler farm tractor. But now these relics are being resurrected from junkyards and weed-grown farm lots by steam enthusiasts. Pioneers, Threshers and Iron Men, these bemused collectors call themselves. But really they are grown-up small boys who remember a bygone age when the shout, "Steam engine a-comin'!" brought barefoot kids running like chickens to feed. It was a sight to see: A smoke-belching, ground-crunching iron workhorse, big as a house, clanking down a dusty road. The lordly engineer twirled the steering wheel and pulled the whistle cord with a special flourish for the small fry.

Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

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How Americans are Like Russians

From firsthand experience inside the Soviet Union, a Post editor tells about some significant and little-known traits we share with the people on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

By DEMAREE BESS

Moscow, too, has a subway. It is fast and luxurious — to many Communists a symbol of a Utopian future.

A few weeks ago at a Chicago dinner party I sat next to a successful businessman who also is active in local politics. He told me that he had twice campaigned for President Eisenhower, but had finally lost confidence in the President. When I asked why, he explained, "I was fool enough to believe that Ike understood the Russians, and could persuade them to behave sensibly and stop bothering Americans."

That remark took me back in memory several years to Moscow, where I was working as a reporter. One day a Soviet industrial executive, the nearest equivalent of an American businessman, asked me with apparent sincerity, "Why do you Americans try to make so much trouble for Russians?" A newspaper colleague who is still working in Moscow reports that Russians ask that same question today.

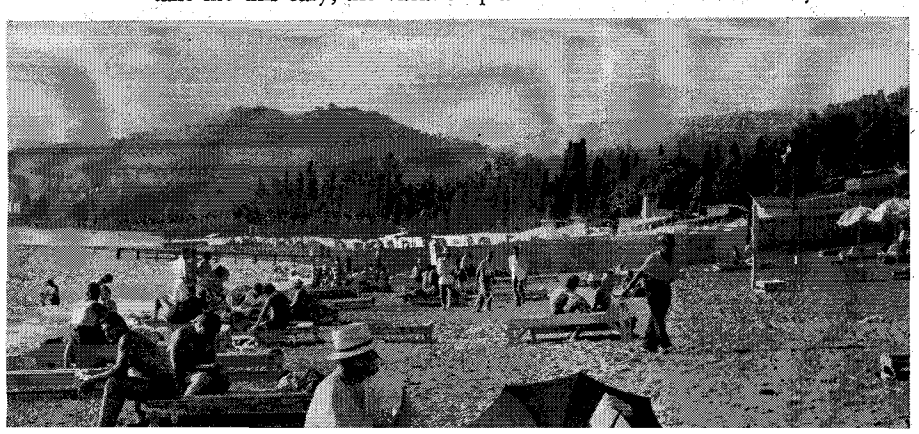
So there are doubtless millions of solid citizens in both countries who resent the worries and mounting costs of the cold war. They would stop it in a hurry if they could. But the cold war persists, and shows no signs of letting up. What keeps it going? Are Americans and Russians so fundamentally different from each other that they are doomed to everlasting hostility? This article will undertake to show, on the contrary, that the chief reason why Soviet-American rivalry has reached its present dangerous peak is that the American and Russian people are so much alike.

Of course there is a vast gulf between the Soviet and American governmental systems. Americans never have experienced truly autocratic rule, whereas Russians were governed by absolute monarchs for centuries before the Bolsheviks seized power and imposed an even tighter dictatorship. But this vital difference at the top has curiously affected the people much less than might be expected. During my thirty-odd years of residence abroad, I have lived for a year or more in nine different countries of Europe, Asia and Africa; and after working four years in Soviet Russia, I decided that Russians more nearly resemble Americans than any other people I know. Some time ago I began to make a list of traits common to both peoples, and possibly these human similarities can throw more light upon the present state of Soviet-American relations than most of the official statements pouring out of Moscow and Washington.

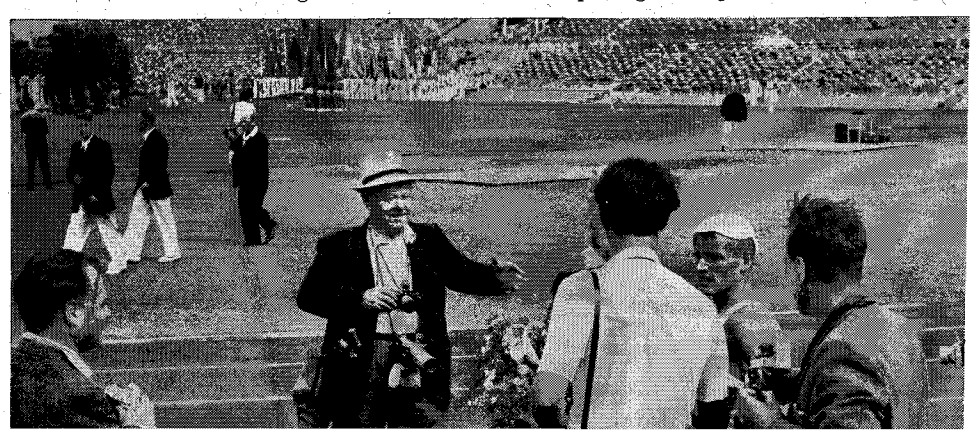
The most obvious similarities between Russians and Americans are the results of geography. John Gould Fletcher, an American Pulitzer Prize poet, described Russia and America as "the two frontiers" of our twentieth-century world. No other peoples in this century have inherited so much room to move around in without leaving home. Nature provided both peoples with thinly populated continental areas close at hand, and these wide-open spaces gave the two frontier nations a similar sense of bigness long before Communism became a world force. Although the Russians waited almost a century longer than Americans to fill up their empty lands, they moved with the same mad rush once they got started, and developed all the good and bad characteristics of pioneers opening up virgin territory.

I first became acquainted with Soviet frontiersmen shortly before the second world war, when I made a ten-day steamer trip through the logging country of Northwestern Russia near the Arctic Circle. We penetrated rivers which had only (Continued on Page 102)

Below: The seaside at Uzbekistan, in central Asia. But few Russians can take life this easy; the vacation plans of most are determined by Moscow.



The ubiquitous photographer asks for "just one more" at the Moscow Parade of Sports. Both U. S. and the Soviet originated in revolution. Both place great importance on winning.



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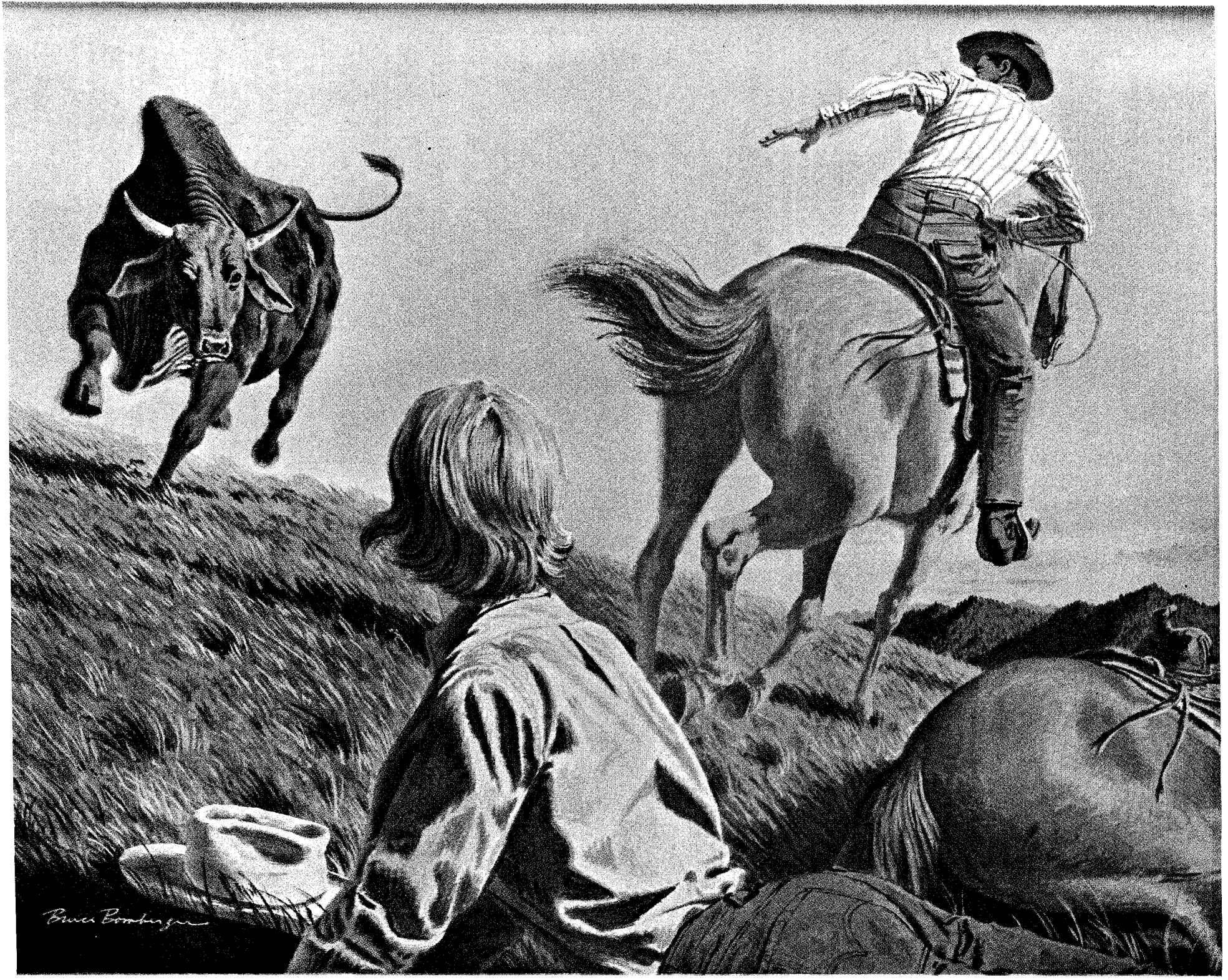

Blaine dodged away when the bull bore down on Linda.

Make-Believe Hero

Would he let the wild Brahma kill Linda rather than risk his own neck?

By PAT PFEIFER

By the time you're fourteen and have been raised on an Oregon ranch you hear lots of stories about how, in the old days, cattle that escaped into the hills went back to the wild. But they'd always seemed just stories, far away and part of the past. Now I looked down into Davis Creek Canyon and saw E. J. Blaine's prize herd of Brahmas for the first time since they'd broken out almost a year ago, and all those things I'd heard came back to me. The bull came cautiously, quietly, from the brush along the creek, and he wasn't like the cattle I was so used to. He was a wild thing, with cunning added now to the temper and strength that make Brahmas a terror in the rodeo arena. His brindled hide was matted and dirty, and the sun caught the curve of his horns as his head swung from side to side, testing the air for scent of danger. Then the cows began to trickle out of hiding to join him, and I headed for home.

The family was already at the table when I got there, and my dad said quietly, "I'm glad you decided to come back."

"I got held up on Willow Mountain, after I put out the salt licks.... Say, dad, I saw Blaine's Brahmas."

"What?" He was interested, and even my sister, Linda, looked up. "Nobody's seen them all summer. Maybe the cold's driving them down the mountain. Where'd you see 'em?"

"Eastern slope of Davis Creek. That bull's sure going to give Blaine trouble when he tries to round him up."

Dad grinned, although he didn't usually say much about E. J. Blaine. He figured the rest of the country did enough talking. Blaine had money, lots of it, and played at being a rancher during the summer months. When the expensive Brahmas he (Continued on Page 86)

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Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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Husbands And Strangers

BY LAWRENCE LEE

How a wife made a most important discovery about men and marriage.

Tension increased as the train in which they were going to his home hurried more deeply southward into the Alabama countryside. There seemed to be fear in the tightening grip of the hand of the girl whom he had married. The perspiration of emotion dampened the palm as he held it protectively against his body.

Unaware that her young husband was beside her, Kathy Wallace stared at the darkening changes of the landscape. Light flushed her clear face. The patterned yellow of her hair, under an encircling soft plait, seemed to ignite in the last sun. Beyond the umber folds of the earth and the tufted tracings of the dark woods the horizon was the red of a burned-out fire through which trembled upward still a few uncertain radiances of gold.

Looking anxiously at his wife's face, Gordon Wallace realized that she was conscious of nothing in the scene beyond the window. Her thoughts were far away and there was no happiness in her face. The train burst across a resounding bridge over a creek foaming in the dimmed light. A reach of country in which, he thought, there must be good partridge hunting loomed in the darkness. A small and almost shapeless house stood at the edge of a field. Through a half-opened door fire burned in a primitive fireplace beside which an ill-defined figure looked at the passing lights of the train.

"It might as well be Rhodesia," the girl said. She did not turn from the window to see the distress in her husband's face and the brown eyes looking at her from below the crop of his dark hair.

"What?" he asked. "Rhodesia?"

"Rhodesia or some other place at the end of the earth."

Across her own emotional numbness, the girl sensed the stiffening of her young husband's defensiveness.

"The country has its own beauty, Kathy; but you have to give it a fair look." There were rebuke and a sound of discouragement in his voice. "If you will be fair you can like it. We can make a happy life together. We can get a place of our own after a few days at home. Montgomery is quiet, but it is a beautiful old city. You can like it if you make up your mind to like it—and if you really meant it when you married me."

Kathy Wallace ignored the increasing severity in her husband's manner.

"Can't we just visit, Gordon? Do we have to stay?" she asked.

He released her hand and crossed his long arms.

"We talked of that in the beginning," he said, with an effort at restraint.

Kathy looked at her husband. She saw a sharpening of the lines of his face, which had darkened.

"You were doing well," she insisted. "We could have lived in Connecticut and you could have practiced law in New York."

"New York was only a brief apprenticeship," Gordon Wallace said sharply; "practical experience in a busy firm after law school was over. My work is here, Kathy. Maybe you don't understand, but you should understand, that this is my country. It is mine and its troubles are mine, whether I can help or not. Right or wrong, here is where I have to live and work. I want you here with me, but ——"

He did not finish what he might have said. Kathy Wallace understood the implications of her husband's silence and turned away to peer at the muted lights of a small town through which the train flashed to the diminishing music of a warning gong clanging beside a crossing.

An older man sitting opposite his wife on the other side of the aisle put down his magazine. He nodded toward the engrossed couple.

"Newlyweds," he said in a half whisper.

His wife nodded. Something made her shake her head in wistful remembrance.

It was full night when the train came into the station at Montgomery and stopped, as though impatiently, under the large shed which vaulted the tracks. It was too dark to see the river below the fenced bluff beside the tracks, but the young husband had pointed it out, somber and powerful in the moonlight, as they rolled past the approaches to the city.

People had come out to the train. Others were waiting by other tracks. Beyond the iron pickets of the barrier with its open gates Kathy Wallace saw a tall older man and a woman of severe and beautiful dignity coming toward them.

"It's like Europe," Kathy said. She looked about the ancient, bustling station.

Gordon Wallace wondered if he had heard something like disbelief and pleasure in his wife's voice. Then they were beyond the gates and in the welcoming embrace of Gordon's father and mother.

During the three days which followed, Gordon and Kathy Wallace began a settling in. There were still aloofness and resistance in the girl's spirit. She tried to consider without hostility the streets of the tense but quiet old Southern city as the streets of her home. Slowly she learned to trust the gentle and amiable man, Gordon's father—tall, much like her husband, except for the color of his hair, which age had whitened. And toward the dignity of Gordon's mother she looked with admiration but uncertainty.

Now, still almost strangers, on a night of cold and wind, Kathy and her mother-in-law were waiting together in the house. And to each came anxieties and thoughts of the two absent men, their husbands.

Resentment showed in the girl's face when she looked up at the mahogany-encased clock on the mantel above the fireplace. The black hands and the Roman numerals on the white square indicated that time had passed midnight and was imperceptibly nearing one o'clock. The girl was afraid. And now she felt alone in an area in which she was a stranger.

"It is late," she said. "Gordon and the others have been away since early morning. Does a hunting trip always take so long?"

The older woman, for many seconds, considered her answer.

(Continued on Page 43)

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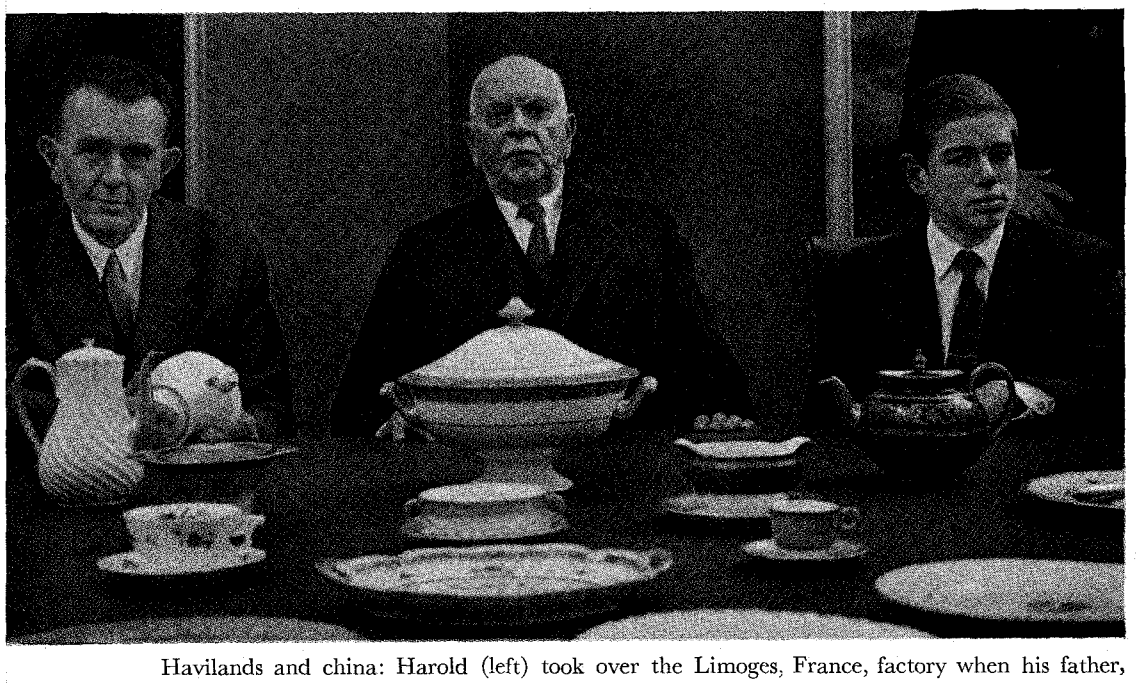
DISHES for the BRIDE

By NOEL BARBER

Haviland china is France's finest dinnerware and—as you probably didn't know—it is manufactured by an astonishing American family.

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman



Havilands and china: Harold (left) took over the Limoges, France, factory when his father, William (center), retired. William's grandson Christopher (right) is the Haviland heir apparent.

Dinnertime: The man at left is

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LIMOGES, FRANCE.

Sooner or later, in many a romantic American novel—and often in the real life of an American family, for that matter—boy who has met girl marries her and then, with an appropriate dabbing of the eyes, auntie or grandma or mom gives the bride one of America's great traditional wedding gifts—a dinner service of French china made by Haviland, of Limoges, France.

Sometimes the service is new. But as often as not the old and treasured plates are passed down the line from mother to daughter, each one of whom, newly house-proud, uses them for special occasions only—in the hopes that twenty years later she, too, will hand them on to the daughter as yet unborn.

To the average American, Haviland china has the same breath of romance as French wines, French perfume and French clothes. But there is just one rather important difference—a difference which ninety-nine out of 100 blushing brides, their mothers, grandmas or aunts never, never know.

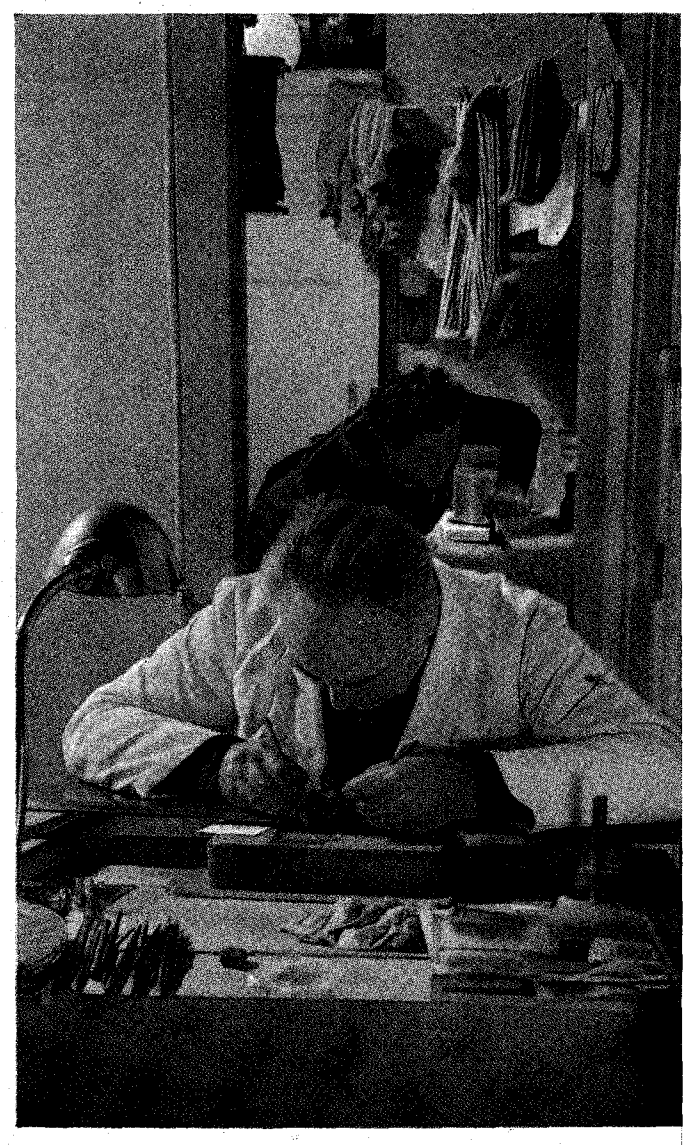
For whereas French wines, French perfumes, French clothes are strictly the result of French genius, Haviland has a claim to distinction probably shared by no other major French product. The first Haviland cup and saucer were designed and made in Limoges way back in 1839. But not by a Frenchman. A 100 per cent American who kept a china store in Barclay Street, New York—and whose ancestors, originally French, reached America in 1640, only twenty years after the Mayflower—was the creator.

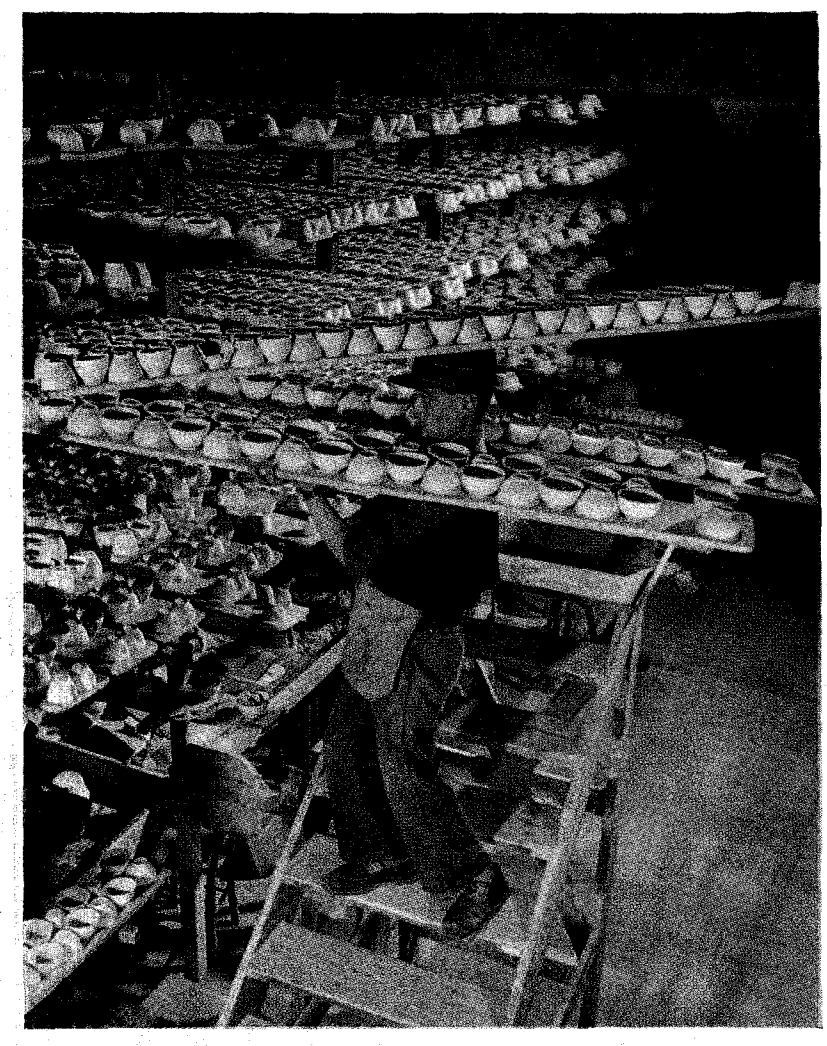
That was Great-grandfather David Haviland, a man of bushy beard who imported English china to the States, but didn't think the quality of his imports good enough for his pernickety customers. So he made the journey to France, virtually founded the china industry of Limoges, and today, four generations later, Haviland china is still run by an American. This is Harold Haviland, a tall soft-spoken man of forty-nine who fought with the American Army in World War II after hairbreadth escapes with the French underground, who has brothers and sisters married to Americans in New York; whose father, still hale and hearty at seventy-five, was American enough when I stayed at his home here to serve me vodka Gibsons instead of those old-fashioned things called martinis.

For four generations, purebred Americans have ruled the dynasty and destiny of this firm as French as the *quatorze juillet*, as American as the Fourth of July. But since this, too, is a romantic American story, it needs an O. Henry twist in the tail, and this is it.

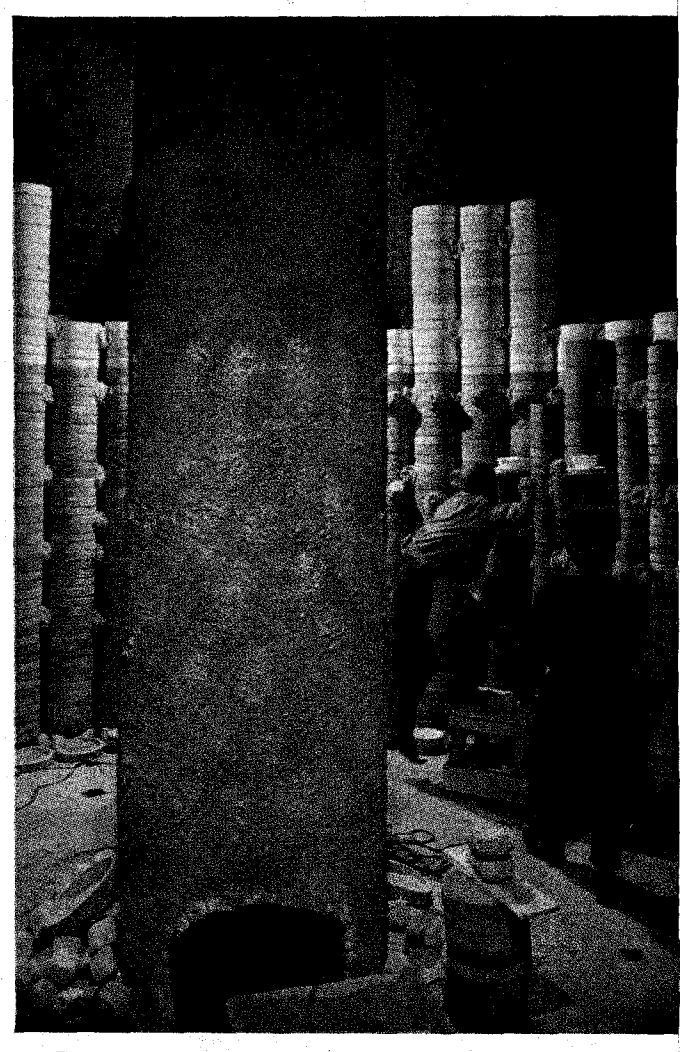
Harold, the current boss of Haviland, has an only son of sixteen, Christopher. One day Christopher will surely take over the family business, and at that moment, for the first time since Great-grandfather David came to Limoges, France's most famous porcelain business will cease to be American. For Christopher, the fifth generation, is French. Even with an American father and ancestors way back to the Mayflower, he has to be. The State Department says so, and I'll explain why later. It doesn't make the plot any less thick to announce that Christopher's elder sister is—and strictly legally—American, while Christopher, already excited about going to Harvard, will have to go there with a foreign passport. (Continued on Page 79)

Felix Dugenest does his work at home. He is here engraving a delicate design while his wife cooks.





Above: This precarious method is the normal way china is carried through the Limoges factory. The man balances over 100 cups on the three planks.



The container on the head of the man above holds china ready for the 3000° F. furnace.

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FRAME-UP FOR MURDER

By REX STOUT

She played a convincing role in a baffling game of violence.

Mr. Wolfe, I want you to ruin her." In desperation Flora Gallant had come to Nero Wolfe, private detective, to hire him to get rid of Bianca Voss, who she felt was an unwholesome influence on her brother.

Wolfe was reluctant to help, but Flora persuaded him to talk to Miss Voss on the phone. As he did so he suddenly heard sounds of a struggle at the other end, and then silence. Archie Goodwin, Wolfe's assistant, put in another call and found out that Miss Voss had been killed. It looked to Wolfe as though Flora had used him as an alibi witness in a murder she had arranged herself.

As soon as Miss Gallant left, Archie wrote out a complete statement of what had happened, for the police. Just as he finished, Inspector Cramer of Homicide arrived.

II

I stepped into the office and told Wolfe, "Him." He compressed his lips and took in air through his nose.

"I see you've signed the statement," I said. "Shall I open the door a crack and slip it through to him and tell him that covers it and give him your regards?"

"No. A crack is open both ways. If he has a warrant for you, he could slip that through to you. Let him in."

I wheeled, walked to the front door, swung it wide, and made it hearty, "Just the man we wanted to see, Inspector Cramer! Do come in."

He was already in. By the time I had shut the door and turned around he had shed his hat and coat and dropped them on a chair, and by the time I had put the hat on the shelf where he knew darned well it belonged, and the coat on a hanger, and got to the office, he was already in the red leather chair and talking.

". . . and don't tell me you didn't know a crime had been committed or any of that tripe, and you had firsthand knowledge of it, both you and Goodwin, and do you come forward with it? No. You sit here at your desk and to hell with the law and the city of New York and your obligations as a citizen and a licensed private detective, and you ——"

Wolfe had his eyes closed. I, back at my desk, had mine open. I always enjoy seeing Inspector Cramer worked up. He is big and brawny to start with, and then he seems to be expanding all over, and his round red face gets gradually redder, bringing out its contrast with his gray hair.

When he stopped for breath, Wolfe opened his eyes. "I assure you, Mr. Cramer, this is uncalled for. Mr. Goodwin has indeed been sitting here, but not idly. He has been fulfilling our obligations, his and mine, as citizens and licensed private detectives." He lifted sheets of paper. "This is a statement, signed by both of us. After you have read it, we'll answer questions if they're relevant."

Cramer didn't move, and Wolfe wouldn't, so I arose and got the statement and took it to Cramer. He snatched it from me, no thanks, glared at Wolfe, glanced at the heading on the first page, glared at me as I sat, and started to read. First he skimmed through it and then went back and really read it. Wolfe was leaning back with his eyes closed. I passed the time taking in the changes of expression on Cramer's face. When he reached the end he turned back to one of the earlier pages for another look, and then aimed his sharp gray eyes at Wolfe.

"So you had it ready," he said, not with gratitude.

Wolfe opened his eyes and nodded. "I thought it would save time and trouble."

"Yeah. You're always thoughtful. I admit it agrees pretty well with Flora Gallant's story, but why shouldn't it? Is she your client?"

"Pfui. That statement makes it quite clear that I have no client."

"It does if it's all here. Did you leave anything out?"

"Yes. Much of Mr. Goodwin's conversation with Miss Gallant last evening. Nothing pertinent."

"Well, we'll want to study it. Of course some details are vitally important—for instance, that it was exactly eleven-thirty-one when you heard the blow."

Wolfe objected. "We heard no blow, identifiably. The statement does not say that we heard a blow."

Cramer found the place on page 9 and consulted it. "O.K. You heard a groan and a crash and rustles. But there was a blow. She was hit in the back of the head with a chunk of marble, a paperweight, and then a scarf was tied around her throat to stop her breathing. You say here at eleven-thirty-one."

I corrected him. "Not when we heard the groan. After that there were the other noises, then the connection went, and I said hello a few times, which was human but dumb. It was when I hung up that I looked at my watch and saw eleven-thirty-one. The groan had been maybe a minute earlier, say eleven-thirty. If a minute is important."

"It isn't. But you didn't hear the blow?"

"Not to recognize it as a blow, no."

He went back to the statement, frowning at it, reading parts of some pages and just glancing at others. He looked up at Wolfe. "I know how good you are at arranging words. This implies that Flora Gallant was a complete stranger to you, that you had never had anything to do with her or her brother or any of the people at that place, but it doesn't say so in so many words. I'd like to know."

"The implication is valid," Wolfe told him. "Except as related in that statement, I have never had any association with Miss Gallant or her brother or, to my knowledge, with any of their colleagues. Nor has Mr. Goodwin. . . . Archie?"

"Right," I agreed.

"I'll accept that for now." Cramer folded the statement and put it in his pocket. "Then you had never heard Bianca Voss' voice before and you couldn't recognize it on the phone?"

"Of course not."

"And you can't hear it now, since she's dead. So you can't swear it was her talking to you."

"Obviously."

"And that raises a point. If it was her talking to you, she was killed at exactly half past eleven. Now there are four important people in that organization who had it in for Bianca Voss. They have admitted it. Besides Flora Gallant, there is Anita Prince, fitter and designer, been with Gallant eight years; Emmy Thorne, in

(Continued on Page 112)

"You must get all five of them," Nero Wolfe ordered.

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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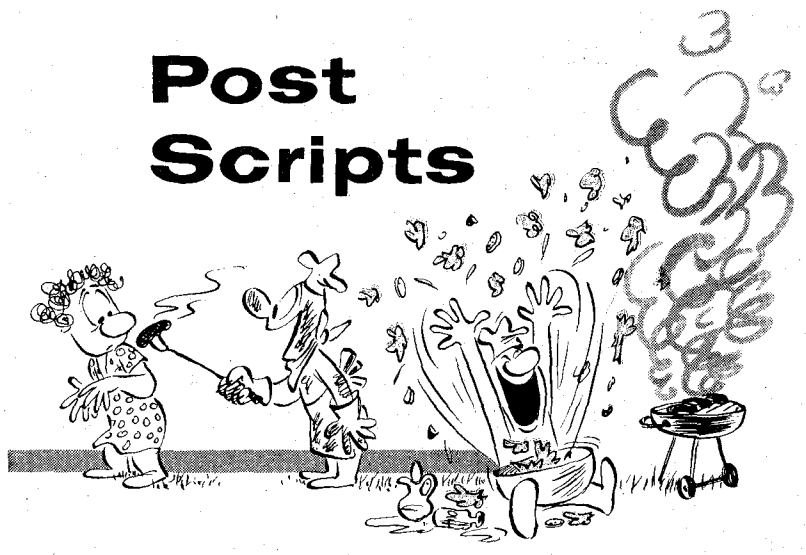
Post Scripts



Next Time Reunite Without Me!

There's nothing worse than being a complete outsider at a school reunion, as I learned when my wife recently dragged me to a reunion of alumni of her alma mater. Perhaps the following will give you an idea of what I mean:

"Gee whiz, dear, there's Rosemary O'Leary, and there's Windy Beck, and there's Alonzo Cutler, and there's ——"

"H'm'm'm'm."

"O.K., kids, let's try it! And what I mean is, let's really hear it! . . . Bill?"

"Rackety-rack!"

"Clarice?"

"Rackety-rah!"

"Clyde?"

"Go, team, go!"

"Vern? . . . Vern?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Let's see—zis-boom-bah."

"I suppose we're boring you, aren't we, Vern? I mean, with all our talk about old Professor 'Ironsides' Buehler, the chemistry lab, the school cannon, the Thanksgiving Day football games ——"

"Don't be silly. I'm enjoying it."

"Remember the old code, gang? Ponzes delli ingbatt!"

"Flocks and sturber escoe!"

"You don't even know what we're talking about, do you, Vern?"

"Well, I know that phlox are flowers, but——"

"Hey, gang, did you hear that? He thinks we're talking about flowers! He thinks ——"

"Smile, dear."

"I *am* smiling!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

"MISS THOMPSON!!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Teen-Age Standard Time

1:45 A.M.: "Late? It's only a little past midnight. Jeepers, if I have to break up the party, check out my date and be home for bed at practically sundown—well, I might as well start dating girls Amy's age."
(Amy is his sister, age 3½.)

11:05 A.M.: "Hey, it's almost noon. How's for lunch? I haven't tasted food since breakfast and I'm starving, man, starving!"
(He ate breakfast at 10:30.)

7:42 P.M. (MALE): "Stop fretting, parent. Play it casual. I got plenty time to shower and dress. I'm not supposed to pick Nancy up for hours yet."
(He's supposed to pick Nancy up at eight.)

(FEMALE): "Everybody come help me—PLEASE! I can't find but one of my red ballet slippers and I'll die—but Die if I have to wear the white ones, and Pete is supposed to pick me up any minute now—ANY MINUTE!"
(Pete is supposed to pick her up at 8:30.)

4:45 P.M.: "Tying up the phone? Joanie and *me?* Why, Joanie didn't even *call* me until just a little while ago."
(Joanie called her at 2:05.)

10:20 A.M.: "Get up? Now? At DAWN?"

MM PORTERFIELD

The Laugh Dubber-Inner

"Herb Hitchkoss! What are you doing these days? Still in TV, operating a teleprompter?"

"I was took off the teleprompter, Al, the night I got the reel in upside down and Senator Crimp had to deliver his extemporaneous campaign speech standing on his head. Now I'm a Laugh Dubber-Inner."

"Sounds like a job that requires critical judgment, Herb."

"Well, there's rules we go by that helps. Chuckles we have on all the time. After every line or action, we run laughs, except when it concerns motherhood, country, religion or death. Those we have a rule against laughter. Otherwise we run two Snickers to every Belly-Laugh, and we limit Rolling-in-the-Aisles laughs to sixteen a half-hour show."

"Don't want to overdo it, eh, Herb?"

"Right. Of course, those rules are for subtle humor. Sophisticated comedy. If it's broad humor we just run all the type laughs at the same time. We call that the Gasser."

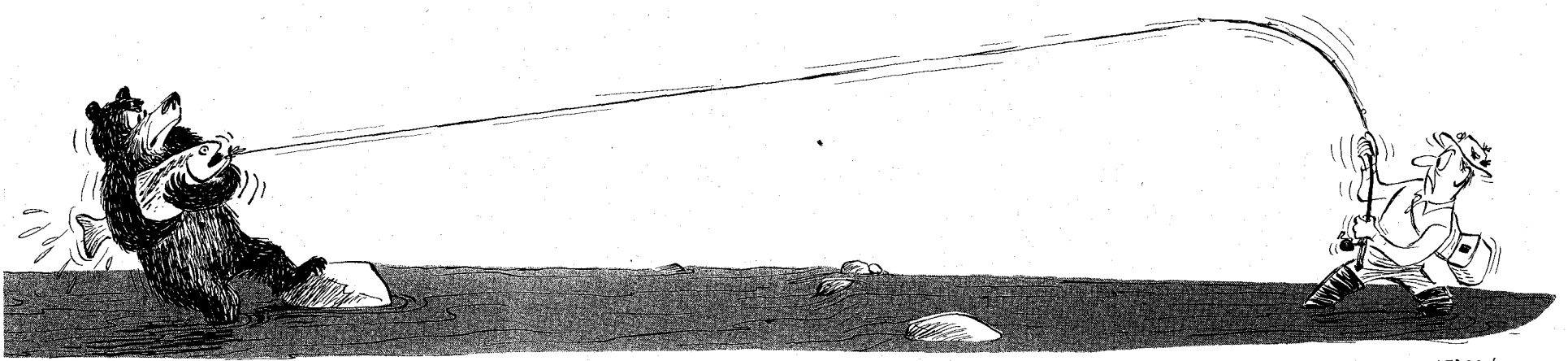
"How do you tell the difference?"

"Either me or my assistant crack a smile, we know it's a Gasser."

"Is it a fact, Herb, that the reason you dub in those laughs is so that people will know it's supposed to be a comedy?"

"Hey, that's a good one! Wait a minute while I turn on my portable laugh dubber. I think I can give you Rolling-in-the-Aisles on that one!"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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1958 OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY COUPE ILLUSTRATED

...because a new set of ACs can save three times their cost in gasoline!

Budget-conscious couples like to get the most for their money in their trip through life! And they're *off to a good start* with AC Spark Plugs in their car.

If the spark plugs in your car have gone 10,000 miles or more, a new set of AC "Hot Tips" can save you as much as one gallon of gasoline in every ten ...can give you faster starting and better performance.

The exclusive AC "Hot Tip" heats up faster to burn away fouling oil and carbon deposits as soon as they can form . . . stays clean longer to spark every ounce of power from every gallon of fuel. That's why AC Spark Plugs are specified as original equipment on more new cars than any other make!

Get a new set of ACs for your car, today!

ACTION starts with

HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week on ABC-TV

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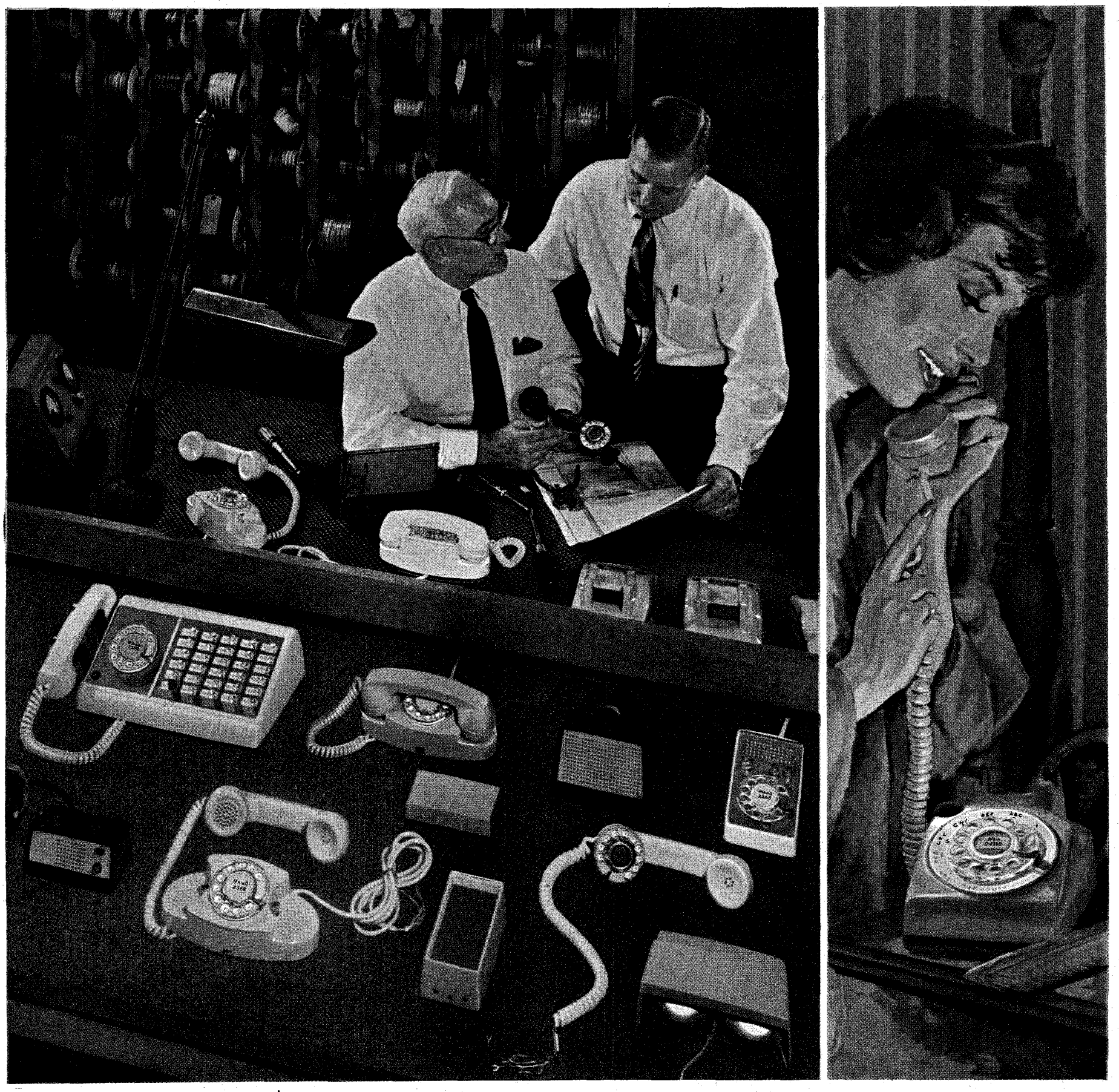
In this experimental shop at Western Electric, promising ideas for new Bell telephones are turned into working models.

Many of these ideas are being field-tested by Bell companies right now. If they prove to be practical, and you — the public — like them, we'll turn them out by the thousands for general use.

Western Electric

It's Western Electric's job as manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System to make the telephones and telephone equipment needed to serve you. Helping to bring along new products you like is part of that job.

THE FUTURE... BEING SHAPED FOR YOU TODAY



Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

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THE CHAINS OF FEAR

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

Now it's my turn, he thought frenziedly. Now it's sure to be me . . .

Lyubkin, a ruthless Soviet security boss, could without emotion send men to their death. This he had done with the help of his deputy, Suprunov, when a falsified confession became a possible source of danger for the two officials.

Yet this same Lyubkin became almost childlike with delight when his mistress, Elena, revealed her love for him. Lyubkin was distracted with confusion; he had never been loved before.

The Soviet state's campaign to extract confessions from so-called enemies of the people found no more terrified a victim than Grigory Mikhailovich Volodeev. Taken away from his daughter, Evlalia, and grandson, Shurik, by the secret police, the foppish old man did not know why he had been arrested. Evlalia, although repulsed by her father's greed and selfishness, felt compelled to help him. While she tried to find her friend, the official Semenov, to ask his help, she did not know that the inquisitor Bukhteev had already sentenced her father to death.

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VI

He was summoned again soon after dinner. "Volodeev, bring your things."

"Bring your things" could signify a great deal—release to freedom, removal to another cell or transfer to the common jail. Grigory Mikhailovich knew nothing of this, but was frightened.

Mirolyubov, helping him to make up his small bundle, gave his arm an encouraging squeeze. "Get hold of yourself. Don't give in."

Grigory Mikhailovich was taken down a flight of stairs and out through a little door. He glanced up at the sky, clear and shining with autumnal blue. He heard sounds from the town—an automobile horn, the jarring screech of a streetcar turning a corner, an indistinguishable blur of noise. These inaccessible sounds plunged him into melancholy.

The guard shouted angrily, "All right! Let's get moving!"

They passed into a garden and went along a little path covered with yellow leaves. Grigory Mikhailovich felt that there could be no greater happiness than to stay here in this garden, to see how softly and uncomplainingly the dead leaves were falling, to listen to the whispers of their silent descent, and then, when he grew tired of watching, to go away. A great longing to escape came upon him, to escape not only from locks, walls and bars but from the nameless hidden thing that was crushing him. He raised his eyes in a helpless appeal and his lips began to tremble plaintively.

The guard hurried him along. "Let's go—let's go!"

They went obliquely toward a long wing at the back of the garden. A garage had only recently been built near one side, and on the other, joined by a small brick extension, was an old greenhouse whose smashed windows had been boarded up with dirty planks. Could someone be living there? Grigory Mikhailovich noticed that the sentry glanced uneasily in its direction.

They passed into the wing and turned into a room on the right. A young man in uniform without insignia was seated there. The guard handed him the bundle. The young man opened it and, without even looking at Grigory Mikhailovich, listed the articles in a book in a rapid routine manner. Then the guard led Grigory Mikhailovich through a dusty, empty room in which there was no carpet or furniture, and nothing on the walls but a huge (Continued on Page 106)

There were only two of them left when the official called out, "Volodeev!"

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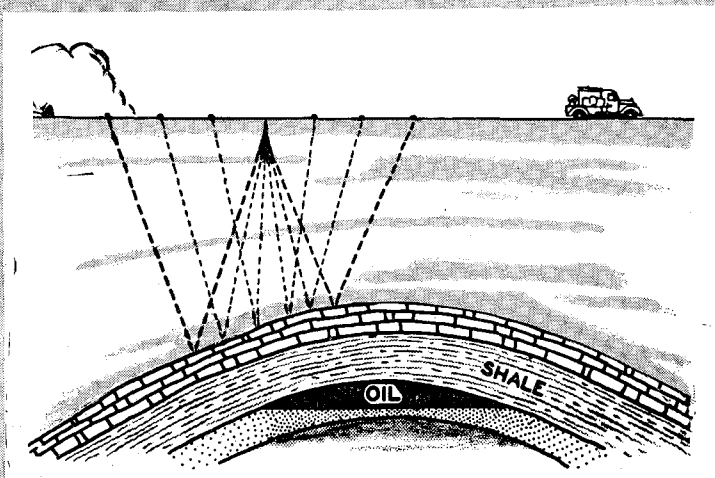


By measuring reflected shock waves, seismograph crew is able to map underground rock structures

How PURE uses man-made earthquakes to find hidden reservoirs of oil

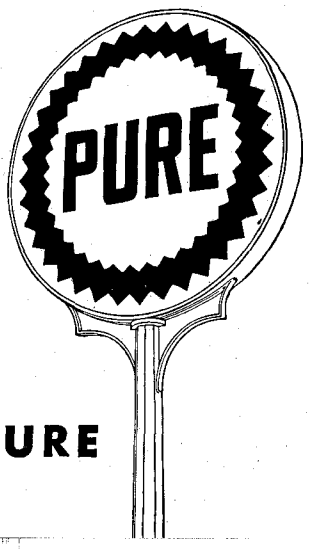
Seismic surveys eliminate a lot of the guesswork in drilling for oil.

The seismograph was designed originally to measure the severity of earthquakes. Here you see a PURE seismograph crew using it to measure artificial earthquakes —reflected shock waves from controlled explosions in the ground.

From the seismic records our geophysicists can tell if the rock formations thousands of feet below show promise of containing hidden traps of oil. Seismic surveys are just one of the methods that help us in exploring for oil and gas. Using the latest techniques or adapting older ones to our particular needs—PURE scientists are constantly searching for new and better ways to find and refine petroleum.

The result? You can see it every day in the quality of the products sold by nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states. That's why you can be *sure* with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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Husbands and Strangers (Continued from Page 33)

The coming morning would be only the fourth day since her son had brought his wife to Alabama. She and her son's wife had not been together before, as they were now, with no one else in the house. They did not yet know each other. But something worthy and strong in the girl made Mary Wallace wish to be patient before the hostility of her daughter-in-law.

Very early, they had watched their husbands go away in a car with Annie Macreath's husband and the hunting dogs. The men wore khaki hunting clothes that were old, and they carried, breeched and cradled across their left arms, the metallic heaviness of the dark-barreled shotguns. There was a happiness in their actions which the girl did not understand. She had kissed her husband good-by in the early shadowed light of the modest house. Then, later, she had dressed and gone out to walk alone about the unfamiliar streets of Montgomery, to look again at the old city.

She walked down the wide mild descent of Dexter Avenue, below the leafy hill on which the whiteness of the Confederate capitol stood. The dome was a strong white against a graying sky. She stopped, window-shopping, in the streets that enclosed the fountain in Court Square. She looked down the level thrust of Commerce Street to where it ended abruptly at the station. Beyond reached the blank infinity of the sky. Below this plunged the bluff above the irresistible flow of the dark Alabama as it passed Montgomery. She walked on, wondering whether she could ever become content to live in this country.

Kathy Wallace returned to the house in the late afternoon, expecting to find that her husband and his father had returned from their hunting trip. She felt impatient and resentful when she learned that they were not there.

Now she was one of two women waiting, tense with anxiety.

"Does it always take so long?" the girl asked again.

The older woman answered now, "No. It is after one in the morning. I have been expecting them since suppertime," she said.

Looking across the area lighted by the fire, she watched her daughter-in-law's reaction. She considered the well-tailored gray suit and the black jersey which clothed her beautiful young fullness. She recognized unpretentious dignity even in the posture of the girl's fine shoulders. And, beneath the shadow of her daughter-in-law's withdrawal, she perceived the ardent body and personality of the still-uncommitted woman.

"What do you think has happened?" Kathy asked.

Firelight shone on the girl's face. The large eyes looked into the dimness, beyond the disk of light from the study lamp on the table, to where the ill-delineated shapes of furniture glowed and were extinguished in the unstable twilight from the fire.

"I do not know," the woman said.

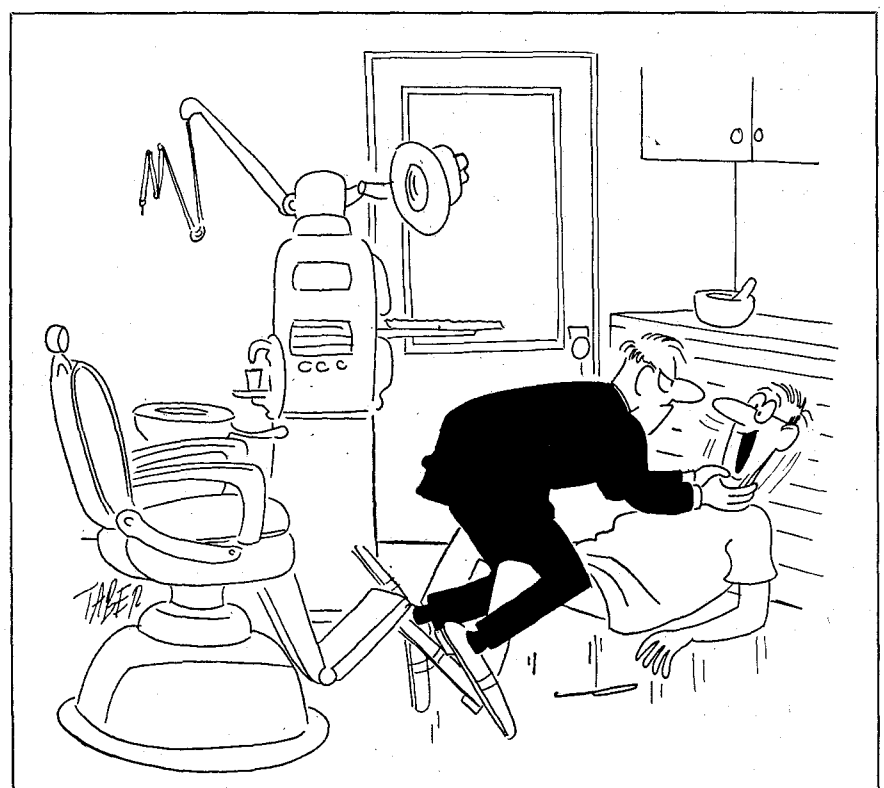
Considering her daughter-in-law, Mary Wallace felt with sudden emotion the substance and the quality which her son, Gordon, had sought to marry in passionate possession. This girl, Kathy, her daughter-in-law, was of New England. All that her son found to love in Alabama, and perhaps even her son himself, was still strange and not yet fully accepted by this young woman, his wife.

"I do not know," the woman said again. "There are many things to make trouble—the car, a lost dog or the men themselves lost."

"Could they be hurt?" Kathy asked.

The image in her mind came as an emotional shock to the girl. It was of herself returning northward alone in the train.

The wind sucked in a heavy gust against the house, seeming to make a darkened vacuum of the unpeopled streets. The older woman saw that her son's wife was filled with an intensity of doubt and of rebellion. She watched in the firelight the tautness of the broad oval of the girl's sensitive blond face. She saw in that face a character which toward deceptiveness or evasion would feel only angry contempt. The woman wished that she and her daughter-in-law might be close to each other now, as two women troubled should be.



"Apparently you're a little on edge today. Suppose we make it Thursday instead."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Guns and darkness—with these, Katherine, there is always the possibility of an accident."

The girl heard her name spoken in its fullness. She looked toward the older woman who was with her by the fire. She watched her mother-in-law lean forward from the comfort of the somberly polished mahogany rocker to stir the fire with a black iron poker. The slender, black-clothed shape was angular and deliberate. The girl saw in the woman's face a pride and an elegance like an aged cameo beneath the fine waves of the curled white hair. On one of the woman's hands the girl saw the yellow gold of old rings, the diamond-burdened thinness of the engagement ring, the heavy plain wedding band. Design and color, and an impalpable quality of use, gave to them a dignity and a restraint like that of the woman herself.

"Do you think ——"

The girl's question remained incomplete. But the woman had heard in it the beginning of fear. And there was hostility in the words of her daughter-in-law, as though against the scene and the people among whom she could be made to suffer such anxieties.

"I do not believe that anything serious has happened," the woman said.

"But you can't know," the girl said.

"I cannot know, of course," the woman said with deliberate restraint. "But if anything serious had happened, I feel that someone would have managed somehow to let us know."

The woman placed the smoking poker back in the black iron stand near the grate. She brushed, with a small red-handled hearth broom, the last ash from the gleaming tiles of the hearth, watching the cords of white vapor twist from the hot poker into the darkened chimney. The woman looked up at the clock.

It was ten minutes before two when the ringing of the telephone sounded in the emptiness of the house. The girl unconsciously touched with her long hands the dark jersey of her blouse. The woman gathered about her thin shoulders the black-and-white wool pattern of a cashmere shawl and went into the darkened hall to answer the ringing telephone. She lighted a bulb suspended in the darkness. Kathy could now see her and hear her as she talked.

"Yes, Annie," Mary Wallace said, "we are concerned too. But we can only wait. We can do nothing until morning. I have the feeling that it will turn out to be nothing serious. I simply have a feeling that we would know if there were anything really wrong."

The words made the girl angry. When the woman came back to wait by the fire, the girl spoke with the sharpness of rebellion. The outward calm of the older woman intensified the anger of her daughter-in-law.

"It's only your intuition," Kathy said.

The woman looked into the ardent face that challenged her across the firelight. The girl, now seeing also the woman's face in the flagging firelight, discovered a look in the blue of the old eyes that could be fierce and unforgiving.

"Intuition," Mary Wallace said, "may sometimes be only a knowledge so subtly known that we cannot explain how it has come to us."

The girl stared again into the fire. Her defiance had altered into a need for help.

"What can we do?" she asked.

"Wait," the woman said. "And while we wait try to imagine whether, when they return, they will be our husbands or men who are strangers to us."

The girl looked, with sudden alarm, into the woman's face. She found no immediate answer there. A (Continued on Page 46)

proved in COLORADO and coast to coast

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

"We started rebuilding immediately after our fire," says L. C. Seagler, Montrose, Colo., "thanks to American Hardware Mutual paying our claim within 8 hours after proof of loss."

Yes, we pay claims fast. Our insurance has always cost less, due to annual dividend payments. And our salesmen give *counsel* . . . not sales talks. Sound good? It is.

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

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Why it makes sense to trade

Today is the best time
for you to buy a new
General Electric
Refrigerator-Freezer
Here's why:

REASON NO. 1

20 years' progress in the last 10—refrigerator design has gone ahead at least that fast.

Has your refrigerator kept pace? It works day and night, winter and summer, to guard the food you eat. Your family literally *lives* out of your refrigerator. Isn't it only sensible, then, to keep this important appliance up to date?

Today's refrigerators are bigger INSIDE—you get 12 cubic feet today for about what you used to pay for 10—yet *outside* they take *less* kitchen space.

With no coils sticking out the back (and no refrigerator is truly modern if it has coils on back) they fit flat to the wall and line up in front with cabinets. No more dirt-catching waste space at the back. Doesn't stick out in front.

Automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section saves the constant chore of turning off the refrigerator, messing with pans of water, then remembering to turn it on again.

Modern zero-degree freezer sections have made once-a-week shopping a reality. Saves the family shopper time and money—you can buy ahead and save on sales.

REASON NO. 2

There's more value in your old refrigerator today than there will ever be again. Ask your General Electric dealer about a really generous trade-in allowance. Trade in *now* and get the most modern refrigerator for your family.

REASON NO. 3

Terms were never better. You may not know of the new liberal credit terms being offered by reputable credit institutions such as General Electric Credit Corporation. For example, G.E.C.C.'s Protected Purchase Plan provides:

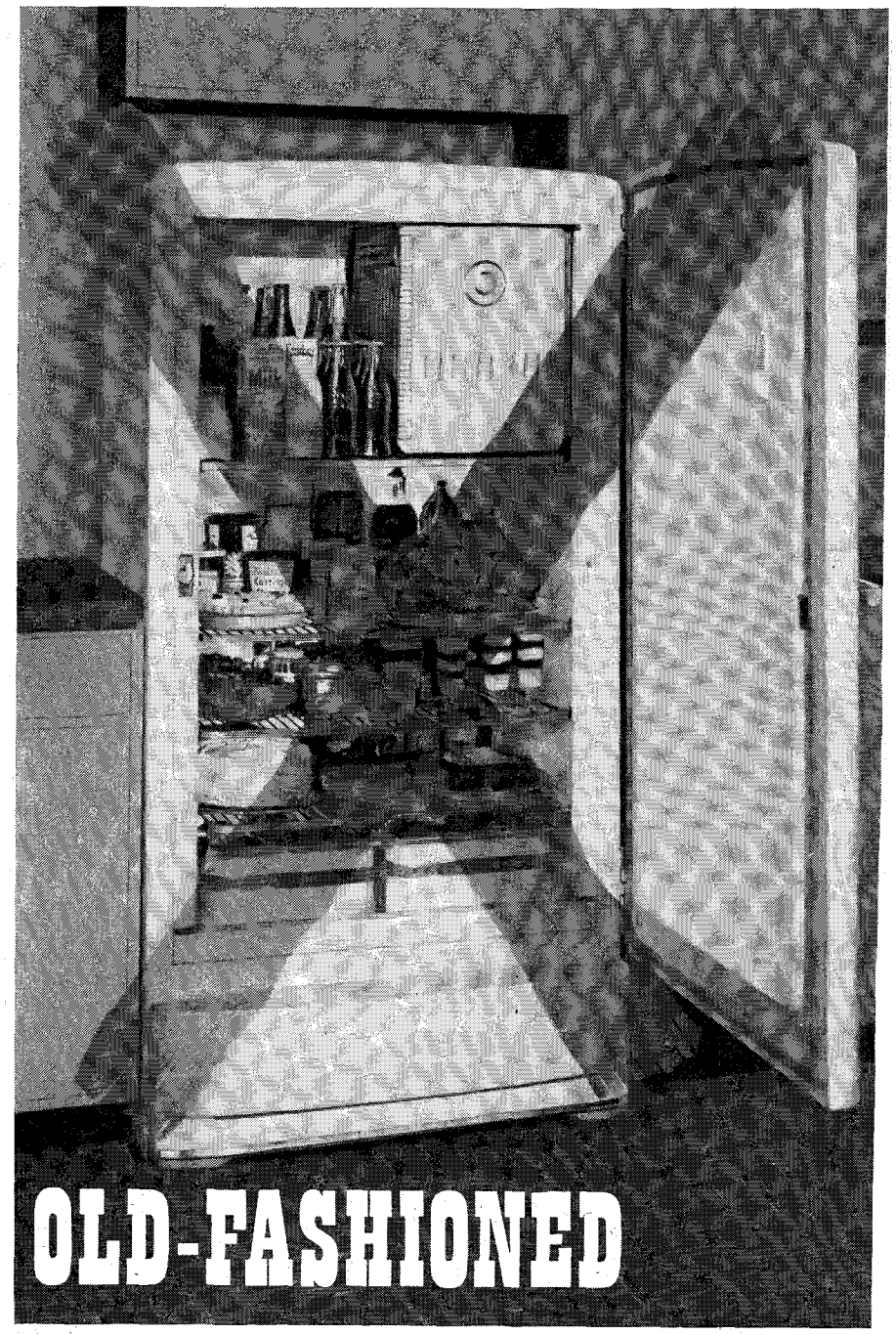
1. No down payment when you trade in your old model.
2. Longer time to pay . . . convenient extended terms.
3. Postponed payment if unable to work because of illness or unemployment.

Why not take a good long look at your present refrigerator tonight. Then, see your General Electric dealer tomorrow for his price and terms.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Compare this OLD-FASHIONED mode



Does this describe your refrigerator?

Size—only 10 cubic feet overall.

Messy defrosting needed every week.

Condenser coils on back—dirt-catching waste space because refrigerator cabinet can't be backed up flush with wall.

Door needs side clearance for opening . . . more waste space. Refrigerator cannot be put flush in a corner.

Single door without door shelves.

Old-style square shelves that make food hard to reach. Cannot be adjusted up or down.

Ice cube compartment—not suitable, or sizable enough, for frozen foods. Won't keep ice cream or frozen juices long enough.

Mechanical latch on door.

White only . . . no choice of colors.

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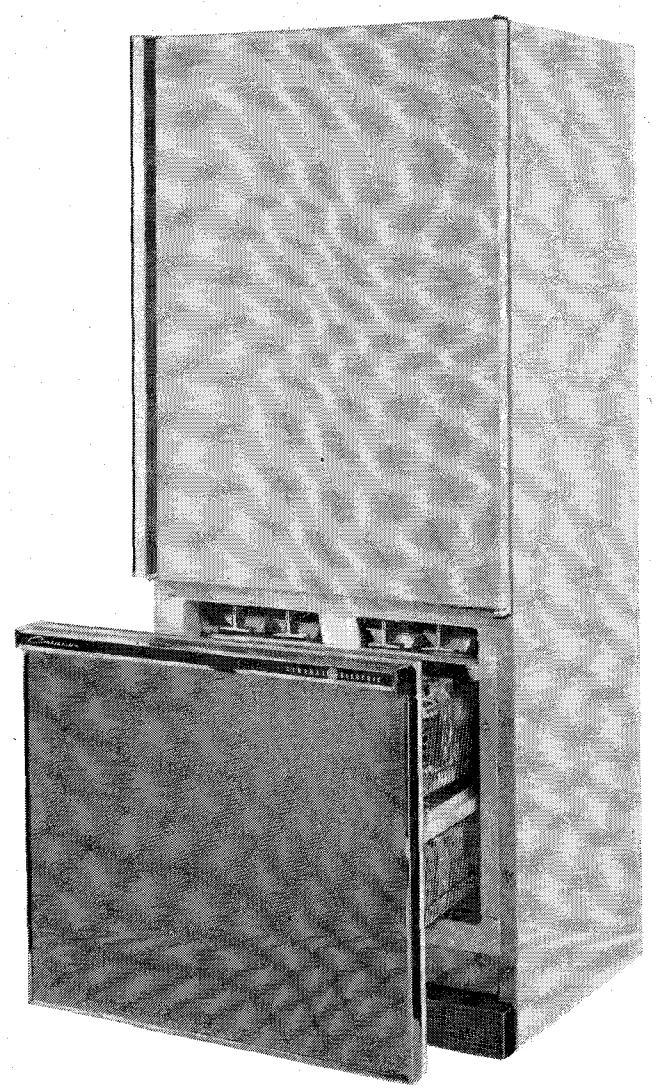
in your old refrigerator—*now!*

with this NEW General Electric

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZERS



For the same price or less you get all this:

Size—12 cubic feet, yet less kitchen space required.

Automatic defrosting in big refrigerator section.

No coils on back—refrigerator fits flat against wall without dirt-catching waste space behind.

No side clearance needed for door opening. New hinges let refrigerator fit snugly in corner.

Two doors—each with shelves for additional storage space.

Revolving shelves bring the food to you. They adjust up or down without unloading.

True zero-degree freezer separately insulated and refrigerated. Loads of room; holds up to 74 pounds of frozen foods.

Magnetic Safety Door helps keep children from being locked inside.

Choice of G-E Mix-or-Match Colors and white.

Today's most modern refrigerator-freezer . . . 15-cubic-foot capacity. At the top is the 10-cubic-foot automatic defrost refrigerator section. The big Roll-Out Freezer at the bottom holds up to 175 pounds of food.

Yet it costs *so little more a week to own* than the smaller 12-cubic-foot model. (13-cubic-foot model also available.)

Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

OPERATION up turn
GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY NOW FOR EXTRA VALUES!

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"How we use **Murine to rest our eyes** after sports"

Film star **ALAN LADD** *and* **DAVID,** *who play father and son in Sam Goldwyn, Jr.'s "The Proud Rebel"*

"We like all sports, especially riding. But sun and wind irritate even good eyes so David and I use Murine," says Alan Ladd. "Murine is soothing. Makes our eyes feel clean and rested after a day outdoors." When glare, dust, smoke or tension bothers your eyes, soothe them with Murine. Good idea every morning and night, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES*

New! Unbreakable dropper

THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from Page 43*) stronger gust enveloped the house. A wind in the chimney briefly flattened the fire that beat at the edges of the half-consumed coals. There was a heavy knock against the house. A chair which had not been properly turned to the wall bumped against the clapboards and heavily rocked on the weathered boards of the porch. The hands of the clock were approaching three.

The woman looked at a bridal picture standing in the dimness beside the mahogany clock. She spoke softly to the girl.

"That was taken only a few months ago," she said. "You were lovely then. You are lovelier now. But we usually marry our men at some time after the wedding. Some women become their husbands' wives at once and are very happy. With other women it takes a longer time. Some fail altogether."

"Fail?" There was fear, as though from self-accusation, in the word which the girl had spoken.

The older woman looked up. Her daughter-in-law had drawn her legs and neatly shod feet beneath her into the low cane-bottomed rocker. She had placed one hand lightly against the fullness of her bosom beneath the black jersey, as though in a gesture of distress.

"I almost did," the older woman said.

Kathy listened while the older woman talked. The firelight was an uncertain radiance in which the things told by the deliberate voice of the older woman could be imagined by the girl in shapes of a soft and distant reality.

"We lived in a small town less than a hundred miles from Montgomery," Mary Wallace said. "There was a square in which a Confederate monument stood. In the town there were only a few more than a thousand people, all of whom my husband and I knew. And they all knew us. There was our street, under the thick shadowiness of water oaks. And on the street was our small white clapboard house. When I married John—Gordon's father—his family gave the house to him as a wedding gift. I felt that it was entirely mine—to live in, to arrange and to manage as my own. I spent hours over it. It was my playhouse, neat, well ordered, white with dark blinds. We were happy in it. At least I thought so."

The girl's eyes were fixed upon the face of the woman. Mary Wallace did not look at the listening girl. Her face was fixed as though upon distant scenes.

"When my two baby daughters were born—before your Gordon had come—I would dress them. I would put them to sleep. They were dolls for my little house. When they were older, I sat them in the shaded yard to play. I would look down through the blinds from time to time to rejoice in my pride—my children, my flowered yard, my house."

"And Gordon's father?" Kathy asked.

"He was somewhere near," the older woman answered. "He was perhaps in his quiet law office in the little town which he did not like and in which he was restless. I only knew that he would come home in the evenings and be a part of the furnishings of my house. I was busy with my dolls, my two little girls. I would find my husband when I needed him."

The woman, unconsciously, unfolded the fingers of her left hand from beneath the edges of the shawl and looked for a long while at her rings.

"He was very handsome then," she said. "He looked much as your Gordon does now—tall, slender, with dark, intense eyes and very black hair. John's hair is white now."

"Yes," the girl said. She looked into the woman's face, impatient for her to continue to speak.

"I almost lost him. Perhaps I did lose a part of him."

"To another woman?" Kathy asked incredibly, as though such things could threaten no other generation than the generation of which she and Gordon were a part.

"That's what our vanity always fears—another woman. People will talk. Our pride will be hurt," the older woman answered. "But a woman may lose her husband to other things than another woman, though that is where he will probably end. She can lose him from neglect. She can lose him to his work, to a pastime, to anything in which he can find some reassurance of his own identity and pride."

"But you didn't lose him," Kathy said.

"We live here, in this house, together," the woman said. "We have five children, all grown now. I love the man who is in the woods or the countryside somewhere now with my son, your husband. If he comes back safely, he will be my husband. But I once lost a part of him, and I shall never know how large a part of him that was."

Kathy Wallace still gazed into her mother-in-law's face. But she did not say a word that might delay what the older woman was saying.

"One evening John did not come back to the dollhouse. He did not return until late at night. He said nothing to me. This happened for several evenings. Then one night he said that he had been playing pool down in the town. The pool hall was a dingy room owned by a man who seemed to live in lazy cynicism on the idleness of the town. Once, John did not come back until early morning. He looked white and ill. He walked over to where I had waited, drowsing, on that sofa—the one there in the darkness. With the slow bitterness of guilt he told me that he had gambled away the house across the pool table."

Kathy gasped with shock and indignation.

"What happened then?" she asked.

"He went into our room and packed a valise."

"I would never have spoken to him again," the girl said.

"I need not have," Mary Wallace said. "When he had packed, he came and said that I might stay in the town forever if I wished, but that he was going away to live. It was visible in his unhappy face how the confinement of the town and his obliteration as a person had offended him."

"And you went away?"

Mary Wallace was silent for a while. Then she spoke again. "There were four hours before the train would come through the town. In those hours I suffered. I looked about the house. It was no longer mine. But I also saw, for the first time in more than a year, the man with whom I was living and without whom, I suddenly knew, a house would be only walls enclosing an emptiness in which I did not wish to live. I told him that if he would wait for me, I would come with him."

Kathy looked into the pride and pain of the face opposite hers across the firelight. In it she saw something which in its fineness had excited her in her husband's face. Suddenly the darkness, in which she imagined Gordon and his father and the other man with their dogs, was remote and ominous, like the landscape seen from the train.

"We must fix something warm for them to eat when they come back," the older woman said.

She left the fireside and went into the darkness of the house. Kathy followed, to help. Then she heard the older woman call out. She hurried to the back of the house. In the dark beyond the back steps there was the sound of men's voices. Kathy opened the door and called. The darkness was made more dense by the lights of a car turning off into the blackness of the alley.

"Gordon, are you all right?" Kathy called.

Gordon's voice answered in exultation, "We are all right, honey. We got lost in a thicket and people had to come with lanterns to get us out."

Kathy stumbled blindly down the steps, almost falling, into the darkness, to grasp the cold canvas of her husband's hunting coat, while her mother-in-law turned back to the telephone to tell Annie Macreath that her husband also was safe and was on his way home with the car and the dogs. Gordon's father touched his son and his son's wife affectionately. Then he spoke through the darkness.

"Nobody is hurt; just cold and hungry," he called. "I am sorry that we caused you to worry, Mary."

The older man and woman were talking in calm low tones by the parlor fire when the girl went with her husband to their bedroom. A fire was burning in the grate. Standing on the warm rug before the fire, Kathy undressed, feeling slightly shy and self-conscious opposite her husband as he placed his own clothes on a straight chair behind him.

Her mouth trembled. With relief and a new access of love she realized that this man near her in the warmth of the firelight was her husband. Nothing, since he was near her, would be alien—neither the people, nor the house, nor even the darkened country over which the wind blew. And she felt gratitude and a deep sense of alliance for an older woman talking to her husband in another part of the house.

THE END

Blue Grosbeaks

By Ethel Jacobson

In areas where they had been almost exterminated by illegal hunters, blue grosbeaks are beginning to reappear.

Back again
To the tangle of elderberries in the far meadow
Are the blue grosbeaks.
Bluer than lupine, bluer than noon sky—
Impudent blue for which they were snared and slain!—
The grosbeaks are here again.

Straw-stuffed, staring with eyes of glass,
From collectors' shelves in Sudbury and in Sydney
They have flown from the varnished perches,
Fled the glued boughs, and come back to the elderberries.

Bright in the lupine, bright in the noon sky,
Bluer than blossom,
Brighter, bluer than all high heaven,
The impudent, slain
Grosbeaks are back in the home meadow again!

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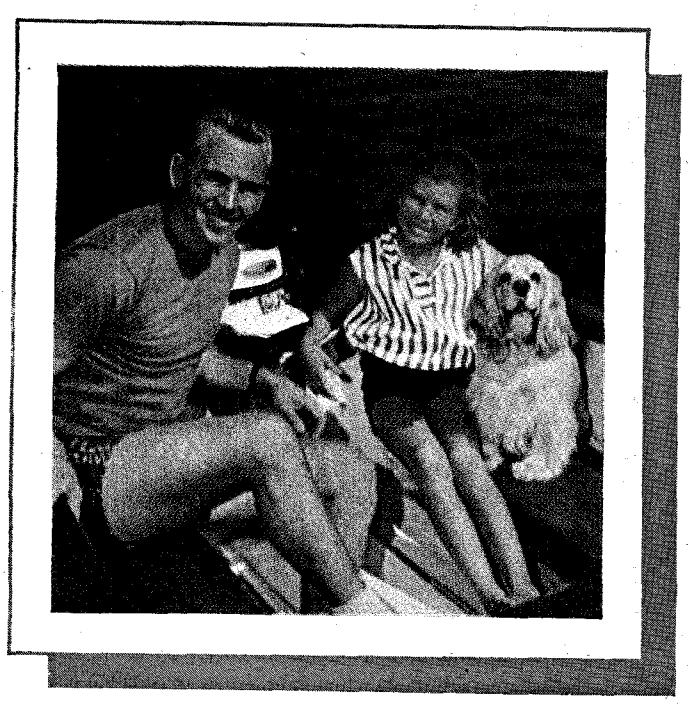
"Hey! We almost forgot the most important thing!"



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AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION, P. 13

FROM BETTY CROCKER AND BISQUICK,
"MAKE-YOUR-OWN APPETIZERS," P. 22

FROM STOKELY-VAN CAMP,
"BEANS DELUXE," P. 4

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Help yourself, and Let's Eat Outdoors"

(booklet in Pam. File)

104 ways to make news in outdoor cooking and eating, presented by nine famous names and dedicated to every family who enjoys America's outdoors.

To remove, pull pages gently from binding

Outdoor Eating

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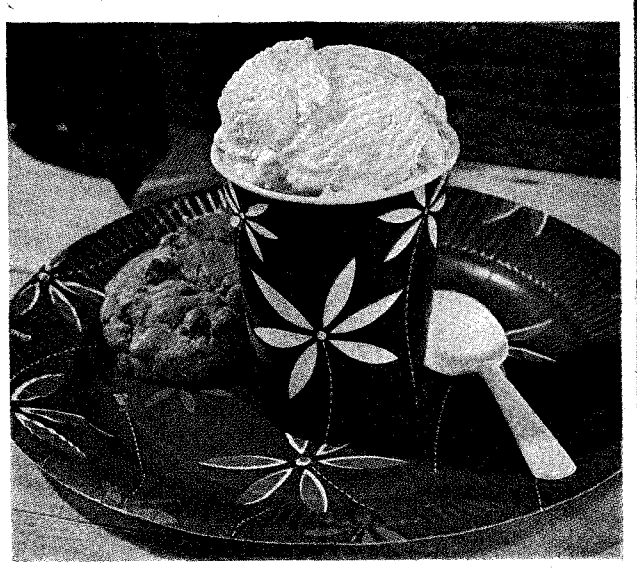
"SPICY BARBECUE RIBS" FROM McCORMICK - SCHILLING, P. 10

COOL IDEAS WITH COLEMAN COOLERS, P. 16

"BARBECUE BOATS" FROM HORMEL PRODUCTS, P. 9

NEW IDEA WITH DIXIE CUPS
"SUNDAE SURPRISE," P. 19



"HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CAKE" FROM NESTLÉ, P. 21

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LONGER WEARING! Tires of Avisco Super Rayon give you a tread wear bonus of 14 to 26% . . . then, unlike tires made with the other cord, they afford perfect retreading.

AVISCO® SUPER RAYON TIRE CORD

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Dishes for the Bride (Continued from Page 35)

Today Harold Haviland exports two thirds of all French china that reaches the United States and is way behind, as usual, with his order book. And even though he is beset by Communist trade unions who balk at any newfangled laborsaving devices, France being France, he can still pay the transport and 35 per cent import duty in New York, and compete price-wise with American-produced china.

In the sprawling factory at Limoges, on the very same spot where the first Haviland started work in an old greenhouse, 300 Frenchmen, their wives, sons and daughters make dishes and cups and coffeepots in much the same way as their ancestors did. The favorite conveyor belt hereabouts is the human head. On it a workman can carry more than a hundred plates balanced on a plank of wood.

Here, too, the finest acid-etched goldwork on plates is produced not at the factory, but in the back kitchens of Limoges by artisans who consider themselves such artists they resolutely refuse to set foot in the factory. The backroom boys of Limoges do beautiful work, but in their own time, averaging two plates per man per day.

No wonder Harold Haviland, who took over the family business in the summer of 1957, can't catch up with his orders. He has a new plant scheduled to go into operation in July which will increase production by 100 per cent, but even while he goes about the rebuilding, he spends hour after hour in bitter consultations with the Communist-dominated Syndicat Général de la Céramique. These unionists don't like these improvements at all, and shy like a startled Chinaman—if you'll forgive the pun—at the thought of a real conveyor belt instead of that trusted ally, the human head. Any machine is viewed with the gravest suspicion.

The workers insist on a two-and-a-half-hour lunch break, with the result that afternoon production always lags. They also have a mid-morning fifteen-minute breather, used mainly for swigging *vin ordinaire*. You can see why it takes time to produce Haviland china.

This I saw for myself when I came here to Limoges for a week to study up on the business. I made the fatal mistake of bringing my wife with me—which is why we now have a new dinner service on the way.

"A pleasure," said Harold Haviland when we—or rather she—had decided on one or two extras, like acid-etched gold and our initials. "I'll send it right along as soon as it's ready," he added.

"Don't hurry," purred my Italian wife; "we shan't need it for at least two weeks."

"There is goldwork on each plate," Harold said painfully. "I'll push the order, I promise you, but—well, let's say you can have delivery in five months."

At least we got a better deal than King Saud of Arabia, who sent a court dignitary to buy a dinner service suitable for the world's richest king.

The service, explained the emissary, was not required for the main palace, but for one of the others which Saud maintains all over Saudi Arabia, but on a scale less magnificent than his main base.

"Therefore," the courier added, "it won't be a very large service."

Harold took down details of the order.

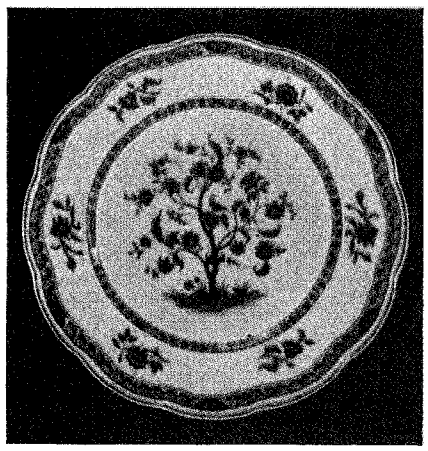
"What about delivery?"

"Well, you want the royal crest on each piece," Harold pointed out, "and there's an awful lot of goldwork." He totted up how many back kitchens were available in Limoges. "Let's say around eighteen months from now."

"Fine," said the Saudi Arabian, "and what do you think about the price?"

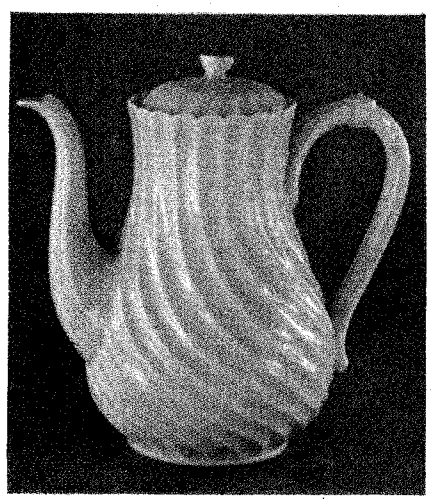
Harold spread out all the scraps of paper on which he had been making notes and worked things out carefully.

"It looks to me," said the American boss of France's finest china factory cheerfully, "as though the total comes to—yes, almost exactly—$80,000."



The Cashmere: This "Green Tree" pattern, is the only one Harold Haviland ever designed himself.

Farouk: This delicate cup is from a set of china especially made for Egypt's king before his dethroning.



The simplicity of this coffee pot makes it seem to be a contemporary design, but it's a Limoges classic.

The dignitary from Saudi Arabia accepted the price without argument. Saud's dinner service consisted of 2700 pieces, starting with plates at twenty dollars each, each piece engraved with the crossed swords and palm tree that is the king's royal crest.

The next day, Harold took another order when a Frenchman with an old and battered truck drove up.

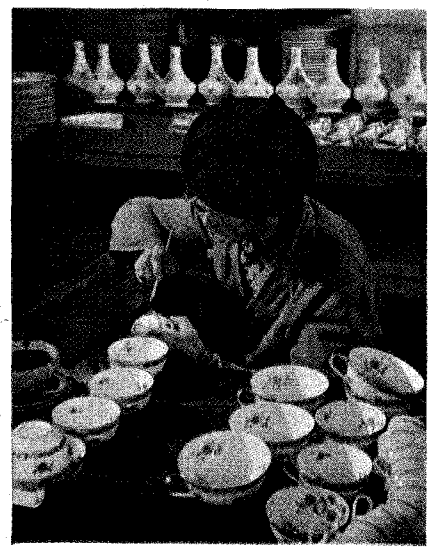
"Bonjour, Monsieur 'Avilan." (He pronounced the name as all the French do.) "Could I have a ton of assorted china, please?"

They loaded it up and Harold said, "That'll be $300."

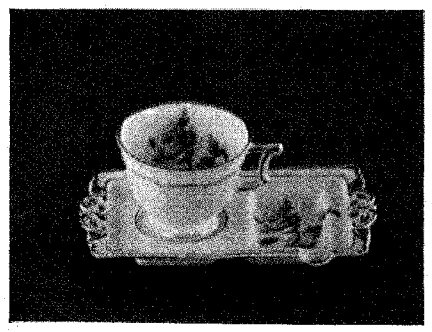
"And that's the china business for you," Harold sighed when recounting this story.

The second deal happens often, because the china the Frenchman wanted was rejects, and the yard at Haviland is piled high with them. Since each piece of china made here is handled 196 times before it reaches the customer—60 per cent of the cost goes into labor—only 20 per cent of the output is flawless. Other pieces are nearly flawless. Others not so nearly. So the flawless gets used for light floral or gold work; grade two for heavy patterns; grade three goes to the workmen at cut prices; grade four gets sold by the ton to street traders, who offer china in the Saturday markets that are a part of every French town and village.

King Saud's order had a pleasant backwash for Haviland. Naturally he made a few extra plates, sending some to the New York office. One he put on display in his showroom here, which is visited annually by carloads of American tourists and busloads of American soldiers making the pilgrimage to Limoges in search of china at half the price it costs in New York.



A highly skilled worker applies a brownish mixture that will, after heating, change into gleaming gold.



Practical: An American tourist suggested this saucer-ash tray to the Havilands. It is now a best-seller.

This bowl bears the crest of Arabia's King Saud. The complete service, specially made up, cost him $80,000.

One day along came a wealthy American lawyer, George W. Ritter, of Toledo, Ohio. George Ritter and his wife stopped by while motoring down to Spain, and Madame Ritter immediately fell in love with a Haviland pattern and bought an eighteen-piece service.

Harold thanked her for the order and that was that. But George Ritter was made of sterner stuff. He liked that sample plate of King Saud's. He liked it very, very much. He brooded about it. He and his wife went off for lunch. But somehow after all that goldwork, the plates at the leading Limoges restaurant looked kind of ordinary. So, lunch over, the Ritters returned to the 60,000-square-yard factory in the Avenue Emile Labussière and took another look around.

Now, Mr. Ritter has the satisfaction of owning a "Saud dinner service" for thirty-six people, plus a Saud tea service. The only difference is that his set doesn't carry the royal coat of arms. Instead Mr. Ritter has an etched-gold initial on each piece, and on the back a few words: ESPECIALLY MADE FOR GEORGE W. RITTER, LIMOGES. For his unique dinner service Mr. Ritter parted with $5942.84.

Delays in delivery naturally occur only when people like Mr. Ritter—and my wife—like their sets made up in special ways. The factory carries a big stock of standard patterns, with even larger stocks for replacements in New York. But the biggest draw for American tourists at Limoges is having china with their own initials on each plate. These can be stamped on by a decal process at fifty cents a plate. This is in gold paint, fairly quick to do before the final firing—not acid-etched. The latter process requires three to five separate layers of gold etched into the plate before the pattern stands up in relief.

All this tourist business is perhaps small in comparison with Haviland's annual exports to the United States of 120,000,000 francs' worth. But it gratifies Harold—that is, until the occasional crackpot comes in like the one I saw who demanded a dinner service made to measure, with every piece of china cut square.

Harold turned it down.

"But you've got to be careful," he said, fingering a new line, a coffee cup of normal dimensions, with a saucer divided in two parts and oblong in shape instead of round. "You see, one half is for resting the cup, the other for cigar ash—a combined saucer and ash tray," explained Harold. "I laughed when an American tourist came in and suggested it, but he was so persistent I finally made it for him. Now this coffee set is so popular I can't catch up with the orders."

Frequently apparently eccentric orders are too important to be refused. When the late King George VI and the queen made their prewar train tour of Canada, Haviland supplied the china for the special train on which the royal couple lived. The motif was simple. The shape wasn't square. It was the number of cream jugs that puzzled the factory.

"Believe it or not," said Harold, "they ordered ten cream jugs for every place setting."

"Crazy English," muttered the foreman and started work on the order. Not for years did Haviland find out why. The queen had apparently been furious on a previous royal tour with guests who had sneaked souvenirs every time they were asked for tea, thus finally leaving the royal party without enough china to go round. So this time she (*Continued on Page 82*)

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Cigarettes were tested by the most advanced and accurate laboratory procedure. The two sizes of Hit Parade (King-Size in the familiar pack and Long-Size in the crush-proof box) were tested against competitive brands of equal length.

NEW, EXCLUSIVE HIT PARADE FILTER CONTAINS
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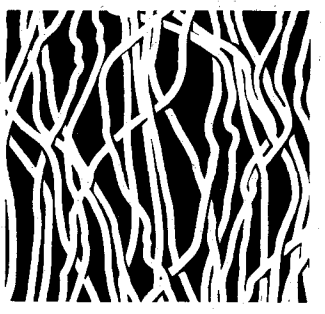
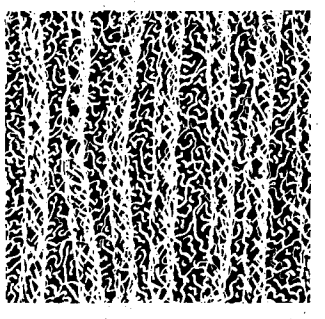


ORDINARY FILTERS would look like this under a microscope when magnified 25 times. As the simplified drawing shows, their synthetic fibers form only a crude filter screen!



NEW HIT PARADE FILTER would look like this! As the drawing shows, its fibers are smaller. There are many more of them. They form a finer, more highly absorbent filter screen!

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(*Continued from Page 79*) insisted on ordering enough cream jugs to give every visitor one and so eliminate pilfering.

Through the years Havilands have come up with 60,000 different designs, but Harold has designed only one pattern himself—when he was eighteen. It still sells well and is called Cashmere.

There is only one line for which there is no sale. Nowadays it is strictly ornamental in the Limoges showroom. This is a fine dish for serving large cuts of meat. It was made in 1889, and will hold a sixty-pound roast of beef. Could be that the price of beef has something to do with its unpopularity.

Great-grandfather David was a man of some substance when he started up the china industry in Limoges. His ancestors—the family of de Havilland—had gone to England in 1066 with the Norman Conquest, one of the family serving as William the Conqueror's flag officer. Then a branch of the family emigrated to America in 1640—leaving behind the forbears of Olivia de Havilland of Hollywood fame and Geoffrey de Havilland of aircraft fame.

Once on the shores of the New World, the first de Havilland started the simple life by simplifying his own name. He dropped the "de" and one "l."

The Havilands built their first house at a place still called Haviland Hollow, and Havilands still live there. It is in Putnam County, sixty miles out of New York, via the Saw Mill River Parkway. In due time David, aided by his brother, opened his china shop in the then fashionable Barclay Street, and started importing English china. One day a customer brought in a cup to be matched that was so translucent that David determined to find out where it was made.

That was 1839. The trail led to Limoges. After forty-two days across the Atlantic by packet—"Sick every day," he wrote back crisply—David found a handful of Frenchmen making wonderful china from the vast quarries of kaolin nearby. But their product lacked imagination. It was all white. So David designed cups and dishes, made them himself, gave the orders, paid cash in advance and returned to New York all set to make a fortune.

It didn't come, though. For three years he kept receiving Limoges china, but not what he wanted. Once he had left, the French dropped the Haviland designs. So, in 1842, David took off again and this time he took the whole family, leaving only his brother to run the New York store. In an old greenhouse on the present site here he opened his own factory. There has been a Haviland in Limoges ever since.

From the day he started, David was determined that his china should be the hardest in the world. It still is. It is no accident that plates are handed down through generations, for they are fired at 3000 degrees Fahrenheit—compared with 1800 for ordinary pottery. This vitrifies or seals the color patterns so firmly they never come off.

"And," observed my wife hopefully, "it's the heat that stops your china from breaking easily."

"Our china never breaks," responded Harold a trifle tartly. "It only gets broken."

Nowadays the family lives in or near Limoges in a strange mixture of French feudal splendor and down-to-earth American practicality. Villagers still doff their hats in old-world fashion to the Havilands as lords of the local château, who live, eat and speak French while taking good care to have American washing machines on hand—"And cranberry sauce which we import regularly," added Harold's mother firmly.

Harold's grandfather built the château in 1899. He bought 300 acres of land for the vast turreted thirty-bedroom building on the edge of a village called Ambazac, a dozen miles from Limoges. But, since a château takes time to build, he built a temporary house first to live in while the château went up.

For a long time now the château has been empty. Harold and his wife live in the original house, a roomy old place of heavy beams and big bedrooms and log fires, with modern plumbing superimposed. As befits a Haviland, his telephone number is Ambazac 1. Also as befits a Haviland, he has the table of honor at the village's only bistro, the ubiquitous "Hotel de France" presided over by the comfortably padded Madame Leriverand, who turns out an omelet fit for the gods and serves it to the local populace (900 in all) on Haviland china (grade two).

Harold's father, William, who retired in 1957, and his mother, Catherine, live in Limoges at a big house in a quiet French street called the Rue Waldeck Rousseau. Here a French butler serves fine food and wines within walls covered with French paintings by Monet, Degas, van Dongen and a couple of dozen Dufys. But William was of the class of 1902 at Harvard, and old habits die hard. He gets his shoes and shirts and bourbon and American after-shaving lotion sent over. He put a bathroom in every bedroom. He installed an extraordinary contraption known as central heating when that kind of thing was unknown in these parts. He even built a transformer for the local electric current, turning it from a wobbly

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PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

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French 240 to the standard American 110 volts.

"Quite impossible otherwise," he said as he produced a bottle of Napoleon brandy, "to use any of the electric things like washing machines and toasters we import from the States."

To say nothing of his wife's electric coffee percolator. "On which," as she says, "after fighting a losing battle for thirty years, I can at last make good American coffee."

Along with their burning zeal to produce fine china, another fire has long burned in the breasts of the Havilands. This was their love of America. This was not a head-in-the-clouds love affair; it was a serious and practical one. They might eat French food and enjoy French wines—why not? It has been a favorite American pastime for a long while. But any suggestion of turning native was sternly and forcefully rejected.

As each successive son was born, strict fathers inculcated into them a love of their real homeland. As they grew to manhood each went back to the United States. There without much pretense at subtlety, nice, fresh-looking American girls were paraded in front of them until each found an American bride. The system never failed for a long, long time.

So, when Harold and his two brothers grew up, their father followed the same pattern. Harold's two brothers—Theodore, who is now fifty-one, and Fred, aged forty-five—both went to New York, married pretty girls, and now live in New York, running an American Haviland company—Haviland and Company, Inc.—which imports brother Harold's wares. They also started making china in the United States when war cut off French supplies.

Haviland of France and Haviland and Company, Inc., are separate corporations. The American company takes care of marketing two thirds of the French product, which is imported from Limoges. However, about sixty per cent of all the china that bears the Haviland name is made in Antioch, Illinois, New Castle, Pennsylvania, and Cleveland, Ohio, by independent manufacturers in accordance with Haviland specifications. The difference between French and American Haviland, according to the Havilands themselves, is one of pattern, not quality. As far as catalogued patterns go, their American-made china ranges in price from $15.95 to $31.95 per place setting; the French costs from $17.95 to $31.95.

Harold, too, went to New York, but he came back single. And then in 1931, he shook the family tree good and hard by marrying an adorable French girl called Any. There were words between father and son. In fact, father William was hopping mad. Like all Havilands, he was inordinately proud of his American heritage and wanted to preserve it that way. He was also a stout Protestant, and Any was a devoted Catholic. It took many years of patience to heal the wounds, but since this is a romantic American story, I'm happy to report that all are now reconciled, happily so.

Any bore Harold two children at Ambazac. The first was a daughter Nicole, legally American, now aged twenty-five. The second was Christopher, legally French, born in August, 1941, just after the American Nationality Act of 1940 became effective. Thus Christopher is destined to be the man who in time will turn Haviland's from an American Protestant into a French Catholic business.

The Nationality Act stipulates that if a United States citizen who is second generation domiciled abroad marries an alien, then the children cannot have American citizenship unless the American parent—in this case Harold—could prove ten years' residence in the United States, or if the child was born there. But Harold has lived almost all his life in France, and a small matter of World War II kept Any from having her baby in the United States. So Christopher is French while his sister is American—with the same parents.

It was inevitable when the war came that Harold—as French as he can be in language and habit—should work with the French-underground movement. So did Any. But in 1943, by the time the Germans had occupied the whole of France, Harold was tipped off that he was on the Gestapo death list. He decided to head for the United States. The price the French Resistance demanded for getting him through was simple. He was asked to collect a group of five British fliers in hiding in France and shepherd them across the mountains into Spain.

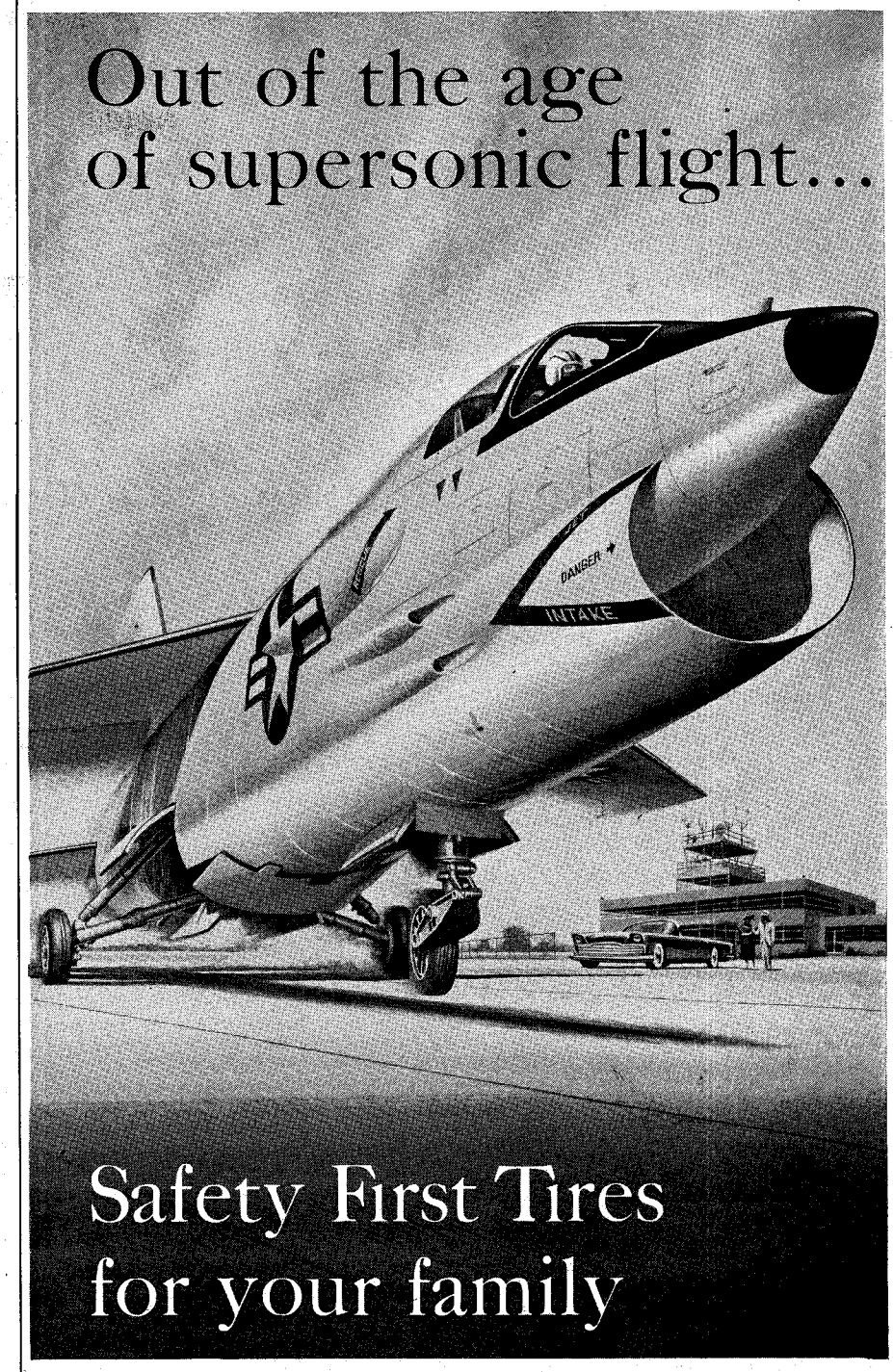
Harold rounded them up, got them to the border and, with an apparently trustworthy guide, set off across the Pyrenees. Harold had been told only one thing—"Remember as (*Continued on Page 86*)

Can You Name This Star?

This dainty little old lady retired from movies ten years ago. Only recently, she consented to act again, for television. During her fifteen-year movie career, she received a special Academy Award in 1934 for cheering a depression-ridden country. Brown-haired and brown-eyed, she stands five feet two, weighs 102, and has three children. She got her start as an actress when her mother, a California banker's wife, took her to a dollar-a-lesson dancing school. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Shirley Temple.



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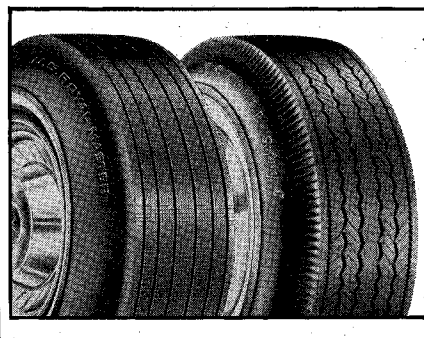

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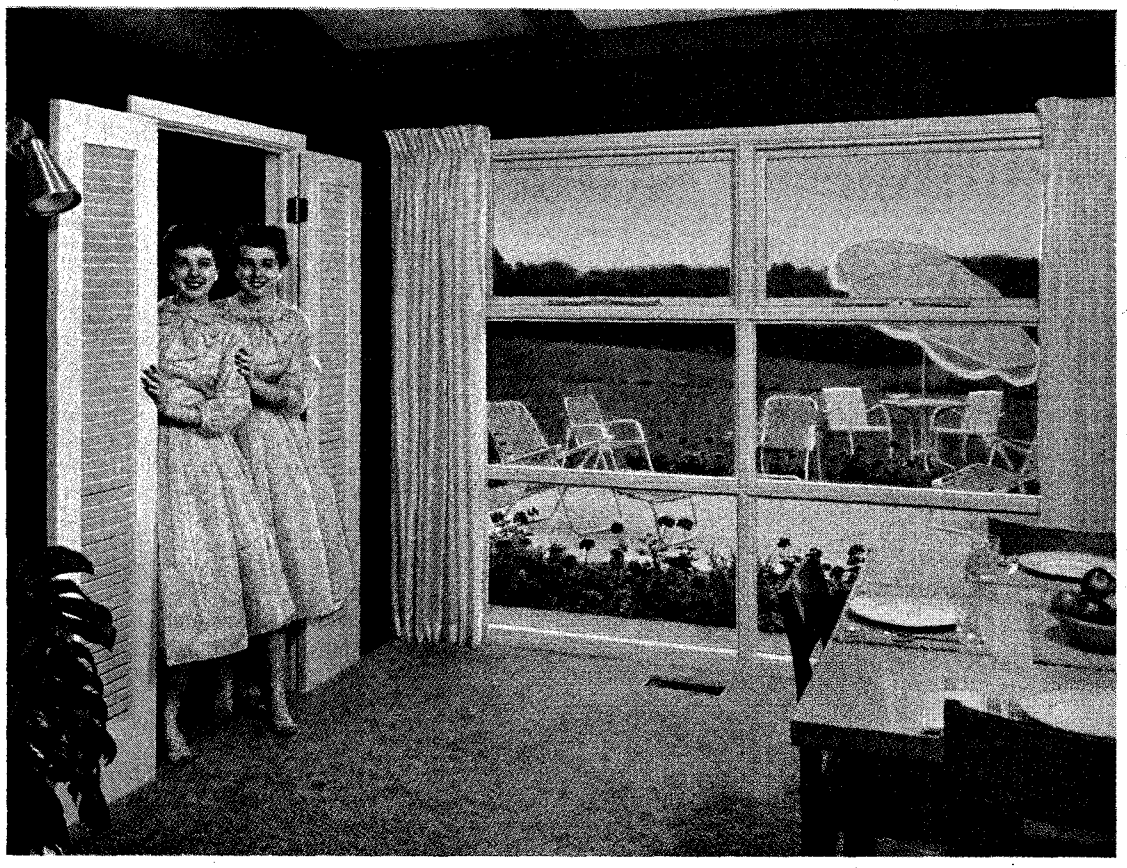

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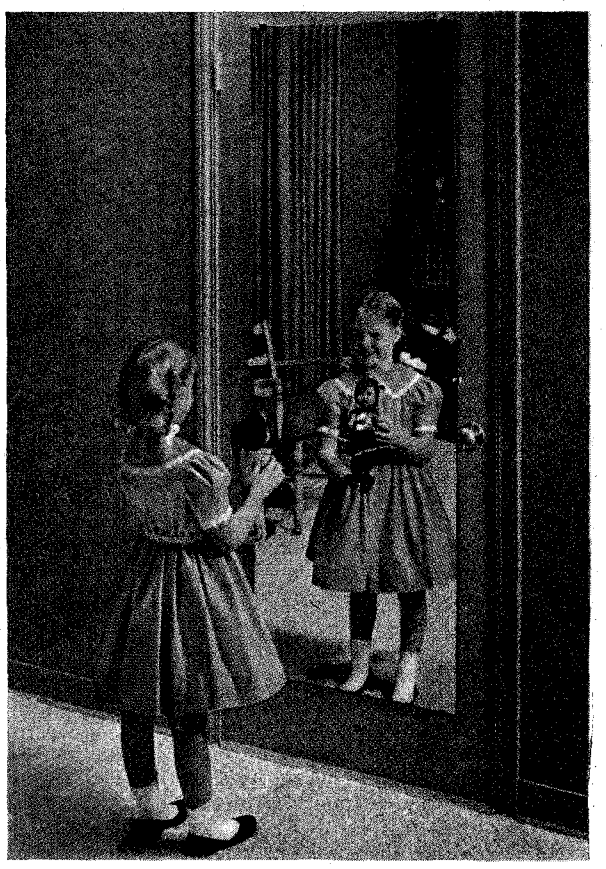

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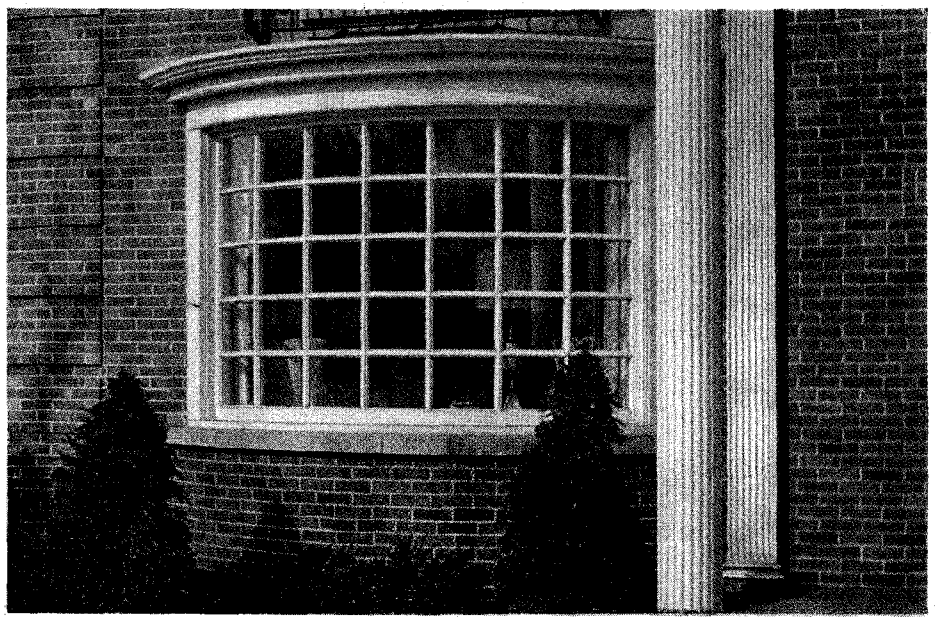

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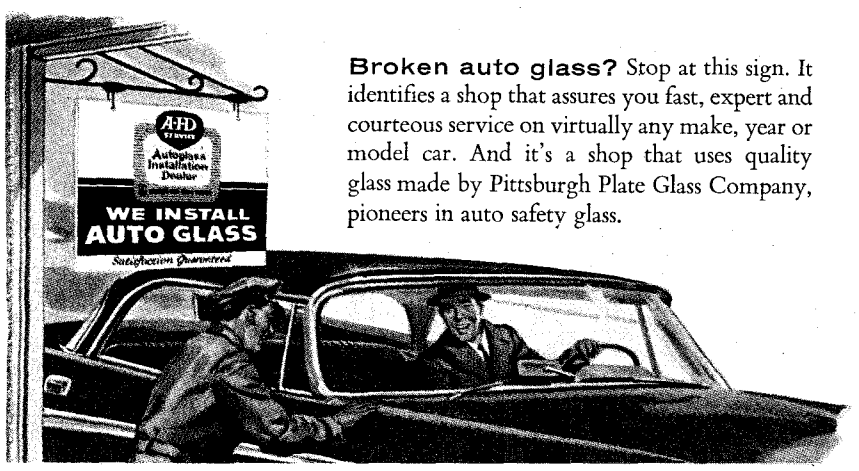

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(*Continued from Page 83*) you cross the mountains, keep bearing right. The Nazis are to the left."

But Harold was worried, for they seemed to be bearing left all the time. Uneasily the guide assured them all was well, but the escapees checked again an hour or so later. No doubt about it. They overpowered the guide and found what they suspected—papers indicating he was a Nazi agent.

"There was only one thing to do, and I couldn't do it myself," confessed Harold. "One of the British boys shot him in the back of the neck. Then we moved on."

They all got out safely. Harold didn't get to the United States, though; he wound up as an American officer in London working under an assumed name, guiding parachutists by radio in the part of France he knew so well. For fifteen months Any didn't know whether he was alive, and it was just as well that Harold didn't know what was happening back in Limoges. For, soon after Harold's escape, the Resistance sent for Any. The German trap was closing, and the Resistance needed a new headquarters. Already the Germans had discovered a Resistance movement in nearby Oradour and, as a reprisal, had in a day of terrible blood-letting killed every man, woman and child in the village. Haviland's would be a perfect new headquarters, the Resistance leaders told Any. They moved in, lock, stock and radio set. It's a neat thought, now that it's all over, to reflect that the whole French underground was directed from an essentially American base in France.

Only once did husband and wife get messages to each other. In August of 1944, after fifteen months of silence, Harold—who never dared to use his own name—inserted in a broadcast, "Nicole and Christopher, your star is close." And Any knew that Harold was safe. Then, as the Germans retreated in September, 1944, an American officer returned to Britain after a parachute trip into France. Not knowing who Harold was, he said in casual conversation, "I saw the darnedest thing at a village called Ambazac. A gal there had painted the stars and stripes on a bed sheet. Then, right under the noses of the Germans, she nailed it to the highest tree in the garden."

So Harold knew Any was all right.

It wouldn't be right, in this romantic American story, if the supporting cast

"My last position? Let's see . . . that was with the Elite Buggy Whip Co."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

didn't have nationality problems as crazy as the Havilands'. Don't worry, they have. Mark the curious life of Monsieur René Desjacques, of the accounts department here in Limoges. René is a vigorous seventy-eight, still at his desk, and joined Haviland's in 1896.

Soon after starting work, he was sent to New York for six months to study the American market. Those six months stretched into twenty-four years for the boy from Limoges. He settled down, lived in Brooklyn, working for the American branch of Haviland. In 1915 he became an American citizen, fought in World War I with the United States Army. He grew to love the United States more than the poor struggling town he had left behind as a boy. But in 1920 his mother fell seriously ill and he came back for a trip. But that trip lengthened into years too.

"I tried to get back to America," he told me, "but I found I couldn't get my old job back just by writing, so I hung on and on."

One day his trip home totted up to five years. And at that moment René ceased to be an American, for a naturalized American who returns to the country of his birth for five years automatically forfeits his citizenship.

René, who loved America, could only sigh manfully, go up to the Prefecture of Limoges and apply for permission to become a naturalized Frenchman.

"If I had to live again, I wouldn't come back to France for anything," he says. "The atmosphere is different here. There's a climate of unrest. They talk of democracy, but there is no real democracy in France. I like life better the way it is in America. There it used to be 'Jack' or 'Bill' at the office. Here it's 'mister,' even if you sit in the same room."

That's a Frenchman turned American turned Frenchman talking. But the American with a French son sees it a different way.

"I wouldn't dare to call one of my workers by his Christian name," says Harold Haviland. "They'd be most insulted at such familiarity. I shake hands with each one when I talk to them in the factory. The French like that, but if I started dropping French names, they'd think I was looking down on them."

Happily at Haviland's there's a good solid backbone of men who have been, still are, and are going to remain of one nationality. French, of course. They are old friends like Clement—pardon me, Monsieur Clement—Chazeaud, who has worked at the plant fifty-two years. His wife works with him—in fact, he met her there. His married daughter works there. So did Clement's father and grandfather. In Haviland's today there are fourteen husbands and wives who both go to work, and many a father and son.

This is, of course, a direct reflection of the tough times through which France is passing, and an indirect reflection of how Haviland can pay a 35-per-cent-import duty and still compete in the United States market. In America the average wage in the fine-china business is just under two dollars an hour—though experts earn twice that much. At Limoges the average is around thirty cents an hour. Only since 1951 has the French Government started paying retirement pension at sixty-five, but that comes to only twenty-three dollars a month. To this, out of his pocket, Harold adds extra money to old retainers. The parsimonious French pension must be a reason why men work long past retirement age in Limoges, I thought.

"Not so, monsieur," Clement reproved me. "You forget that it takes genuine artists to make Limoges china. Like all people who create, we do it for love as well as for money. I have never yet met a good artist who talked about retiring. We go on creating till we die. So will our sons and daughters."

I am sure they will. But when those children grow up, they will be working for a firm with a difference. Maybe they will get an extra kick out of working at last for a French concern when the wheel turns full circle and young Christopher—soon to be a foreigner at Harvard—takes over from his American father. Haviland's will then go back to the land of its ancestors.

Make-Believe Hero (Continued from Page 31)

imported broke loose, he'd been too busy throwing a party to go after them before they evaporated into the Willow Mountain range.

There was a quality to dad's grin that made mom ask sharply, "Just what are you up to?"

"Think I'll call Blaine and Turk MacGowan and a few others for a little roping party."

Mom must have kicked him under the table, because he grunted and swore; then she nodded quickly at Linda, who looked queer, but said evenly, "How has Turk been lately?"

Nobody answered, so I did. "He won the steer roping at the Lewis rodeo with Hardscrabble after you left for college, and all the girls are running after him. You sure were a dope to throw him down."

"Eat your supper," mom said sharply.

"Well, she was." I felt bound to stick up for Turk. He was a good rancher and a roping fool, and it speaks for the kind of man he was that he went in for rodeo steer roping.

Mom headed a kick in my direction, and it hurt. "Holy cow, she asked me, didn't she?"

Linda laid her fork down carefully. "For your information, snoop, I dropped Turk because he's utterly unfeeling and callous. Even disregarding his treatment of me, there's Hardscrabble. That horse hates him, and it's no wonder."

I couldn't help hooting at that. "That horse is an ol' devil and Turk's the only one tough enough to break him. You should see 'em go after a steer."

"I don't want to discuss it," Linda said, with that snippy air she's learning in college. "Excuse me."

After supper, dad called Blaine, who gave his consent. Dad scratched his head. "Can't figure that guy out. Spends more than I make in a year on a bunch of Brahmas, and he don't even go hunting them until somebody else starts. Then he says they're his property and to be sure they're not hurt." He dialed Turk's number, talked about a minute, then had a longer talk with Sorenson, the forest ranger in charge of Willow Mountain. He was grinning when he hung up.

"There's a picnicker down at the station right now. Seems he was treed till dark by a Brahma. Sorenson said he's mad as hops and still scared as h—— scared half to death." He glanced guiltily at the kitchen as he caught himself, hoping mom hadn't heard his half slip.

It's easy to see that a woman sure can try to hobble a man sometimes, and maybe that was the trouble between Linda and Turk. They'd grown up together, and he'd been good enough for her just the way he was, until she took a year of college. She began to get notions just before she left, and they broke up. Turk didn't say much—it wasn't his way—but he just worked harder, and roped harder, and worked off some of his hurt by breaking that ornery old outlaw horse of a Hardscrabble.

When I got off the school bus next day, there was Turk's old jeep in the yard beside a long, fancy convertible. That meant E. J. Blaine was there too.

E. J. Blaine, Esquire, was setting on our sofa, jawing at Linda and grinning like a jackass eating cactus. Turk was over in the corner glaring at both of them. He was dark-haired and looked like his nickname, with his eyebrows knotted up in a scowl. Linda had started calling him "The Terrible Turk" when they were in school, and now nobody hardly knew it wasn't his real name.

"If I'd known you were home, Linda, I'd have been over much sooner," Blaine said admiringly.

He was rich and a girl would think he was handsome, but there was something about him that wasn't right. He had a tan, but he looked soft underneath it. He wore ranch clothes, but they were always too new and neat. What was worse, if he saw someone else with something he took a whim for—things that men like my dad and Turk would work years for—he'd buy it just (*Continued on Page 88*)

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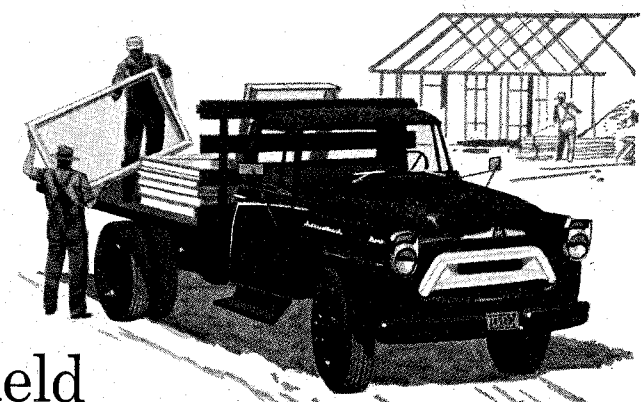

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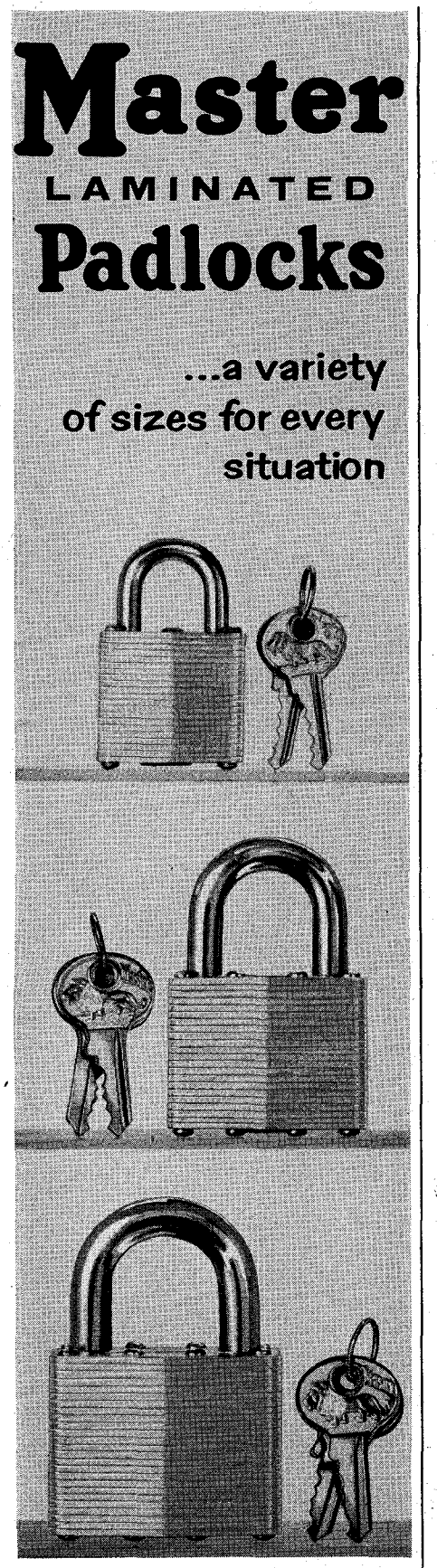

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(*Continued from Page 86*) like that, and drop it even quicker when he got tired of it.

Turk sat and listened to them talk, then cleared his throat. "There's a good show on in town tonight, Linda. Like to go?" His voice was awkward, but for him it said a lot. Linda didn't notice.

"I'm sorry, Turk, but I have a previous engagement. Some other time, maybe."

E. J. was quick on the uptake. "I'm afraid I've got prior claim on the lady, MacGowan. Tough luck."

Linda looked funny for a minute, and it was plain she didn't know about it, but she was quick too. "We'd better get started if we want to get there in time. . . . See you again, Turk."

Turk watched them through the window. Blaine took Linda's arm going down the steps, opened the car door for her and treated her like she was helpless. Turk didn't notice me watching him and he looked hurt. Some folks don't show what they feel inside, but now I sort of knew he cared a lot for Linda.

Then he turned around, and his face was the same as ever. "What in blazes is eating her?" he growled, only, being Turk, he didn't say "blazes."

"I thought you and her had a fight last fall," I said, not wanting to be a squealer.

Turk shrugged. "Well, she told me, just before she left, I didn't know how a girl likes to be treated, but I figured she'd be over that by now."

"She thinks you're unfeeling and a brute," I said.

"What?"

"She says the way you treat Hardscrabble shows that you don't have any feelings."

That rocked him, because he said feebly, "But that devil was an outlaw. He tried to take my leg off. He still tries to sink his teeth in me every chance he gets." Then he really began to cuss. "Yesterday that snake stomped my foot. Last week he tried to squeeze me against the stall. The week before that he darn near threw me into a canyon. If he wasn't the best roping horse I've ever had, I'd have shot him six months ago."

Mom interrupted him by slamming the kitchen door shut, and it woke him up. "If she wants a flabby dude who'll fill her full of fancy speeches he doesn't mean, she can have him!" He stomped out of the house and sent his jeep out of the yard like a scalded cat.

Turk called up that evening, apologized for his language where mom could hear it, and told dad he wouldn't be able to go up on Willow Mountain after the Brahmas.

"We need you and Hardscrabble, Turk," dad said. He listened a little longer, then said, "Maybe it's just as well. Linda's going up to watch E. J. show off his new roping horse. Cost a couple of thousand. She wouldn't like it for you to show him up."

Dad held the receiver away from his ear a good minute; then thoughtfully hung up. "He says he doesn't care about Linda or about E. J. or his rope horse and he'll punch anybody who says different."

"Then he's not coming?" I was sure disappointed.

Dad grinned like a skunk in a henhouse. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

Saturday morning about six cars pulling trailers and a few trucks turned off Willow Mountain highway and onto an old logging road. The trees had all been logged off a few years back, and now it was all overgrown with brush and small trees so thick you couldn't even see ten feet away. The road petered out altogether and we bumped over a few hills and out onto a little flat clearing overlooking Davis Creek Canyon, where the little stream dived between the rocky slopes to the canyon floor. Someone had homesteaded there once and a couple of corrals were still standing.

Our three horses came out of the truck easy, but we heard a noise like a trunk falling downstairs, and knew Turk was trying to get Hardscrabble out of his trailer. All at once Hardscrabble swung his head over the side, and with his little eyes and small flattened ears he looked like a bad dream of a horse. Turk picked up his bridle and went in, reaching up for one of those twitching ears. Quick as lightning, Hardscrabble's big yellow teeth snapped at Turk's hand, but they clicked together on nothing. Turk's other hand—the one holding the bridle—swung up and the leather popped loudly against the ugly jaws. Hardscrabble lunged out of the trailer, but Turk hung on and managed to slip the bridle on.

He didn't look any better when all of him was in sight. He had a ewe neck and his hind legs were so much longer than his front ones that his rump humped up in the air. He let Turk saddle him, but kept his ears back and his hind legs cocked for a kick if anything got too close. Hardscrabble hated people and cows and other horses, but after Turk broke him and put him to roping, all that devilment and hate in him turned to power and he'd give everything he had in order to flop a big steer.

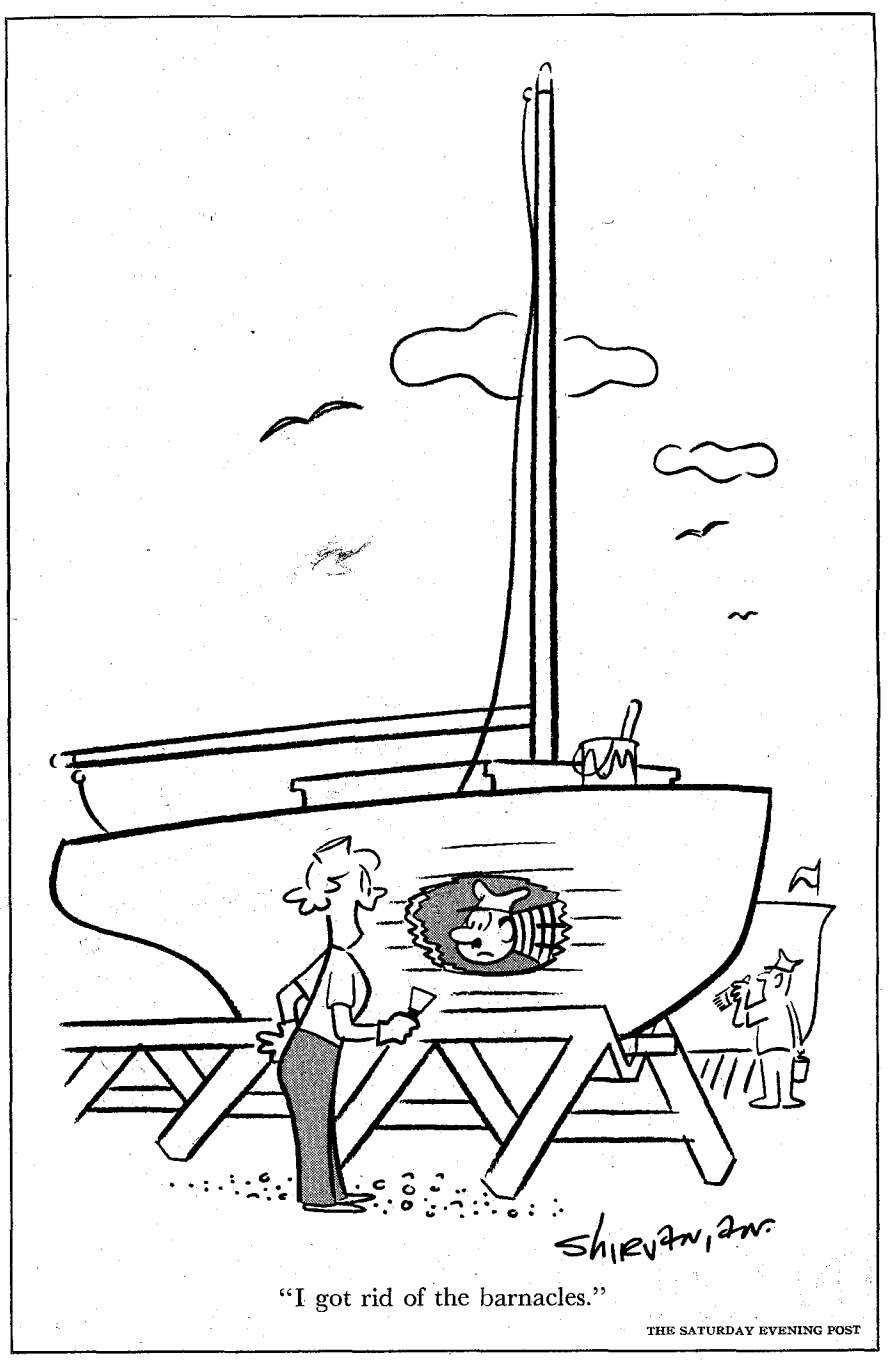
Everybody gave him a wide berth and nobody made any remarks, not even Blaine. They all knew and respected his ability.

Dad and Sorenson were giving instructions, figuring that most of the cows would be down below the canyon, where pasture was best, so they'd have to make a half circle, drawing in gradually toward the canyon. Sorenson had a walkie-talkie.

"We're ordering this area cleared of all visitors. Those Brahmas might not just tree someone if you get them riled. One thing more," he said: "don't get off your horses, and if you do any roping"—everyone grinned at this—"be careful. You've seen what a Brahma can do to a man in a rodeo. These have run wild to boot."

Everyone left but dad and me, and we stayed to fix up the corrals. Linda paired off with Blaine, while Turk headed the other way alone on Hardscrabble, who reached back every now and then to snap at Turk's boot.

A Brahma is a temperamental thing, and roping those cows and getting them back to the corral was something two men could have plenty of trouble doing. At least by going out in pairs they could rope 'em head and heels and either yoke two cows together and drive them in that way, or get one cow on ropes between two horses. The best way a single rider could handle a spooky Brahma would be to rope the neck—no fancy horn catch—bust it plenty hard and pray that his cinches held and his horse could keep his feet.



"I got rid of the barnacles."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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It was late afternoon when the first cow was brought in, and of all the ranchers and good ropers there, E. J. Blaine got it. He and Linda had the cow between them, and it kept making short rushes at the horses but somehow they ducked and dodged and kept getting the cow closer to the corral.

"Good work!" dad called, as Linda dropped her rope, and he unlimbered his. He made one underhanded flip and the loop settled around the horns. The Brahma bawled once; then lowered her head and went for him with that short, deadly, hooking motion that's the ugliest thing on earth. E. J.'s horse sat down on his haunches and the cow flopped. She got up and decided to come peacefully.

Blaine waited around for Linda and they were just starting to head out again when the brush began popping down the canyon. It got louder and faster, and a Brahma broke out of the brush, hump wobbling and head down, looking for trouble, and after it shot Turk and Hardscrabble.

Hardscrabble wasn't ugly now. Those hind legs were sending him over the rough ground like a greyhound. Turk swung his loop and it settled neatly around the horns, and then came the prettiest sight in roping. Hardscrabble put on a burst of speed that brought him up beside the cow. Turk flipped the rope over the Brahma's flank and Hardscrabble whirled without slowing and shot off at an angle. The rope whipped tight, whirled the cow off her feet, and she flopped with a thud that set up an echo in the canyon. Hardscrabble dragged the cow along, and only when he felt all the slack out of the rope did he stop and lean into it, keeping the cow flat. Only a big horse like Hardscrabble had the weight to hold a cow that size.

Dad scratched his head, looked at Linda quizzically and said, "By my sainted grandmother, that's roping."

She looked at Blaine, who was starting off down the canyon, pretending he hadn't seen Turk. Her face reddened. "You didn't see Edwin rope his cow."

"No, I didn't," dad said judicially.

"Didn't miss much either," I muttered, but Linda heard me and flipped me a good one with the end of her rope. She glared at us both and rode after Blaine.

By night they'd caught five, which meant there were a few more cows and the bull still loose. I thought of the way I'd seen that bull, and got a cold feeling at the pit of my stomach. Linda was mad at dad and me and had helped Blaine every way she could, giving him an unfair advantage in trying to show up Turk. The Tharp family wasn't any too happy, to begin with, and late that night we had to crowd into the cab of the truck when it started to rain, which didn't help anybody's disposition.

The ground was slippery and the going was harder next morning. I got to go out with dad and we were riding past a clump of mock-orange bushes when Sorenson hollered and sent his horse toward us. He was waving his walkie-talkie.

"Get as many of the boys back to camp as you can!" he yelled. "One of those know-it-all hunters sneaked into the area and that bull got him!"

We spread out and picked up three other riders and Blaine and Linda. Sorenson explained on the way. "When Jim turned him back at the highway, he blew off about having his rights, so one of the men got uneasy and trailed him. Darn fool must have stumbled right over that bull. They're bringing him in to camp."

I pushed forward through the group of men, Linda beside me, toward the rough stretcher on the ground. Turk turned suddenly, then moved so his body blocked our view, and he was mad. "Get out of here, both of you!" he said roughly. "Take this kid with you!" he ordered, shoving me at Linda.

I was mad, too, but Linda blew up quicker. "Don't try to push us around! If you had any manners ——"

Turk laughed in a way that wasn't funny, shrugged his shoulder and stepped aside so we could see what he'd been hiding. The hunter's coat and shirt were open and blood oozed steadily from the big, ugly wound gouged in his side. It was dirty, the flesh around it raised in a bluish ridge, and only a horn with the force of an angry bull behind it could do so much damage. My breakfast turned over and started up my throat.

Turk looked at Linda and his voice sounded tired, "Now maybe you'll go." He squatted down and opened a first-aid kit, and Linda joined him.

"Don't be silly," she said. "You know I can help."

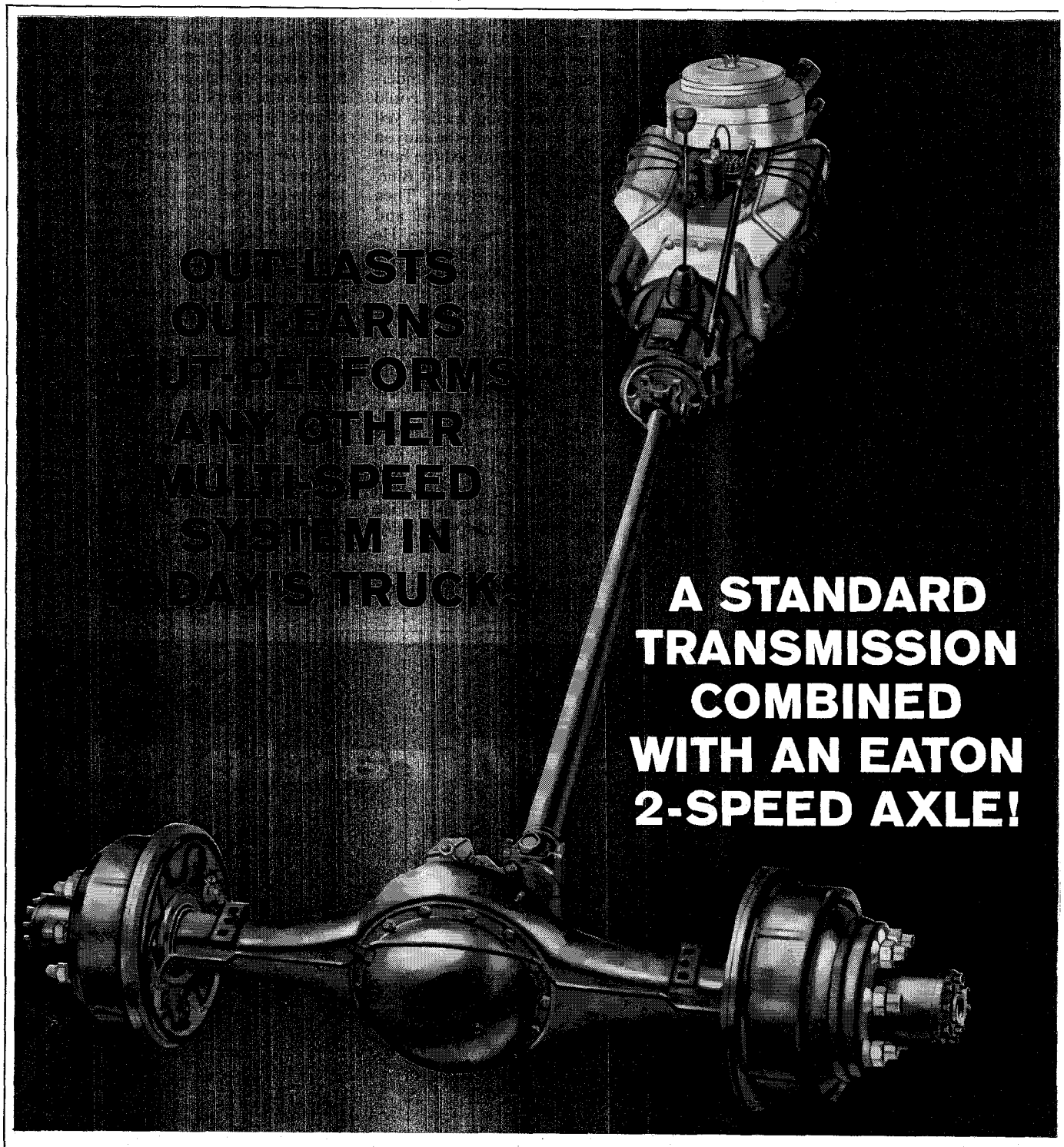
I watched until she touched the bloody hole, and then I ran to the creek and let the fish have my breakfast.

I was about ready to leave when I heard voices and saw Turk and Linda coming down to wash up. "You surprised me," he was saying.

"Because I didn't scream and run or because I wanted to help?"

He thought a minute. "A little of both, maybe. A year ago I'd have expected you to be there to help when you were needed. You didn't have any nonsense about you like most girls. You've changed since then."

"I suppose I have. You haven't. Consideration and tenderness are nonsense to you." Linda looked close to tears, then



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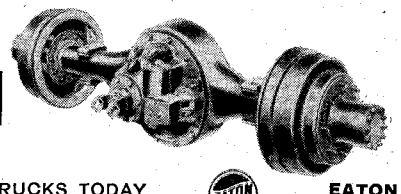
EATON  **2-SPEED AXLES**

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managed a smile. "I've changed, that's all. Let it go at that."

She started to go by him, but he took her arm. Turk or not, I halfway got up, then remembered that flip with the rope.

Turk grabbed her and kissed her in a hard, hungry way, like the way he went after a steer when he was behind in the times and he needed the prize money. This wasn't what I'd expected, and I started up again, but she was leaning against him, limp as a rag, her eyes shut.

"Was that nonsense?" he asked her.

She turned red as fire and jerked free, mad as a hornet. Turk didn't look worried. In fact, he looked sort of pleased with himself as he followed her.

They'd taken the hunter down the mountain in one of the trucks by the time I got back. There wasn't any more joking. Sorenson came out with a rifle and said grimly, "The plan's changed. If you can get the rest alive, O.K. But if they get dangerous, shoot them."

Everyone nodded but Blaine. "Just a minute. I paid a lot for those Brahmas. You can't just go out and shoot them."

Sorenson looked at him. "I thought you saw that hunter."

"I can't help it if a man's a fool!" Blaine snapped. "I especially refuse to have the bull killed. He's worth several thousand."

Dad hadn't been saying much, and now he said slowly, "I'll try to avoid having to shoot any of them, if it's at all possible. But if I have to kill that bull, I'll take the responsibility."

Blaine looked at the men around them, and their faces weren't friendly. He didn't say anything more, but he was still angry.

Gradually the tally mounted, but it was all cows. Somehow I'd felt that that bull would be the last. Meacham, a little banty rooster of a man, accounted for the last cow with a pair of bloody ears. He handed them to Blaine.

"So you'll know I tallied one of your expensive cows. It was slick and she darn near gored a good horse when it was down."

Meacham was primed for trouble, and Blaine sensed it. He still kept his mouth shut, but that mean look deepened. Linda watched him in a kind of disgusted way.

By late afternoon everyone was after the bull, and the circle tightened, drawing in toward the camp. I poked along the canyon floor and then sent Old Blue up the trail to the clearing. All of a sudden it was deadly quiet; then the noise of something big crashing through the undergrowth broke the stillness, and I could hear horses too. Dad's long, mellow yell bounced back and forth down the canyon walls, and I knew they'd jumped the bull.

The noises grew louder, and I sat Blue, not knowing which way to turn. Then the bull broke out over a small hill and whirled like a cat when he saw me. He was big—bigger than I had remembered—yet quick on his feet, and he made for the other side of the clearing, only to find Linda and Blaine coming at him. Dad and Turk closed the only gap left, to the side of me. The canyon was before him, the flat sloping down to the rim, and he turned and ran parallel to the edge. He stopped again and dropped his head, hooking at a Scotch-broom plant. Linda and Blaine headed straight for him, and the bull stood still, head lowered, and waited. With no warning, only a sudden vicious run, he charged Linda, and Blaine yelled excitedly, "Haze him this way, Linda!"

She didn't take down her rope, but turned the bull back, away from Blaine. "This one is all yours, E. J.!"

Blaine's face twisted with anger and he flailed at his horse with the rope and headed for the bull. The Brahma whirled again and went for Linda. She tried to dodge once more, but the grass was wet and the horse slipped, sliding down toward the canyon.

Blaine made a half-hearted toss and missed, and then dodged away as the bull bore down on Linda, who lay beside her horse. I jabbed in spurs and streaked for her, but Hardscrabble passed me like Blue was standing still. I wanted to yell as I saw Turk's face.

Hardscrabble took that wet, slippery slope in nothing flat and Turk flipped his rope. No fancy horn catch this time. He went for the neck and it took a year for that noose to tighten. In a kind of desperate calm, Turk laid the trip and Hardscrabble started to turn, but he was going too fast to get footing on the slippery grass. His hoofs flew from under him and he gave a whinny that was almost a scream as he fell. Turk flew over his head and landed stunned, but the force of Hardscrabble's fall threw the bull. Hardscrabble managed to struggle up someway and began trying to take out the slack, hobbling forward on three legs with little awkward hitching steps. He got the slack out of the rope and stood there trembling, his coat rough and lathered with sweat and mud, but doing his job even with one leg useless until the bull stirred and started to get up. Hardscrabble tried to lean into the pull, but the bull gave a final heave and pulled him down.

Dad calmly took up his rifle and fired. The bull sank down and lay still. "Send me a bill," he told Blaine coldly.

Turk picked himself up and ran unsteadily to Linda. He pulled her to her feet and didn't say anything; just held her by her arms while his eyes took her to pieces bit by bit. Linda looked up at him, her face white where it wasn't black with mud, and there was a wondering look about her, as if she'd been given the answer to something, but couldn't quite figure it out yet. Turk handed her over to dad and walked over to Hardscrabble.

He ran his hand down the leg, wincing when it came away red. The sun caught white bone, and Turk knew, like all of us, that you don't set that kind of break.

Turk did something then that made me bawl like a baby, and I didn't even care. He sat down in the mud and took that ugly old head in his lap and scraped the mud away. Then he began to cuss Hardscrabble out, the way he'd done so often, but the words were so soft and broken there was nothing profane in them. Hardscrabble whickered a little and snapped at Turk's hand. He caught it, but there wasn't any pressure in the bite.

Turk got up, and he took dad's rifle and without any show of feeling he put the barrel to Hardscrabble's ear and pulled the trigger.

"I'll appreciate it if you'll help me get him down to the ranch."

"We'll tend to it, Turk. You go on," dad said.

Blaine stepped forward then, and maybe it was the loss of his bull or because he knew Linda was done with him, but he said, "Why bother, MacGowan? Just dump him down the canyon to rot—with my bull."

Turk grinned, a mean, wolfish sort of grin, and hit him with all the strength of his body and the hurt he had inside. Blaine rolled tail over tincup and Turk walked to his jeep and empty trailer.

Linda followed him. Her face was streaked with mud and tears, but there was a glow in it that made her beautiful—and she'd found the answer. THE END

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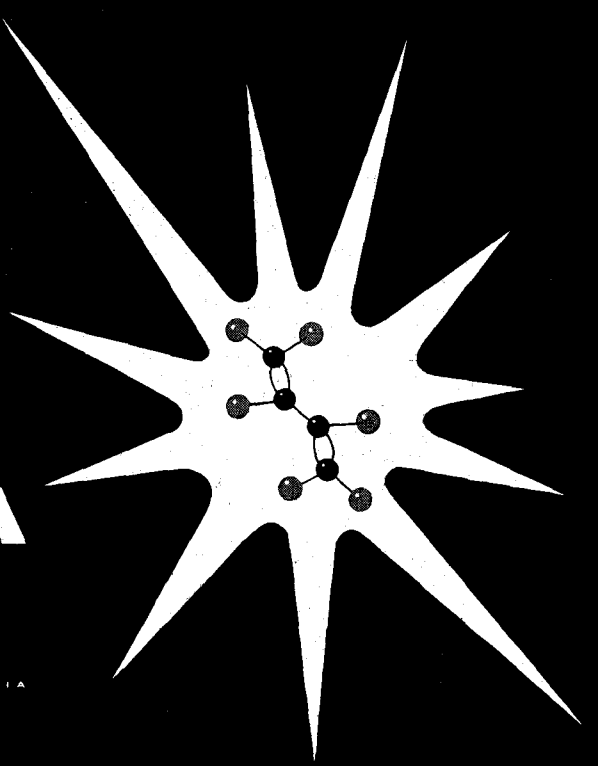

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I Live on Wheelchair Island

(Continued from Page 19)

M.S. is a progressive disease, attacking deep within the body in the myelin sheath of nerves of the brain and spinal cord. Patches of the sheath are destroyed, and the resulting scars interfere with the swift passage of messages which tell muscles to act.

Typically the disease moves at a leisurely pace. My first symptom lasted only a few weeks. My right cheek felt stiff and I couldn't scrunch it up properly to shave. I forgot about it until the following year, when the stiffness grabbed at my right shoulder. Later, M.S. tightened its grip. I began to limp when I was tired. Then I used a cane. As my balance grew more precarious, my right side stiffer, I became wheelchair-bound.

During these years I married and watched my young daughter grow up. I lived and worked abroad. I held half a dozen interesting jobs in promotion and public relations. Although M.S. kept me out of uniform during World War II, I served my country in Government agencies in New York and Washington.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Reciprocal

By May Richstone

Child, now grown, if I seem
to cling,
If it seems to you that I
cannot bring
Myself to set you wholly
free,
If wistful I hover, then do
for me
What once I sought to do
for you
When you were little and
while you grew:
Prod me gently and ever so
Lovingly into letting you go.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Compare my slowly developing disability with the knockout punch suffered by Tony, a youngster on the threshold of life. Tony was a college student, twenty years old, driving back to school after summer vacation. Then came an auto crash, and—wham!—Tony was a quadriplegic, arms and legs useless, a pitiful cripple.

Tony is one of about fifteen young adults now at Coler. These youngsters—victims of accident, polio, neurological disease—begin fighting to return to the world almost as soon as they've left it. Pete, for example, came here at sixteen, a paraplegic. After rehabilitation he returned home to finish high school. Eighteen now, he's back for further medical treatment.

A special Young Adult lounge has been set aside for Pete and Tony and their friends. There these young people play jazz, compete vigorously in their favorite game of table hockey, and talk. Most are in wheelchairs, some flat on their stomachs on wheeled stretchers, a few on crutches. Pete is their gadfly. During the long bull sessions a boy or girl may talk of retreating permanently to the shelter of hospital walls. Pete attacks such talk fiercely. He's been back in the world. He knows its indifference to the paralyzed youth, but he's firmly determined to return again. Vocational counseling is preparing Pete for a clerk's job, and he will soon be ready to take Civil Service examinations.

Feel pity for myself? How can I when I see George Villani, thirty-one, who has always lived in a wheel chair? George never walked, because his legs never grew long enough to support his body. He was two when his mother died, and he has been in institutions ever since.

George is one of Coler's most useful citizens. He is a salaried employee—ten dollars a month—of the Recreation Department. He is an editor of the Coler Clarion, the patients' newspaper, and a member of the Radio Workshop. The Workshop is a patient-organized variety show, featuring a disk jockey, a Mystery Tune and entertainers drawn from our ranks. We hear it weekly over Station WBSC, the hospital loud-speaker system.

Sunday night has always been the loneliest night of our week. Most of the staff are off duty. By dusk the babel of visitors has stilled, leaving our world too confining for comfort. But George learned to run a sixteen-millimeter movie machine. He shows films faithfully every Sunday, providing for many a sure cure for the blues.

Patients rolling down the corridor usually seek out George if they need any article from a pair of pliers to a penknife. His wheelchair is a traveling workshop, equipped for emergency. Want to write a note to a friend? Take your pick among George's six pens. Hem fallen down? George always carries a card of safety pins. Dropping a ball of wool or a book from a wheelchair can be a major frustration. Not if you're near George. Attached to one arm of his chair is a reacher, a collapsible metal object which neatly pinches an article out of reach and returns it to its owner. George also carries a drinking glass, a comb, a screw driver, two bags of tools and a rabbit's foot, hanging from hooks or in canvas bags suspended from the arm. At George's elbow is a horn which beep-beeps to warn of his approach.

In our small world George is a big wheel. The biggest, however, is a woman. I would be glad to nominate her any day for mayor of Coler Hospital. Her name is Frances Doran. As a young woman, Frances lost both legs to a disease of the blood vessels which attacks and cuts off the circulation of the lower limbs.

Frances arrived at Coler soon after the hospital opened in 1952, expecting to stay only a few months. She wanted desperately to walk on prosthetic limbs, to return home and care for her invalid mother. But she failed. Slightly built, Frances lacked the power in her shoulders and the exquisite balance necessary to co-ordinate legs and canes.

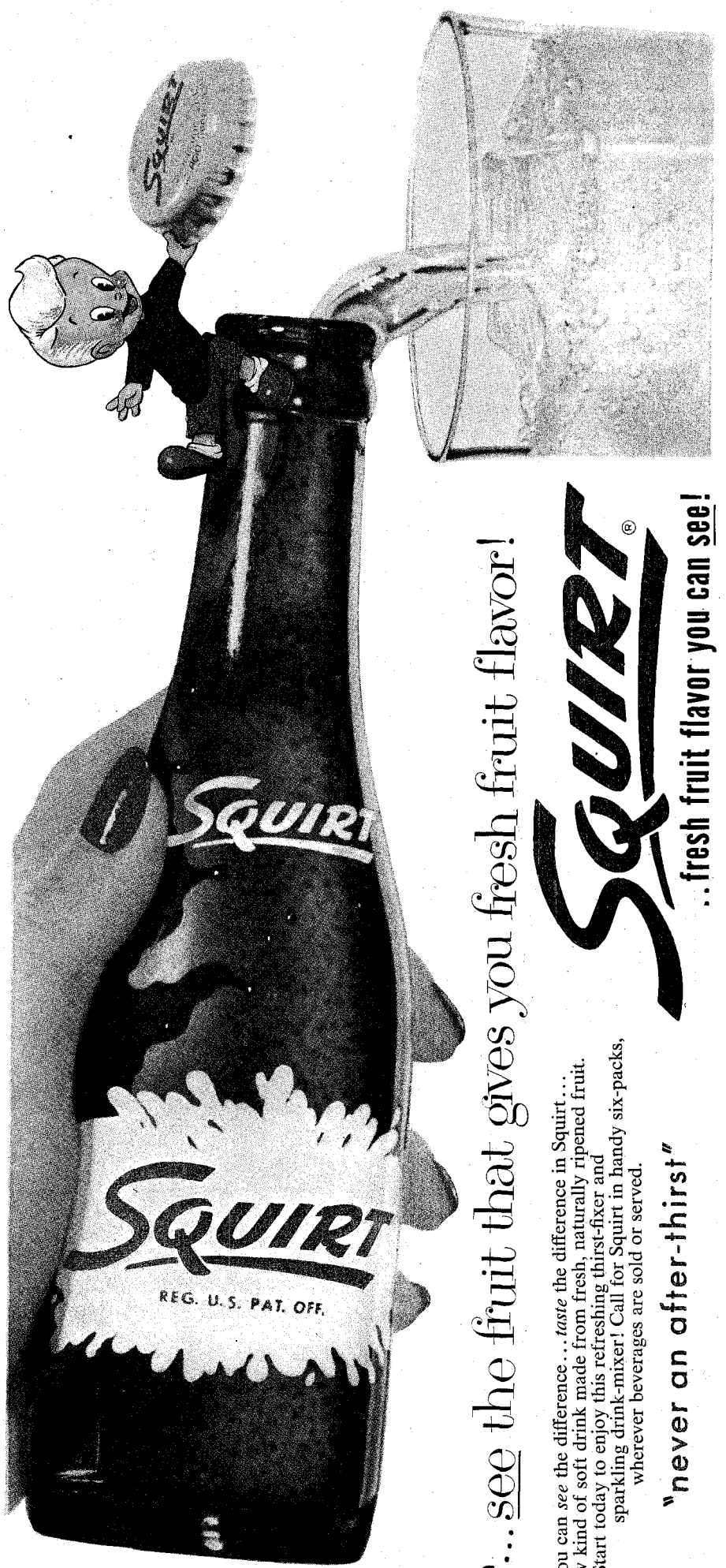
At first she couldn't face the bleak future of wheelchair life within institutional walls. But Frances is a woman of ebullient spirits. She emerged from dark months of depression with strength for herself and to spare.

I find it difficult to describe the catalytic effect Frances, now forty-three, has on other patients. She is altogether alive. She dresses charmingly in gay cotton blouses. Her hair, waved in the hospital beauty parlor, is always shining. Her smile is infectious.

Frances works during the mornings as receptionist in the Collections Division, and afternoons in the Volunteer Office. She ranges everywhere in her wheelchair, greeting new patients, visiting the quiet wards where old ladies lie in bed.

Frances has a weakness for romance. She is currently keeping a sisterly eye on

take a tip... tip the bottle!



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John, a twenty-six-year-old polio victim, and Nancy, a pretty seventeen-year-old, our youngest twosome. We have romance here at all ages. One elderly man took a job on the maintenance staff just to remain close to his hospitalized wife. Every day during a ten-minute work break, he brings her a cup of hot tea and sits with her, talking softly as she drinks.

Gaiety is a gift which Frances proffers to all. Peggy, a severely disabled arthritic, is a quiet lesson in courage. Peggy ought to be a helpless invalid. Her spinal column is fused stiff. She cannot bend her back or even turn her head to either side.

"The more I'm told it's impossible for me to get out of bed," Peggy says, "the more this thick Irishman tries."

Lying like a marionette across her bed, Peggy rises with one swift spring from her legs, moves on crutches to her wheelchair, and then settles back, almost flat, ready to go. Chair tipped nearly parallel to the floor, Peggy propels herself backward to the dayroom or down the corridor. One hand turns the wheels while the other holds a small pocket mirror to guide the way.

When she focuses her mirror to look ahead, Peggy sees the world upside down, but it continues to interest her. She delights in defying the doctors. "Imagine," she told me recently, "I was being examined by a group of doctors when one of them asked an aide to help stand me up. Help? That's when I jumped up, clanged out of the chair, grabbed my crutches and showed them!"

Peggy can even dress herself in the slacks and neat blouse which she usually wears. She employs two sticks, resembling old-fashioned curtain rods, each with a garter hook at one end. Lying on her back, she hooks the garters into the belt loops of her trousers, then carefully lowers them toward her feet. Sometimes both feet wriggle into a single pants leg, but by trial and error she manages without aid.

Active from morning till night, Peggy reads, writes letters, sews exquisitely on clown dolls which the hospital sells for her. Small problems plague her. It takes a full year, for example, to break in a fountain pen, because, held upside down, the ink is forced to flow in the wrong direction. It's tiring to read when your arms must hold the book outstretched over your head. Peggy read Gone With the Wind that way.

Why doesn't she surrender to the ease of invalidism? I've never asked, but I can guess. The invalid, like an infant, is dependent on others for every need. Such dependence can be deeply painful. The strongest of the Coler patients fight with every breath for independence. Strength flows from them to all of us.

I first met Peggy when we were both delegates to the Patients' Council, a group representing each hospital ward, which meets weekly. Each delegate is supposed to be the eyes and ears of his ward, the voice for their gripes.

Currently the council is working to establish a rolling canteen, manned by patients, which will bring snacks to the wards. It also sends a birthday greeting to every patient, a gesture which has real meaning here, where one out of every six persons never welcomes a visitor or receives a friendly letter.

It's tough for these forgotten people, especially on Sundays when visitors storm our island. My wife, Halo, often invites lonely patients to picnic with us on a warm summer day, when she arrives with a basket of broiled chicken, salad, fruit and cake. Halo usually wheels me to a favorite picnic table overlooking the tiny lighthouse which marks the island's northern tip. Sometimes we stay outdoors till dusk, when a cool breeze springs up, and the yachts start steaming home.

Halo visits every Sunday, and Wednesdays, too, when her job permits. She keeps house for herself and our nineteen-year-old daughter, Joyce. Yet she finds time to save newspapers and magazines, clip cartoons to make me laugh. Occasionally she plans a theater or dinner outing to take me into the city. I love these trips, the gleaming linen in the restaurant and the hush just before the curtain rises.

I like chatting with the taxi drivers who transport me and my wheelchair, and I'm very grateful to one of them. Have you ever tried to wield a match one-handed? This driver watched me struggle with my left hand and then showed me how. You open the match book, pull a match downward, fold it double, and with one flick of the thumb you have a light.

In the past few years I've become highly adept at one-handed living. I'm still amused that my left-handed signature, gross and unformed, bears a close resemblance to the right-handed flourish with which I used to sign letters. I can't touch-type any more, but I can peck pretty fast on my typewriter with the three usable fingers of my left hand. I also wield a scissors, left hand only, with surprising accuracy.

Learning such accomplishments plays an important part in our hospital routine. Activities of Daily Living, they're called, usually shortened to A.D.L. The goal of A.D.L. is the achievement of maximum personal independence for each patient, within the limits of his physical disability and mental capacity. Some set their sights on return to the outside world; others struggle only for the blessed release from being spoon-fed.

The A.D.L. program teaches us that physical incapacity does not have to rule our lives. Spurred by an inner drive, many accomplish near miracles. I remember watching one little old lady in the Physical Therapy room. She was ninety-five years old and she had fractured a hip. She had to walk again, for her granddaughter's wedding was just three months away. She made it, too, with one day to spare.

I look forward to the days when I'm scheduled for Physical Therapy. When a man sits all day, there's heady excitement in getting to his feet and walking between the parallel bars. Although I cannot even stand without support, some days I walk back and forth, holding to the bars, for a total of more than sixty feet.

Physical Therapy reminds me of Leonard, a man obsessed with the need to walk upright. I graduated from St. John's College in Annapolis, and earned a master's degree at the University of Michigan. I have taught school in France and Germany, written pamphlets to influence thousands. Yet when it comes to sheer guts, I'm humble before Leonard, a day laborer with an eighth-grade education, without even family or friends to spur him on.

Leonard is a sixty-three-year-old Negro diabetic, obese, his eyesight failing, and a double amputee. At Coler he was put in a custodial ward, where he was expected to live out his life in a wheelchair. Leonard had different plans. He was determined to walk on artificial limbs. Staff specialists knew this was impossible. His age alone precluded success.

Stubborn and persistent, Leonard finally wore the staff down. He was taught to walk on stubbies, short prosthetic limbs about two feet long, not too difficult for an aging man to maneuver, but hardly attractive.

Discharged from the hospital to Home Care, a status which gives staff supervision to patients living on the outside, Leonard moved to a boarding home in Brooklyn.

Within a few months he was back with a gall-bladder infection. Then the battle resumed. Leonard was dissatisfied with his stubbies. He didn't like the way people stared at him. At the dinner table his wooden limbs poked the man in the next seat.

Full-length artificial legs are as long and tricky as stilts. The staff was still convinced Leonard couldn't manage them, but they finally allowed him to try. Leonard fooled everyone. I used to watch him struggling, limbs strapped on, cane clutched in each hand, forehead beaded with sweat. Leonard had a vision, and it conquered his age, his weight, his medical condition. He's back on Home Care now with a homebound job to bring in income. Leonard walks like a man.

Others with progressive diseases like mine must find their dignity within hospital walls. Some do it through work. Our Sheltered Workshop is the only one for in-patients in the New York area, and one of two or three in the entire country. Some seventy patients work here, an hour or more a day, mending hospital clothes, packaging gauze bandages and doing varied jobs on subcontract.

Work is entirely voluntary, but the staff will spend days finding ingenious schemes to help the disabled patient who wants to work. A sewing-machine treadle is built up with a large box, so that a dwarf's tiny legs will reach. An amputee or a stroke victim, robbed of the use of a leg, may use a machine powered by an elbow or a knee. One worker is eighty-seven years old.

A special corner has been set aside for my typewriter in the sunny Workshop room. I share quarters there with a twenty-five-year-old man whom everyone calls Yogi. Yogi is the hospital's independent entrepreneur. He took a correspondence course in radio repair, and is kept busy all day fixing the radios of other patients.

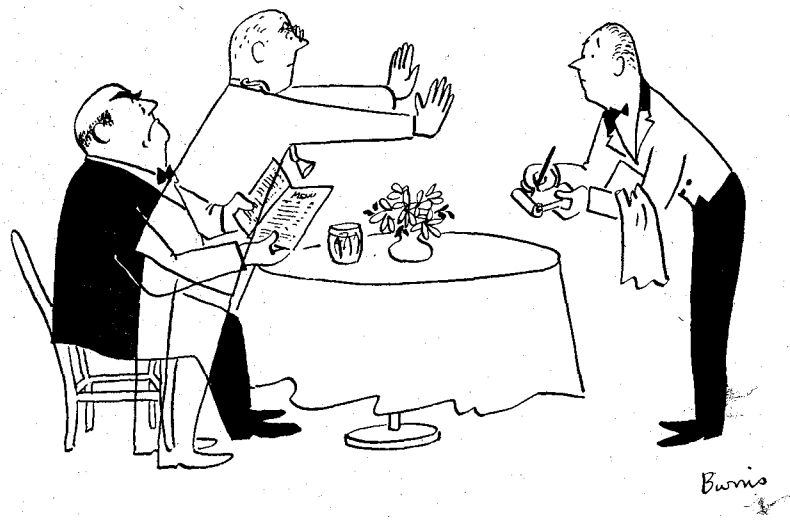
Most of us are allowed four dollars a month in spending money, but many of the Workshop employees earn over twice that much. Yet the extra pocket money isn't their major spur. I looked up from my typewriter recently as a young man was receiving his first pay for covering clothes hangers and packing them in plastic bags.

"I earned it," I heard him say wonderingly. "I earned it. It's the first money I've earned in four years."

This young man saved his earnings to buy his own wheelchair. Others save up for pocket radios or tiny television sets to put in their rooms. One woman made a splendid gesture with her first month's salary. She blew it on a luncheon for a dozen friends in the canteen, where soup and sandwiches, dessert, coffee and soft drinks are sold.

Others in the hospital achieve status by participation in the dizzy round of activities offered us. We have a thirty-member Glee Club, featuring an eighty-five-year-old soprano; a Rhythm Band of youngsters; a Current Events Club; a Photography Club; and even a Great Books Club, now in its third year.

A few months ago I started a club of my own, to gather together those, like me, starved for serious music. We had about twenty members of the Music Listening Group, who met once a week to hear records for an hour or more. At home I have a collection of (*Continued on Page 94*)



The Perfect Squelch

After scowling briefly at the menu, the stout diner asked, "What do you recommend?"

"Well, sir," the waiter said, "the pot roast is excellent."

"Impossible," the diner said. "My doctor won't let me touch it."

"How about lamb chops, then?"

"No, my doctor specifically banned them."

Patiently, the waiter listed a series of dishes. But the diner waved each suggestion aside, always with an impatient explanation that his doctor wouldn't permit him to touch it.

When the weary waiter finally paused, the diner looked up. "Well," he snapped, "any other suggestions?"

"Perhaps," the waiter said gently, "you should get a prescription from your doctor. Then we could try to fill it."

Joseph Goraber

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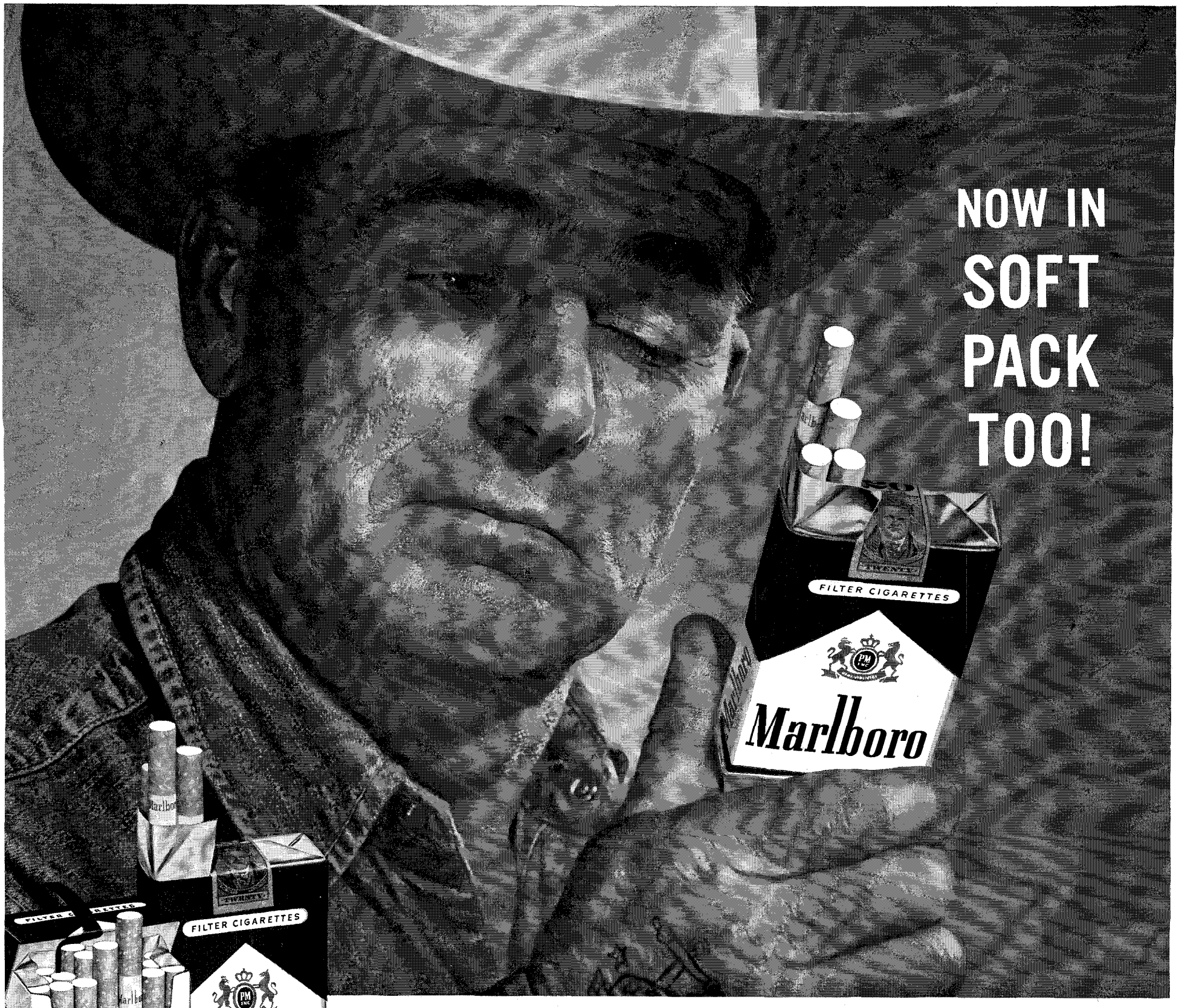

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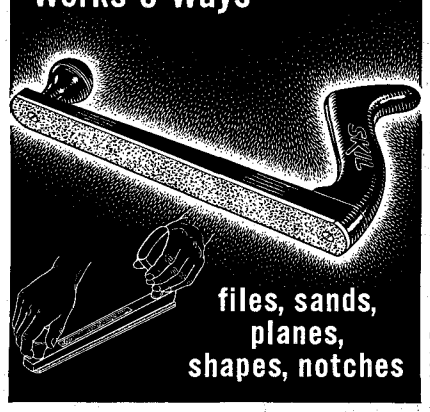

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(*Continued from Page 92*) over 600 records and Halo lugged many of them out for our enjoyment.

Music means a great deal to me, especially in the unfriendly dawn when the hospital patient is inevitably awakened. We rise about 5:30 A.M., and many grumble impatiently for breakfast, two full hours away. Not I. I wait only for six A.M. when my favorite station, WQXR, comes on the air. I keep my radio softly tuned to music all day.

Actually, when I'm feeling full of gumption, I'm seldom near the radio. My wheelchair ranges all over the hospital. I visit friends, read a newspaper in the library, write letters on my typewriter, poke my head into the Recreation Office to find what activities are being scheduled.

We're strong on recreation at Coler, and everybody's favorite is Games Night. There may be a table-tennis tournament—Frances from her wheelchair is hospital champion—wheelchair square dancing or even a golf game. Golf is the latest craze. Recreation workers tried to introduce croquet to our lawns last summer, but it was hooted down as old-fashioned, and miniature golf was substituted. It made such a hit that it was winterized, with the aid of a length of old carpeting and pieces of green cloth fitted with five metal cups.

Wheelchair and ambulatory players both participate, but in our recent tournament, the wheelchairs rolled off with all the honors. Imagine sinking a putt one-handed! One of our finest players is a man whose arms are almost useless. He has to be spoon-fed and helped into and out of bed, but he has enough dexterity in one wrist to wield a putter with deadly accuracy.

Darts is another favorite wheelchair sport. A small group spends long winter hours practicing. They've been promised a trip to Playland, the amusement park at Rye Beach, next summer, and they're planning to make a killing at the darts board.

Trips away from the island were introduced several years ago. They've included visits to the United Nations, barbecue roasts on the Long Island shore, outdoor theater, ball games. One old man came to Welfare Island in 1917. Forty years later he left it for the first time to go on an outing last summer. Another patient, a young man hospitalized since infancy, was invited to dine at a private home. Home was a foreign word to him. "What's a home like? How do I act?" he kept asking nervously before he left.

I've been away from the hospital on more than a half-dozen occasions. The latest was last December, when thirty of us from Coler attended a Christmas party given by the New York County chapter of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

Patients discharged to Home Care often desperately miss our lively program. A few months ago we waved good-by to a tiny woman, aged seventy, who was being transferred to a boarding home. The other day I saw she was back. "Imagine," she told me indignantly. "There were no parties, no movies. I had to stay in my room all day. Why, my landlady didn't even have a television set!"

For someone like me, who doesn't care for television, but who enjoys books, records and good talk, such a fate might not be altogether dreadful. Yet even I, somewhat of a maverick, have adjusted to institutional life. A major factor in my adjustment, I believe, is the psychiatric treatment I received when my illness first became serious.

I was in Kansas City in 1938 on business for Labor's Non-Partisan League, for which I was national director of organization, when a spasm like an iron fist gripped my abdomen. I hadn't paid serious attention to the symptoms which had plagued me intermittently for seven years, but this sensation frightened me. I flew to New York to consult my doctor.

A weary round of visits to neurologists followed. Finally one was blunt. He asked me to walk across the room. "This man has multiple sclerosis," he said.

No treatment today stops M.S., but medically planned physical therapy can call unused muscles into play and maintain tone in other muscles. My doctor recommended physical medicine and psychotherapy. His reasoning was sound. When the going gets rough, neurotic tendencies, of which we all have our share, tend to flare up. Psychotherapy has helped me understand myself, brought me inner peace to face the future.

At the time, however, it seemed an impossible course. My job sent me all around the country, and my doctors were in New York. I took the problem to my boss, John L. Lewis. I thought Lewis was tough, without an ounce of sentiment. I was embarrassed by my soap-opera troubles, for in addition, Halo and I were due to have a baby.

Lewis listened quietly. I've never forgotten him. "I think this can be worked out," he said. "Fly to New York when necessary for your medical treatment. We'll call it a legitimate business expense."

For eight more years I managed to hold down outside jobs. In 1946, when I was writing and producing brochures for a publishing house, I fell on the street and was almost mowed down by a taxi. Unsteady balance is always a problem with the M.S. patient. My doctor forbade me to leave the house alone, but I worked at home, free-lancing at one end of a telephone. Then I fell again, wrenching my back severely, and landed in New York Hospital. I've lived in four hospitals since—Montefiore in the Bronx, Bellevue, Goldwater Memorial here on the island, and now Coler.

A few weeks ago my life narrowed when I caught a severe bladder infection and was temporarily confined to bed. I haven't been bored. Two beds away, an eighty-four-year-old man speaks only Yiddish. I call on my knowledge of German to help interpret for him. Across from me, a Greek, white hair and beard uncut, looks like a dignified Old Testament prophet. Down the floor is a young paraplegic. He's our comedian.

When anyone's impatient for a nurse, his lazy voice is soothing. "What's the hurry?" he calls out. "The three-o'clock bus don't run till three o'clock!"

I particularly enjoy one plump, smiling nurse's aide who comes on duty at four P.M. She stands in the center of the floor, arms akimbo, and bellows, "Hello, my friends, how are you all?"

Like a bunch of schoolboys we chorus back sheepishly, "Just fine." She makes us feel fine.

Although moments of depression still come for me, I've never again descended into the bog of self-pity which engulfed me about a dozen years ago. My father had come up from Florida and taken me for a drive. A trip in a car was an adventure for me. I sold my own car in 1944, when I realized I could no longer brake hard enough for safety.

We stopped for lunch at a roadside stand in New Jersey, and my father asked the attendant to help me out of the car.

"My son's a cripple," he explained.

A cripple. No one had used the word to me before. It was a cruel word. I hated my father.

Later I was grateful to him. I was crippled and I might as well face it. I've tried to face it ever since. Like me, many—very many—in our small community are crippled in body, but never in spirit.

It Has to be Love (Continued from Page 24)

"Certainly. You own the Anderson Lumber Company, Anderson Logging Company and half of the Hardply Corporation. You're a director of the bank and president of Hauser and Company, heavy-equipment distributors. You're a tycoon, Mr. Anderson. You're also too fat." Tim picked up his battered bag. "I prescribed a diet. If you don't want to follow it, then you're wasting my time and yours."

"I'll see what Harry Randolph has to say about that."

Tim sighed. "Doctor Randolph has been on vacation, and Doctor Hennessey is home with a throat infection, which is why I took care of you. Doctor Randolph got back yesterday. If you don't care for my diagnosis and refuse to go on a diet, I'd suggest you call him."

"You're pretty high-handed for a young fellow who arrived in town dead broke."

"I wasn't dead broke, even though the Army isn't noted for its high pay. But I got my medical education under the G. I. Bill of Rights. I felt that the Army was entitled to a piece of it." Tim glanced at his wrist watch. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to the clinic."

"Take this fool diet with you."

"You might change your mind. You might also strip down and take a look at yourself in a full-length mirror."

Tim left the house. Well, McVey, that does it.

Why couldn't he ever learn to compromise? He'd never get rich, that was certain, or even be able to afford steak once a week, if he didn't learn a thing or two—chiefly that you didn't alienate a powerful man like Knute Anderson and still stay alive and reasonably solvent. Not in Knute Anderson's town, you didn't. All he had to do was tell him he should take off a little weight, give him a few harmless pills and listen while he complained. But not McVey. Oh, no. He had to sound off.

Tim walked out to the driveway, climbed into his battered old convertible and turned on his engine. The sun, looking like a cherry-red kettle in the sky, hung high above him and there wasn't enough breeze to move ashes. Now Tim put on his sunglasses and put his car in gear. He let in the clutch and started rolling out of the curving driveway.

Fifty yards from the two brick pillars, one on either side of the entrance to the Anderson estate, a low, sleek, butterfly-door, imported sports car came wheeling into the driveway. Tim felt that he had one choice—get clobbered by the sports car or himself clobber a three-foot-high bird bath which had been thoughtfully placed just beside the driveway. Five sparrows, deliriously happy, were taking a bath.

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Tim hit the bird bath with his front bumper. The sparrows took off, scolding Tim viciously. The bird bath toppled, broken in three pieces. Tim stopped his car, climbed out and surveyed the damage. His front bumper was still intact and only slightly dented.

He turned around. The sports car had squealed to a stop and a young lady, blond, wearing Bermuda shorts, a white short-sleeved blouse and huarachos, got out. Professionally, Tim was forced to admit that her bone structure was superb. Her hair was cut short, gently waved and sun-streaked. She was, Tim thought, as lovely a creature as he had seen in years. He also thought that she drove as if she were making an application for a busted head.

"Well, for pity's sake," she said. "Who taught you to drive?"

"Who taught me to drive!" Tim screamed. "You come barreling in here in that hot rod and ——"

"It isn't," she said wearily, "a hot rod. It's a sports car."

"Nevertheless," he said, "you were obviously going too fast."

"Oh, don't be silly. This car can take that corner five or ten miles an hour faster than I was going." She waved at the bird bath. "If you hadn't hit the panic button, the birds could still be taking a bath."

"I," Tim said, calmly enough for a man who felt like taking this dame over his knee and spanking her, "did not hit the panic button. I merely exercised normal male caution on seeing a female who was driving like a madman."

"Slice it thick or thin," she said, "the fact remains that I'm still on the driveway and you're out there with the birds. What's the matter that you're so cranky this afternoon? Did you forget to take your tranquilizers?"

"I do not," Tim said stiffly, "take tranquilizers."

"Well, if I were you, I'd prescribe them for myself. You are Doctor McVey, aren't you?"

"Yes, and you must be Sally Anderson."

"Uh-huh. I'm a woman."

"So I see."

"But I don't drive like someone's grandmother," she said. "The next time you see me cornering a sports car, don't head for the brush. Just pull over to your side of the road. I won't run into you." She turned her back on him, walked to her car and climbed in.

"Don't bother to send me a bill for that bird bath!" Tim shouted.

"Good-by, doctor," she said, just before she reached up and pulled down the door. "Meeting you was a most unrewarding experience." She put her car in gear and took off.

Tim made two house calls and then drove back to the Oceancrest Clinic. Mrs. McReynolds, a slender, efficient woman of indeterminate years, who was vastly unimpressed by anyone, particularly doctors, jerked her head toward Harry Randolph's office.

"Into the lion's den, doctor. You've been a bad boy."

"Me? What did I do?"

"As I have told you before," Mrs. McReynolds said, "your bedside manner is atrocious. You are supposed to assume an expression of compassionate enthrallment when listening to symptoms, rather than give the impression that you're having an attack of indigestion."

"Can I help how I look? I could be thinking, you know."

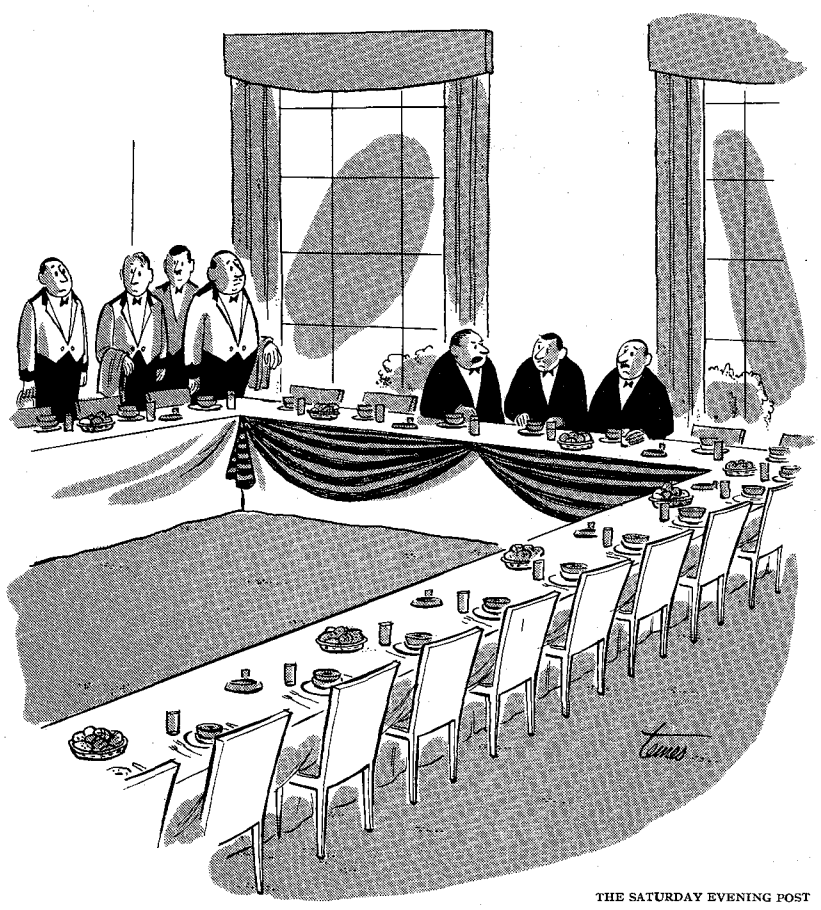
"Try not to look as if you're thinking that you'd like to cut the patient's throat. He might be nervous, and you do glare so realistically."

Tim glared at her and then grinned.

"That's better," she said, "and you might also hum a gentle tune when you go in. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.'"

"Thank you, Mac," he said. "I think I Surrender, Dear might be good." He turned away and pushed open the door to Dr. Harry Randolph's office.

Dr. Harry Randolph, who headed the clinic, was a studiously handsome man



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I told you a hundred dollars a plate was too much."

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in his middle forties. His thick hair, happily gray at only the temples, was carefully trimmed.

When Tim entered, Harry Randolph leaned back and smiled. "Tim, my boy, nice of you to drop in. I know you've been busy." He motioned to a chair, Tim sat down, Doctor Randolph passed him a leather cigarette box and took care of the fire with a desk lighter.

Then Doctor Randolph leaned back in his chair, smiled slightly and shook his head slowly. "Tim, Tim. No one but you would rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Me?" Tim said.

"As well as I know Knute Anderson, I wouldn't have the courage to tell him that he's a fat old man."

"I didn't say that," Tim said. "I prescribed a diet. When he started bellowing about the diet and reminding me, by indirection, that he's a wealthy and powerful man, I suggested that, if he didn't care for my diagnosis, he get another doctor."

Harry sighed. "A few minutes after you left Knute, he was on the phone, wanting to know who the fresh young squirt thought he was, to tell him, Knute Anderson, to get another doctor."

"All right," Tim said, "so I told him the truth. Granted I didn't coat it with sugar and serve it to him on a silver platter. Still ——"

"It also seems that you told Sally Anderson that she's an empty-headed female who drives like a madman."

"Not exactly. I did say that she drives like a madman. If she wants to take it that I meant that she was empty-headed for driving that way, she's right."

"Well, that's a pretty hot car she drives. She can handle it, though. She's driven in road races."

"She should stick to road-race tracks, then."

"Well, try not to run afoul of the Andersons again, will you, Tim?"

"I'll be very careful," Tim said dryly.

A week later, on a Sunday afternoon that was as soft as a handful of goose down, Tim was painting the white trim around his windows. He was not on call, so he did not have to worry about the telephone, even though it rang several times.

The sports car with the butterfly doors wheeled into his driveway and stopped.

"Apparently," Sally Anderson said, "you don't answer your phone."

Tim turned around. This time she was wearing pedal pushers and a white blouse. She was barefooted. The breeze carelessly moved her hair. Apparently she had been out in the sun a great deal the past week. Her skin had a slightly darker hue, which made her blond perfection much more apparent. She smiled at Tim. Her teeth were as white and as flawless as a new washer and dryer. Tim wished, with much more than casual fervor, that he could bring himself to like this dame.

"I'm not on call," Tim said, "so any time I can ignore the thing, I do."

"I must be slipping," she said. "Normally, when I call on men, they show a bit more animation. You haven't even put down your paintbrush."

Tim wiped off his paintbrush, put it in a can of paint thinner and wiped his hands with a rag. "Sorry," he said. "I can offer you coffee, milk, a peanut-butter sandwich or a drink."

"That's a little better, for a start," she said. "Coffee would be fine."

They went inside and Tim put on some coffee. When he came out of the kitchen, she was standing at the window, looking out at the surf, which seemed, at that distance, as soft and fluffy as beaten egg whites.

"That surf looks wonderful," she said. "Want to give it a try?"

Tim nodded. "I was going in after I finished painting. I guess I've finished."

Sally went out to the car and got her suit and a robe. Tim indicated a spare bedroom, went into his own bedroom and changed into trunks. He put on a sweatshirt. They walked down to the beach.

"Well," Sally said, "last one in is an old lady." She slid off her robe.

Tim was never impressed with bone structure, *per se*, but what greeted him as Sally took off her robe could not lightly be dismissed as mere anatomy. She was wearing a green-and-white bathing suit which fitted her much as if she had been melted down and poured into it. Her skin had just about as many flaws as a new test tube. *Doctor or no doctor, McVey, that prickly sensation in your scalp and the butterflies in your stomach let you know that this is not just another girl in a bathing suit.*

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Smoke's on You

By Loyd Rosenfield

6:30 P.M.

There's quite a barbecue
next door,
The yard is filled with
guests galore;
I loaned him ice and grill,
but he
Has not, as yet, invited me.

7:30 P.M.

Expensive odors haunt my
air,
Of filet mignon medium
rare;
Ho, hum, I'm bored—I
guess I'll dash
Out back and burn the
weekend trash.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

She ran toward the surf, splashed through the shallow water and then dived into a breaker, heedless of the effect the water would have on her hair. Tim followed her, as automatically as night follows day, dived through a breaker, came up, and was immediately pounced on by Sally, who pushed him under the water in the teeth of an incoming wave. The wave rolled over him and he came up spitting salt water and sand.

"That," she shouted, "is for saying that I drive like a madman!"

Tim took off after her and carried her with him into the next huge breaker. "That," he said, when they came sputtering to the surface, "is for saying that I drive like an old woman."

They then walked out of the surf, their skins tingling from the cold water, went up to the house, changed clothes and then warmed themselves by drinking hot coffee. Tim found himself wondering what she would say to an invitation to dinner.

"By the way," she said, "we didn't get an answer to the letter SCRASP sent out. Did you forget?"

"SCRASP? What's that?"

"Why, the Sports Car Racing Association of Surf Pines," she said. "Don't tell me you haven't heard of it."

"I not only haven't heard of it; now that you've told me, I still don't know what it's all about."

She sighed, and then, as if explaining the facts of life to a child, said, "As you know, in this state we can't race on public roads."

"People seem to be doing it."

"So we've laid out a beautiful course here at Surf Pines. These are private roads, and we can get enough curves and chicanes to beat anything on the coast. Perfect spectator areas on the dunes."

"You mean that here—in Surf Pines—a bunch of madmen will be tearing up the roads in those glorified hot rods? I bought a place out here because it's quiet. If I'd wanted my front yard to be a race track, I'd have bought on the highway for a lot less money."

"They won't be racing every day, you mossback. Your precious solitude won't be disturbed more than about two weekends during the year."

"Ha!" he said. "When the word gets out that there's a racing course here at Surf Pines, every nut in the area will be out here seeing how fast he can go. It'll be a madhouse."

"Well, the rest of the Surf Pines residents don't agree with you. They've all signed up."

"Fine. Let 'em sign. Leave me out of it."

"We can't, you idiot. Austin Gregg, who owns Surf Pines, won't agree to a racecourse until we have one-hundred-per-cent approval of all the property owners. The letter we sent you was asking for your consent."

"I must have thrown it in the wastebasket where it belongs."

"You mean you won't agree?"

"That's exactly what I mean. I like Surf Pines just the way it is—sans race track, sports cars and people who drive the way you do."

"Why, you're the most reactionary, bigoted, un-co-operative character I ever met. Just because you don't happen to agree with something, it's at once the wrong thing to do. And to think," she said, "that for a while this afternoon I thought you were almost human." She walked out the door, got into her car and angrily laid a strip of rubber as she took off.

Tim started hearing about it the next day. He stopped in at Art's Coffee Shop for coffee on his way to the hospital.

"The way I hear it, doctor," Art said, as he poured coffee, "you're a reactionary, a mossback and an obstructionist. Besides being a few other things which mean the same thing."

"Yeah," Tim said. "Gimme the coffee."

Art poured another cup for himself and put the first one in front of Tim. Art lighted a cigarette and leaned against the counter. "Well, you got a choice."

"I have?" Tim said.

"Sure. Either whip 'em or join 'em. The way I get it, this Anderson girl must be nuts about you, doc."

Tim stared at Art. "You must be out of your mind."

"Oh, I don't know. Any time some dame takes the trouble to run all over town saying how she absolutely loathes some guy, she's tipping her hand. If she really felt that way, she'd just ignore him."

"Where did you get such a screwy notion, anyway?"

"The voice of experience," Art said. "The first time I met my wife, she picked a fight with me they could have put on in Madison Square Garden. Then she told everyone in town what a horrible character I was. Next thing I knew, I was trying to convince her that I actually didn't come over the hill with a lantern."

"Yeah? Then what happened?"

"Are you kidding? Several years later, I was between Lewiston, Idaho, and Pullman, Washington, repairing fountain pens for a living, and I busted a spring and ——"

"O.K., but what's that got to do with ——"

"We had our three kids in the car, that's what it's got to do with."

"Oh."

"Never let a dame pick a fight with you unless you're prepared to spend the rest of your life making up."

"Art," Tim said, "you're a romanticist."

"Uh-huh. I also know the facts of life, which is more than some doctors I could name know."

"Art," Tim said, "if you're trying to dream up some romance between me and Sally Anderson, you're way off base. I wouldn't have her with mustard and relish." Tim dropped a dime on the counter and stood up.

"You bet," Art said. "Tell you what I'll do, doc. I'll put on the wedding breakfast."

"Don't bother to order the bacon and eggs," Tim said.

He walked out, went over to the hospital, finished his rounds and then went back to the clinic.

Mrs. McReynolds met him and said "Tsk-tsk."

"Now what?"

"As if you don't know."

"All right," Tim said. "I haven't been subservient enough to her highness, that's it, isn't it?"

"That's it. Confidentially, nearly everyone in town is getting a charge out of this feud. You're the only one in town who hasn't barked when the Andersons said bark. But Doctor Randolph seems slightly disenchanted. Wants to see you."

Harry Randolph was pacing his office when Tim walked in. Without any preamble, he said, "Tim, by the Lord Harry, I asked you to try and not run afoul of the Andersons again."

"Don't tell me that Knute Anderson calls every time he gets a complaint from his daughter."

"No, but it's all over town. Apparently, she had her heart set on this sports-car track at Surf Pines. You not only are the one who's blocking it, but it seems that you did so in a very undiplomatic manner."

"Did you ever try being diplomatic with a spoiled brat?"

Doctor Randolph sighed. "Tim, in this town you don't go around calling Sally Anderson a spoiled brat."

"Why not?"

"Because the Andersons own the town!" Harry Randolph yelled.

"That's what people keep telling me," Tim said. "In that case, they can have the town, lock, stock and barrel."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that I'm not going to be pressured into bowing to the Andersons' every whim simply because they 'own the town,' as you put it. And if I'm expected to, you can get yourself another boy." Tim turned around and walked out.

"Well, McVey, you're doing fine," he said to himself, as he left Harry's office. "Since hitting town, you've committed several unpardonable crimes. You told Knute Anderson that he was too fat, to go on a diet, and that, if he didn't like it, to get himself another doctor. You told Sally that she drives like a madman, kicked Sally's plan for a sports-car track in the teeth, and now you have practically resigned from the Oceancrest Clinic. You're an operator, all right, but you'll never get the Oceancrest good-conduct medal."

"Well?" Mrs. McReynolds said.

"Don't talk to me."

"I told you he was disenchanted."

(*Continued on Page 98*)

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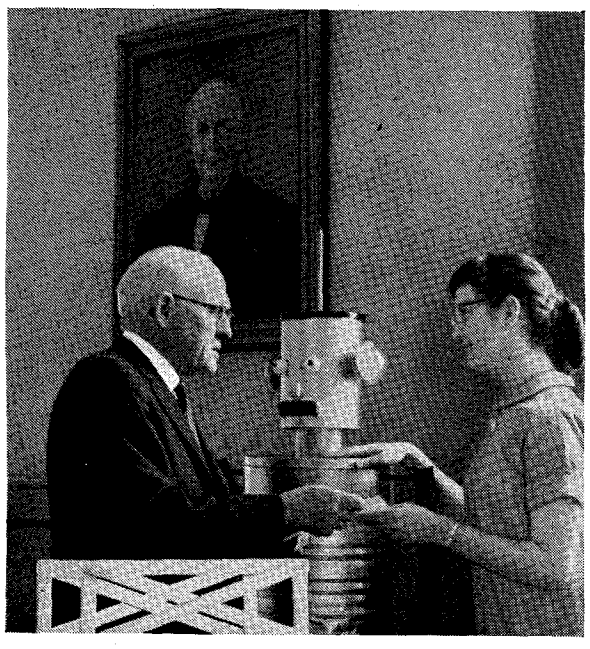
An experiment . . . in chemistry and in education too. Peter Owzarski (left) was encouraged by his high school teachers to take college courses in chemistry after they found his interest in this field had prepared him for advanced work. Now he attends high school in the morning, college in the afternoon. Peter is enrolled in chemistry courses on the Wausau campus of University of Wisconsin's Extension Division. Dr. Samuel Weiner (center) guides this brilliant young man in his advanced courses.



The Science Fair at Wausau Senior High School was an impressive part of my visit. On their own time, some 900 or more boys and girls had prepared 700 scientific exhibits. The projects covered everything from nutrition to seismographs . . . even a walking-talking mechanical man made out of stove pipes and tin cans. Beverly Geske tells me this is the school's fourth annual fair under the direction of Mr. Ben Berg.

Thomas Alva Edison's motto is used to measure a community's aims and achievements

Wausau Story

by **MAX McGRAW,** *President of McGraw-Edison Company*
Vice President of The Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, Inc.

"You've heard Mr. Edison's motto: 'There's a way to do it better—*find it.*' Those words mean a great deal to me. They always have. But I know this motto is not an easy one to follow.

"I found that out when I was a boy. I got fourteen of my friends to join me in setting up a telegraph circuit between our homes. We had to have eight miles of wire so all of us could be on the line. And that eight miles of wire had to be strung up over fences and from the tops of barns and houses. Then, before we could send any messages, we all had to learn the Morse Code.

"It was worthwhile though. It always is. When you're in pursuit of a better way, the reward is in the challenge as well as the achievement. When I visited Wausau recently, I had the feeling that the whole community was aware of this fact. I visited several of their schools and saw what was being done in science education. I talked to many of their business men and found the same spirit there. Many of you know this. You've done business with people from Employers Mutuals of Wausau. They're known as 'good people to do business with.' They deserve this reputation. Their aims and achievements prove that."

Employers Mutuals thanks Mr. McGraw for visiting us in Wausau and revealing another facet of the Wausau Story. Employers Mutuals, with offices all across the country, writes all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Our business is growing and we need more people to help us—especially in our sales department. If you are interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals' nation-wide organization, write to C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 96*) "Fine. That now makes two of us." He looked at his watch. "I'm going to lunch if it's all right with everyone, but maybe I'd better check with the Anderson family first."

"You don't have to," Mrs. McReynolds said. "Her highness is in the outer office, waiting for you."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Offhand, I'd say nothing," Mrs. McReynolds said. "It's almost a crime to be as good-looking as that girl."

She was seated in the outer office, idly turning the pages of a magazine, looking as guileless as a six-year-old and as tasty as a bowl of fresh strawberries.

"Hi," she said, as Tim walked in. "I started thinking about yesterday and decided that we should go somewhere for lunch and bury the hatchet."

Tim peered at her suspiciously. "Where?" he asked. "In my skull?"

She smiled at him, and there it was again. *Here goes the old ball game,* Tim thought. *I should know better. This gal is as oblique as Khrushchev, but what are you going to do?*

"Not at all," she said. "I know a nice spot up the road. We can take my car. At least you should know what it's like to ride in a sports car."

"Leave us pull the veil of charity over those things," Tim said. She seemed ingenuous enough. Maybe, Tim decided, he'd been too hard on this dame. It was easy to go along with a girl who looked like an earthbound angel and who wanted to take you to lunch. Where could you get a better deal?

They went outside and fitted themselves into the contoured leather seats of Sally's car. It was equipped with seat belts. They buckled themselves in and she started the engine and rolled down the highway as sedately as if they were on their way to church. She didn't go over fifty miles an hour, and Tim started to relax. When she reached the Surf Pines entrance, she braked down and turned in. Tim looked at her inquiringly.

"Want to show you something," she said.

There was a half mile straight before hitting a ninety-degree turn up ahead. Suddenly Tim felt himself pinned against the back of the seat, the engine whined, the tachometer and the speedometer started climbing and they were, as a startled look told him, doing eighty miles an hour.

The sharp curve was coming at them with a rush, and Tim yelled, "Slow down, you idiot!"

Sally shifted smoothly and toed the brakes. The feeling was that of rolling through molasses. Even so, when they took the corner, the rear end broke loose slightly and they fish-tailed down the road as Sally shifted again and hit the throttle. Again Tim was pinned back against the seat, and on the long straight stretch going north, Tim saw, with something akin to horror, that they were indicating one hundred and ten miles an hour. He was unable to do anything but sit, dumbly, waiting for the end. At the end of the straight, she shifted twice, braked smoothly, and went around the next corner in a lovely four-wheel drift. Up over two small hills at sixty, downshifting again, and again braking, and she drifted the next corner and headed south. There was a gentle S curve in the middle of the straight which Sally straightened out deftly, never once throttling back. Another ninety-degree curve, then up a hill, another curve, and she braked smoothly to a stop in front of Tim's house.

"Now," she said, "you know what a sports car can do. But this is merely an old lady's car. You should see what the Ferrari can do."

Tim very quietly unfastened his safety belt, gingerly opened the door and got out of the car. "And what," he asked, "if we had met another car?"

"There aren't many living out here right now. I called all of them and told them I was going to try out the course. In addition, Jimmy Hardesty toured the course ahead of us to be certain no one was on the road. He's waiting for me now at the entrance. You were safer than when sitting in your front room."

"I see," Tim said. "Well, you showed me something. Mind if I return the favor?"

"Why, not at all."

"You'll have to get out of the car."

She climbed out of the car, peering at Tim curiously.

"This," he said, "is something that should have been done years ago. It isn't a sports-car maneuver, but it's a maneuver—known as 'going to the woodshed.'"

She backed up, wide-eyed. "Why, you wouldn't dare!"

It wasn't much of a struggle. Tim did a thorough and unimpassioned job, and was thankful that the nearest house was several hundred yards away, since Sally had an excellent set of lungs.

Presently he put her on her feet and grinned at her. "That's just a sample of what you should have had. The next time you try some fool thing you'll get the full treatment."

Presumably, Sally was so mad she was speechless or was too ladylike to say the things she was thinking. She glared at him, turned her back, got into her car and roared away.

Tim went into the house, called the clinic and asked that someone bring his car out to him.

Half an hour later, Mrs. McReynolds showed up, driving Tim's car. "At least," she said, "you didn't have to walk home. What happened?"

Tim told her what had happened. "So I took her over my knee," he added.

"You didn't!" Mrs. McReynolds said, as pleased as if she had just discovered penicillin.

"Afraid I did."

"Oh, boy!"

"Don't act so pleased," Tim said. "When Harry Randolph hears about this, the egg will really hit the fan."

"He probably knows about it already," she said. "Wish I could have seen his face when he heard."

They drove back to the clinic, parked and entered through the back door. Tim went directly into Doctor Randolph's office.

"You don't have to fire me," Tim said. "I resign."

Doctor Randolph turned around. "Tim," he said, "how could you do such a thing?"

"How?" Tim said. "Well, I just took one wrist, got her off balance and then I ——"

"I didn't mean that!" Harry Randolph yelped.

"If you mean why did I do such a thing, I can tell you. Because she's a featherhead, who isn't really a bad kid, possibly, but she brings out the worst in me. Every time I see that dame I have a fight with her."

"Yes, I know," Doctor Randolph said. "Well, Tim, Knute Anderson called. He wants you to make a house call. Why, I don't know. Maybe he wants an apology. Maybe he wants to horsewhip you. Who knows?"

"Yeah," Tim said. "Who knows?" He left Harry Randolph's office. "I don't think horsewhipping is still in style, McVey," he told himself. "He'd hardly shoot me, and I can outrun him if he tries to punch me in the nose. So he can't do much except bellow, and what harm can that do? I've been bellowed at by experts, including a few colonels."

He drove over to the Anderson estate, parked his car beside Sally's sports car and rang the bell. Sally opened the door, motioned him inside and closed the door.

"Your father wants to see me," Tim said, "but before I see him, let me say that I'm sorry about today."

"Oh, that's all right. I might have a little trouble sitting through a double feature, but outside of that, I don't think there was any permanent damage."

"Well, you can have your sports-car track out at Surf Pines. I'm resigning, and I'll sell my house, probably to someone who doesn't mind having his front yard turned into a race track."

"I see." She did not seem pleased.

"That's what you want, isn't it?"

"I guess so. At least I thought that's what I wanted."

"That's your trouble," Tim said. "You don't know what you want. But if someone blocks some whim of yours, you start kicking the way you kicked the slats out of your crib, probably. You've been doing it ever since."

"Listen, you stubborn baboon. If you think for one ——" She stopped and looked into Tim's eyes.

He looked into her eyes and had the sensation of falling into a well. He took a deep breath, then put his arms around her. She came to him easily and naturally, and when he kissed her, all the nerves in his body sang like a spar-tree guy wire in a gale-force wind.

When he could no longer breathe, he released her and groaned, "Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," she said softly, and lifted her mouth to his.

They did not hear the door to the library open, and did not see Knute Anderson standing in the doorway. But they heard him bellow, "What in the devil is going on here?"

Tim jumped as if he had been hit in a nerve with a dull hypodermic needle. He looked at Knute Anderson and then sighed inwardly, like a man caught running a red light. Well, what could you do? "Why," he said, "I'm kissing your daughter."

"He's very good at it, too, father," Sally said.

"Well," Knute Anderson growled, "when you're through, come on in. Want to show you what that fool diet of yours did. Lost eight pounds." He started to close the door, and then stopped. "Always did say she'd marry the first man who had guts enough to take her over his knee. Tell her you aren't going to sit still for that fool race-track idea, while you're doing it, will you, Tim?"

"Just close the door, father," Sally said. "I picked the fights with him in the first place to save time. We can handle it from here on in without your help."

"You deliberately picked those fights?" Tim yelped. "Why, you brainless blonde, you nearly ——"

"Uh-huh," Sally said, "but it's so much fun making up that I may pick another someday."

"You do and I'll take you over my knee again," Tim growled.

"That's my boy," Knute Anderson said. "Let her know who's boss." He closed the door and went back to the library, smiling as he had not smiled in years.

Sally looked up at Tim and smiled enigmatically. It was kind of fun letting Tim think that he was going to be the big strong man of the house. But any woman worth her salt knew the answer.

"Whatever you say, Tim," she said softly. "Just kiss me again." THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

During a lull in his work, Joe crept under a truck to get out of the hot sun. He fell asleep. The truck started up suddenly and injured him. He later demanded workmen's compensation for his injuries. The boss refused, so Joe sued.

"The accident happened during working hours, while I was on the job," Joe contended. "I was waiting around for more work to do when I dozed off. That can happen on a lot of jobs."

"Joe had left his working place and had abandoned his job to go take a snooze," his employer retorted. "Let's face it—he was asleep off the job. Therefore we owe him nothing."

If you were the judge, would you pay Joe?

• •

Joe collected. The court ruled that "an employee who has no immediate duties, except to wait, does not deviate from his employment by utilizing the idle interval for rest and sleep."

Based upon a 1956 Missouri decision.

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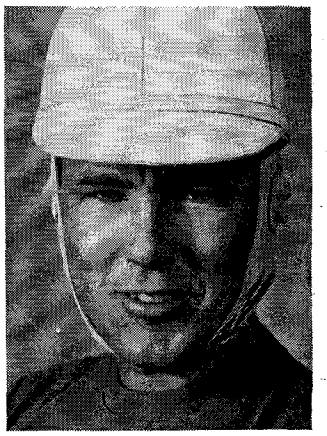

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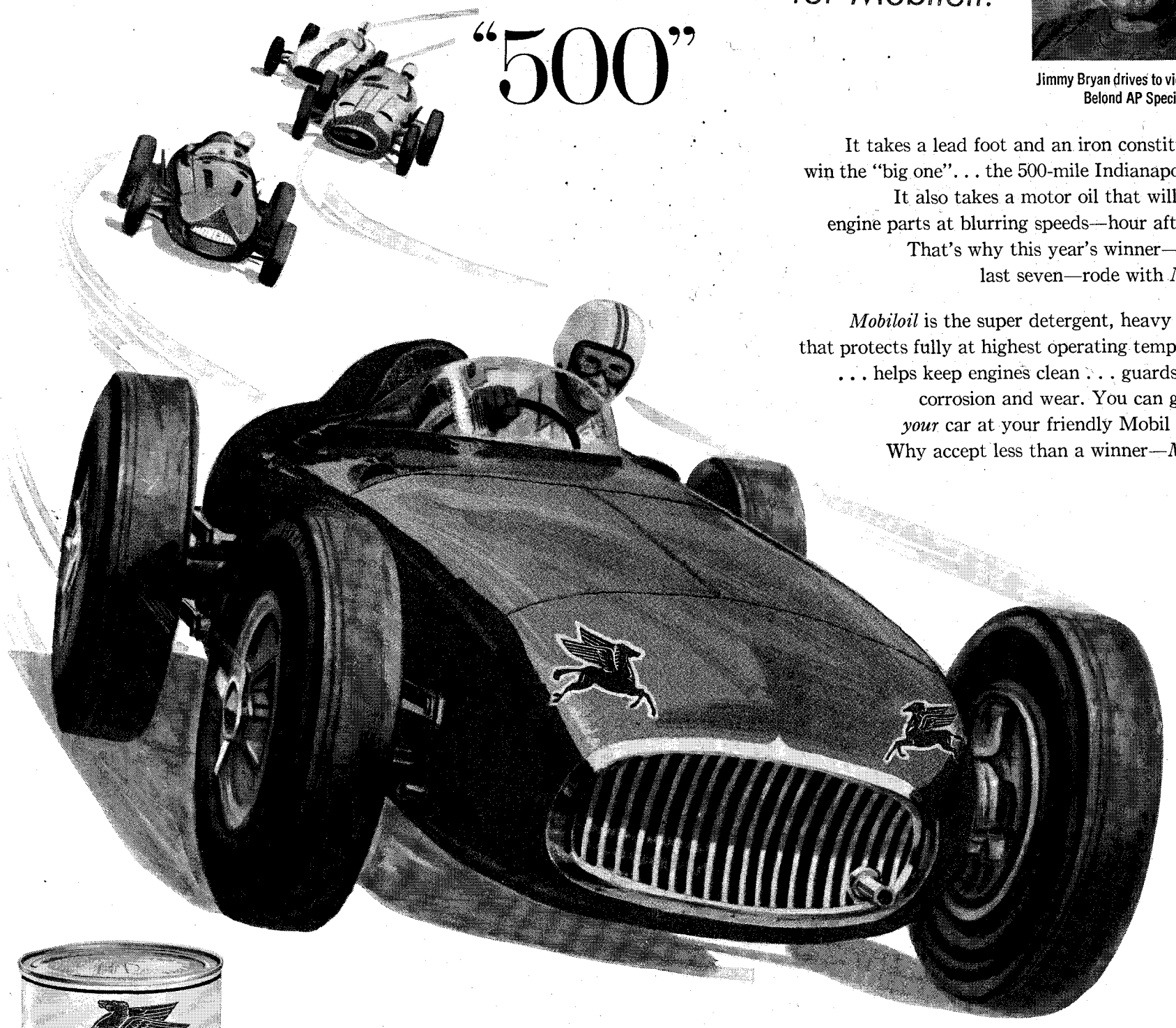

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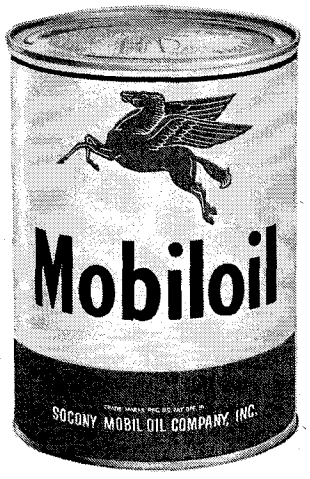

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The Turnpikes are in Trouble

(Continued from Page 25)

Development Company. With a fine disregard for ethics, the Turnpike Commission under Evans, Sr., paid Manu-Mine $9,000,000 to "stabilize" the roadbed of the Northeastern Extension near Scranton by filling in dozens of abandoned coal mines that underlay the right-of-way. The Pennsylvania Department of Mines reported to Governor Leader that this work was almost wholly unnecessary. With young Evans alive, the investigators could proceed at leisure to develop charges of graft. Dead, he jogged their elbows.

What at first glance seemed a personal tragedy soon became a state-wide scandal. Five men, including the senior Evans, were convicted of fraud. Evans was sentenced to two years in prison on one count, and one to two years on a second. The others were given varying terms. Another forty-one have been indicted as a result of further investigation into the conduct of the turnpike. The Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission, operating the oldest toll expressway in the United States, at one stroke lost its reputation for financial acumen and efficient management.

Worse was to come. The governor, on September 5, 1956, announced his conclusion that the Northeastern Extension was a $171,500,000 flop: "It is touch and go whether it ever will pay its way." It still has to do so, along with a 33-mile extension eastward from Philadelphia and a bridge over the Delaware River to connect with the New Jersey Turnpike.

When one turnpike goes sour, all others fall under suspicion. There are 2927 miles of toll turnpikes and toll parkways in the United States, the latter for use by passenger cars only. The total mileage of such roads represents an investment of close to $5,000,000,000.

This massive skein of concrete, asphalt and steel is financed by the sale to investors of revenue bonds and supervised by a series of state commissions, public authorities or highway departments. The cost of construction, the expense of operation, and the interest on the bonds come out of the pockets of those who travel the toll roads.

Fortunately for investors, the bonds of the Northeastern Extension are in no peril. The nub of the Pennsylvania Turnpike system is a four-lane, 327-mile ribbon running from the suburbs of Philadelphia past Pittsburgh to the Ohio line. This is financed by separate bond issues, but when these are paid off the earnings of the whole system can be used to liquidate the bonds of the Northeastern Extension and the Delaware River Extension.

Yet the basic question remains: If a profitable turnpike system can get itself into a jam, however temporary, what of newer turnpikes—completed, or nearing completion?

Late last fall I drove some thousands of miles between the East Coast and Chicago in search of the answers. These are relatively simple, and on the whole reassuring.

First, any toll road will make money if it connects one town with another *to which people want to go*. The italicized words are important. Not enough people want to drive from Philadelphia to Scranton. More than enough want to drive from Philadelphia to Harrisburg or Pittsburgh.

Second, the toll road must permit an easier and faster trip than any parallel free highway. It is far simpler to ride from New York City to Albany over the Thruway, a toll highway, than to travel bumper-to-bumper on the parallel Albany Post Road, a free route. It saves about an hour's time.

Third, a toll road cannot generate traffic where it did not previously exist; or at least cannot generate enough traffic to pay construction costs running up to $2,000,000 per mile.

Fourth, what makes any toll road pay is local traffic. The average trip on the 241-mile Ohio Turnpike, a link in the east-west system, averages thirty-seven miles. On the Massachusetts Turnpike, the figure is forty-four miles.

From Boston to Chicago over the turnpikes is at maximum length 1086 miles. Only a fractional number of passenger cars ever make the full trip. The principal beneficiaries of such uninterrupted travel are a few over-the-road truckers, carrying household furniture or perishable foodstuffs, plus the bus lines.

Fifth, barring a disastrous depression, all but a few turnpikes will in the end pay out, though some of them are going to find themselves tottering perilously close to the brink.

This appraisal excludes such manifest aberrations as the 88-mile, $133,000,000 West Virginia Turnpike, which has avoided default only by postponing from June until August its annual payments on principal and interest. The latter date will make it possible to include the summer revenue from tourists, which is slowly increasing.

However viewed, the toll-road era is close to its end, foreclosed by the new Interstate System of Federal Highways. This 39,000-mile network of free expressways, estimated to cost $37,600,000,000, is to be completed within the next fifteen years. None of these new roads will compete with the turnpikes—in fact, will supplement them. But why finance a toll highway when Uncle Sam will give you the same thing virtually for free?

The last big turnpike, the three-pronged Northern Illinois Toll Highway by-passing Chicago, is to open this summer. Three short spurs of the New York State Thruway are under construction, as well as a 34.7-mile turnpike from Richmond, Virginia, through the nearby city of Petersburg, part of which is to open this month. Thus ends a short, lusty and remarkable era. It began when the first section of the Pennsylvania Turnpike was opened through the Alleghenies in 1940. It will end, possibly sometime late this fall, when the barriers come down on the New England Thruway, connecting the Connecticut Turnpike with New York City and points beyond.

In a way, it's a pity. The turnpike builders were free-wheelers whom no obstacle could daunt. They transformed an abandoned railroad roadbed, choked with trees fifty years tall, into a highway that soared across the Pennsylvania mountains, and occasionally tunneled straight through them. In New York State they moved whole rivers; in New Jersey drained the "bottomless" Jersey marshes; in Connecticut bridged railroad lines so choked with trains that the maximum working day was sixty minutes long.

Along the rights-of-way, the toll-road people have faced, and solved, some odd problems. In Illinois, the point at issue was the mating habits of the mink. These shy creatures will not breed if there is too much noise around. If perchance the mother mink does bear her young, she will eat them when frightened.

A spur of the Northern Illinois Toll Highway, leading to the Wisconsin border, ran past two mink farms. With a tender concern for motherhood, the engineers suspended construction during the crucial mating, gestating and mink-bearing period, which extends from February first to July fifteenth. Thereafter, the Toll Highway Commission bought both fur farms and paid to have them moved to less uproarious locations.

This trouble with flora and fauna was as nothing compared with those encountered during the construction of the 129-mile Connecticut Turnpike along Long Island Sound. When the dredges of the Connecticut Highway Department drew sand from New Haven Harbor to fill a marsh, the state shellfish commission let out a piercing scream. "You're ruining the oyster beds!" its scientists protested.

At considerable expense, the Highway Department moved the dredges to Sherwood Island, near Westport, only to be slapped with an injunction by assorted nature societies. The island, it developed, is the nesting place for thousands of migratory waterfowl. This hassle was settled only when the Highway Department bought the island, made it into a park and limited its dredging to an area not cherished by commuting ducks, coot or gallinule.

The Connecticut Turnpike, which opened on January 2, 1958, offers a neat summary of all the problems and triumphs implicit in financing, building and operating a toll road.

These were magnified by dense population, and by the determination of Newman E. Argraves, State Highway Commissioner, to build the road through towns instead of around or behind them.

"They said only a stupid guy would do it," observes Argraves, "and we did it. But it was a chore to hold the line. We were willing to by-pass the small communities, but the only way we could serve the big ones was to go through them.

"When you take a turnpike around a city, shopping plazas spring up at the exits. These sap business from the central city, leaving it to die on the vine. Finally, we expect a lot of our business to come from trucks. These have been using the Boston Post Road, which runs smack through the middle of every town. Their drivers don't want to battle traffic for half an hour to get downtown."

The approximate route of the turnpike from New Haven westward was established in 1954, when John Davis Lodge was serving the last year of his term as governor. When the news reached Stamford, Lodge was burned in effigy. The gray-flannel commuters who inhabit the surrounding area at nighttime and Madison Avenue during the day rose up in arms. Fourteen committees were organized to fight the turnpike—or at least to move it into the countryside, away from the shore line. By this time Abraham A. Ribicoff was governor, and the turnpike stayed put.

The construction problems were manifold. At Stamford, where the New Haven Railroad had to be bridged, there was exactly one hour, late at night, when trains were not roaring through. Faced with this challenge, the steel riggers performed prodigies. One girder, weighing 245 tons, was set in place in thirty-seven minutes. Not a train was delayed. At Greenwich, however, the blasting crews put a little too much dynamite in a rock ledge and knocked out the overhead cables supplying power to the railroad trains, tying up service for six hours.

On its route through the bigger towns, the turnpike slices neatly through slum areas, "following," as Argraves puts it, "the line of the lowest assessed property valuations." In all, 6000 families had to be moved, some of them with great unwillingness.

Financing the road was in itself a massive headache. Preliminary estimates of costs ran to $130,000,000. Once work began, this figure rose to $398,000,000, and then to $464,000,000, thanks mainly to inflation.

The first bonds were guaranteed only by tolls on the turnpike. When the bond market tightened in 1955 and 1956, it became increasingly difficult to sell revenue bonds not backed by the faith and credit of the state.

The General Assembly then authorized a six-cent state gasoline tax, whose proceeds guarantee bonds covering the New London-New Haven-Greenwich section of the turnpike. Up to now, the state has floated $285,000,000 in bonds and borrowed $47,500,000 on short-term notes.

Up to this moment, the turnpike is fine for travelers within Connecticut, but a headache to those leaving the state on the New York end. The road was designed to cross the Byram River from Greenwich, Connecticut, to Rye, New York, connecting with the New England Thruway. The question then arose:

"Before you get completely settled, Mack ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Who builds the bridge over the Byram—Connecticut or New York State?"

The best legal minds wrestled with this problem, concluding that each state could not act sensibly and build to the middle of the river. By agreement, the job was turned over to the New York State Thruway Authority. This agency has undergone a grueling fight with citizens' committees and local interests while shoving its road through the thickly populated shore section of Westchester County. As a result, the whole project has run behind schedule. The Byram River bridge and New England Thruway, originally to be completed in 1957, may—the word has meaning—be open sometime this fall.

As a headless and tailless toll road, serving its own state only, the Connecticut Turnpike has done somewhat better than its sponsors expected, which is not very good. Anticipated toll receipts for the year will be $4,719,000; interest payments alone are $12,875,000.

Fortunately, the bond issues were planned with a reserve for the first two years' interest, with principal to be paid off thereafter. This procedure, to which Governor Leader, of Pennsylvania, objected so violently when applied to the Northeastern Extension, will in the end leave Connecticut in the clear. There is little doubt that the turnpike will pay out.

"We are a corridor state like New Jersey," says Argraves. "We connect New York to Boston just as the New Jersey Turnpike connects New York to Camden-Philadelphia and the Delaware River bridge on the road to Washington. Once we are really open and connected, we should be almost as big a success as the New Jersey Turnpike," the champion money-maker of them all. To achieve this end, however, the Connecticut Turnpike must solve the problem of the shunpikers.

A shunpiker—the term comes from the post-Revolutionary War toll-road era—is someone who devises a way to get around the tollgates without paying. There are eight toll stations on the Connecticut Turnpike and ninety entrance-exit points. The toll stations are of the "barrier" type, extending across the highway. Tolls are charged from barrier to barrier. One, at Greenwich, is sixteen lanes wide.

There are toll turnpikes in states as far south as Kentucky and as far west as Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. On most of these, the number of entrance-exit points is limited, and each one is guarded by a tollgate. The passenger is handed a ticket when he gets on. He pays when he leaves. This arrangement works well in thinly populated areas. It is impossible in a state such as Connecticut, where such a network of main highways feeds off the turnpike—hence, shunpikers.

The practice has spread to adjoining Westchester County, New York, where parkway tolls were raised this year from ten cents to twenty-five cents per car. Twenty-three per cent of parkway users, a count has indicated, have managed to duck around the barrier tollgates. While income is higher, fewer cars pay for the privilege of traveling these fast roads. In fact, so mirthfully is this subject regarded that the New York Herald Tribune printed an article pointing out the exact routes to be followed by successful Westchester shunpikers.

At Madison, Connecticut, east of New Haven, the Highway Department made the chagrined discovery that 20 per cent of all through trucks, plus a substantial number of passenger cars, dodged the Madison toll barrier. They did so by swinging off at nearby Guilford, rumbling through a quiet residential area, and then returning to the pike a short distance beyond the barrier.

Post contributor George Heinold, who is also assistant chief of police of Madison, found 200 trucks parked one night in his village, all of them shunpikers, and ordered all to move along. Some had discovered the Boston Post Road to be so relieved of traffic by the new pike that they had returned to that traditional route.

One frank truck driver, questioned by Heinold, offered another reason: "Why pay out dough to ride along an Alcan Highway? Why, man, I'd die of lonesomeness. If I broke down, they probably wouldn't find me for days." This is poetic exaggeration, but it illuminates a touchy point in toll-road operation—the attitude of the truck drivers and their bosses.

That truckers and truck companies are a touchy crew was borne in last year on the New York State Thruway Authority. This agency at the moment operates 506 miles of toll road stretching from New York City past Buffalo to the Pennsylvania border. It is the longest such road in the United States, and one of the most profitable.

"We figured fifty per cent of our revenue in 1957 would come from trucks," says Holden A. Evans, general manager. "Actually, it ran about thirty-five per cent, with passenger cars running far higher than we expected, to make up the difference.

"The trouble is that not enough trucking companies realize that their savings on gas and oil alone would make up for the tolls we collect. Beyond this, they save on accident and collision insurance. The companies will give them a lower rate because the toll expressways are safer."

The reasons for abstention are both personal and commercial. One highly knowledgeable turnpike official observed: "You mustn't forget that the truckies like to travel at their own rate of speed. Driving the regular roads, they can stop at a favorite bar to get a beer or keep a date with a girl friend. If they want to pull up along the way to take a nap, they can do it.

"On the turnpikes it's different. They're under observation every mile of the way. The highway patrolmen keep an eye on them; the boss can get them to the phone simply by putting in a long-distance call. We send the message out over short-wave radio, our patrol cars pick it up, and—bang, the truckie is a free agent no longer."

Commercial reasons are manifold. Many companies operate over routes set up under franchise by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It takes time to change these. Many have their own loading-unloading depots, costing in the aggregate millions of dollars, and a few even have fixed rest stations at which the drivers stop.

Finally, the unions have only begun to come around to the turnpike idea. Truck drivers are often paid under a mathematical formula. The mileage between two points is divided by the speed per hour. The result is then multiplied by the driver's basic rate to establish his wage.

From Albany, New York, to Syracuse over State Highway 5 is 150 miles. At thirty m.p.h., the trip requires five hours. A driver earning $3.50 per hour will be paid $17.50 for the trip. On the Thruway between Albany and Syracuse, he can travel the same distance in three hours. The unions are unwilling to settle for less than the five-hour rate; the companies want to pay for three hours only. The result is a deadlock that will take time to break.

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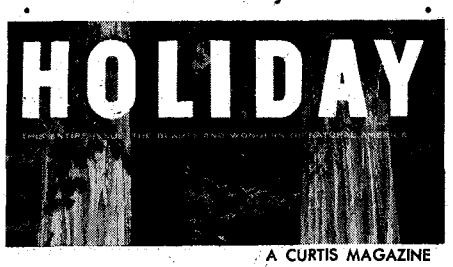

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

In Massachusetts, the Turnpike Authority has met the issue head on by rebating gasoline-tax fees both to truckers and to private motorists. In Ohio, where the earnings picture is steadily improving, rates for trucks were cut and rates for passenger cars were raised sharply. This highway, costing $326,000,000, started out virtually broke. It has been lifted by its own bootstraps through the efforts of James W. Shocknessy, the peppery chairman of the Ohio Turnpike Commission.

Shocknessy, a man of appalling frankness, discounted from the beginning the estimates of potential traffic set up by the traffic-survey engineers. These gentlemen, who overestimated by three times the probable earnings of the West Virginia Turnpike, are always called in to reassure potential bondholders before a toll highway is built.

"To listen to them," snorts Shocknessy, "you'd think we had a vast bonanza. I knew we had a going concern, and that was all that interested me. We set aside two years' interest on our bonds for safety's sake. Now some people are criticizing us for doing that. They say we shouldn't have reserves. That's nonsense. I've had a lot of baiters ever since we started building this road in 1952. In fact, this whole highway is built on lawsuits and legal briefs."

A man who never objects to a fight, Shocknessy collided head on with the powerful Ohio Hotels Association and won. This association wanted the right to set up billboards within "readable vision" of travelers, although the law prohibits them within 500 feet of the roadway. It objected, as well, to the issuance of a leaflet by the Turnpike Commission listing motels and hotels to be found near each interchange, but excluding those which refused to accept Negroes or other minority groups.

In the somewhat flowery language to which he is addicted, Shocknessy rebuffed the protests.

"The commission," he wrote, "is resolute in its purpose, oft expressed by its chairman and by its official actions expressed in its legislation, that travelers on the Ohio Turnpike seeking shelter shall not be directed off the turnpike into the darkness of the night to places where because of race or religion they would not find a welcome and might instead find a figurative sign, 'no room at the inn,' as two famous sojourners, Mary and Joseph found nearly two thousand years ago when they sought shelter at an inn where the infant Jesus might have been born."

The Hotels Association, faced with this onslaught, backed down.

The Ohio Turnpike feeds into the 156-mile Northern Indiana Toll Road, and this in turn connects with the seven-mile Calumet Skyway at the city limits of Chicago. This $100,000,000 project is actually a bridge. Under Illinois law, cities have the right to build bridges; it takes state legislation to build a toll road. A remarkable easer of frayed motoring nerves, the skyway is also a threat to the main axis of the Northern Illinois Toll Highway.

This latter highway, which is not yet connected with the Indiana Toll Road, goes around the city, with branches shooting off to Aurora on the west; Beloit, Wisconsin, on the northwest, and the Wisconsin border below Milwaukee on the north. Its planners assumed that all traffic from the north and west, bound around the city, would cheerfully pay for the privilege.

A skeptical and expert onlooker, Hal Foust, the motor editor of the Chicago Tribune, takes an opposite view. Foust has pointed out in his newspaper that any economy-minded motorist can achieve the same result by paying twenty-five cents instead of the $1.50 to be charged by those riding the toll highway from north of Chicago to the Indiana line.

This can be done by driving the free Edens Expressway into the Loop, following the high-speed Lake Shore Drive to the Calumet Skyway, and then by paying a quarter drive down this bridge to the Indiana border. Though trucks are banned on Outer Drive, a new express road has been authorized for construction to the west of the Loop. This is the prime case of a parallel road that will in the end do the same job cheaper than the toll highway.

If for no other reason than curiosity, a good many motorists may be expected to use the Illinois Toll Highway when it opens later this year. Along the way are six of the most unusual restaurants to be found anywhere in the United States. On most toll roads, there are restaurants on alternate sides of the right-of-way.

In Illinois, the restaurants are *over* the road with access from both sides. This cuts the required number in half. It also provides the weary traveler with the sight of others roaring on their way. At O'Hare Field, the new airport northwest of Chicago, the view will be multiple—cars on the tollway, sleek passenger trains bound for Milwaukee or Chicago, and planes taking off from the airport.

Ingenuity such as this is what has made the toll-road system prideful to most Americans. If you drive the Sunshine State Expressway down the east coast of Florida, travel the Turner Turnpike in Oklahoma, or perhaps take the short run down the Kentucky Turnpike—to cite a few examples—you will be seeing the prototypes of the vast Interstate Highway System.

These latter roads doubtless will be wonderful to drive. But I doubt that they can ever recapture the thrill a driver felt the first time he got off the old congested free highways and started rolling, fast and easy, along a brand-new turnpike. Those were the bravest days of highway building—brave days now just about ended.

How Americans are Like Russians (Continued from Page 30)

recently been made navigable by a series of canals, and flowed through primeval forests. At every booming town and village where the steamer stopped, a motley throng of Russians swarmed off and on, and many of them told me that they had come recently from distant parts of their country. The raw new towns lacked such amenities as running water and sewers, and women as well as men looked as if they slept in the same clothes they worked in. Their manners were crude, but they exhibited a vigorous self-confidence not common among their countrymen I had known in overcrowded cities.

I kept trying to remember where I had read a vivid description of rude woodsmen like these living along inland rivers. Suddenly it came to me that I was thinking of Charles Dickens' novel Martin Chuzzlewit, in which the English author depicts unflatteringly some frontier types he met during his American travels in the 1840's. Dickens found Americans hard to take. As one English literary historian put it: "Dickens' law-abiding English liberalism was shocked by a certain strain of ferocity and persecution in Americans, connected with something crude and incomplete in their society, not softened by tradition." A century later, Dickens surely would have found the Russians infinitely more ferocious and crude.

The Russians, like the Americans before them, have been operating a huge "melting pot" since they belatedly began to industrialize their country. They are absorbing a wide variety of racial mixtures, molding them into a tightly organized nation. Americans pioneered this process in the nineteenth century, welcoming and absorbing millions of assorted immigrants yearly, and taking great pride in the fact that our immigrants soon became indistinguishable members of the American community. Russia never has encouraged mass immigration, before or since the 1917 revolution, but this huge country has long had within its borders more than 150 races and tribes with distinct languages and customs. In Russia these racial communities retained separate identities longer than they did in the United States. But since the 1930's, when Russians began to force wholesale nationwide industrialization and make compulsory education universal, a distinct Russian type has emerged, as easily recognizable as the American type which developed earlier.

In both countries the industrial revolution apparently has been a major factor in giving common characteristics to men and women of different skin colors and racial heritage. Since World War II, I have visited numerous American military communities stationed around the globe, and I have been struck by evidence that even in the most exotic surroundings Americans with black, brown or yellow skins remain as unmistakably American as those of European descent. When I traveled through the Asiatic regions of Soviet Russia, I could see similar influences at work, affecting peoples of completely different racial, religious and social heritage.

I first went to Russia directly from China, after living for ten continuous years in the Far East, so that my early impressions of Sovietland differed from those of Americans coming from the United States or Western Europe. I naturally expected to find Asiatic characteristics among the Russians, and took for granted their fatalistic acceptance of highly centralized authoritarian government, such as most Asians had experienced for centuries. But I did not expect to find this Asiatic fatalism combined in Russia with a vigorous booster spirit which certainly was far more American than Asiatic. As I read Soviet newspapers every morning for years, I was reminded of old-fashioned Fourth of July orators eloquently assuring us that America was "God's own country." Now I watched Russians being incessantly assured that history had made their country, with its Soviet system, the "heir to the ages," and that they would sooner or later "overtake and surpass" all other countries, including the United States.

That phrase "overtake and surpass" was used so often that it became a standing joke among Americans in Moscow. But last autumn, after the Russian Sputniks roared into space, I was startled and amused to hear American commentators and politicians solemnly proclaiming that we must reorganize our educational sys-

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tem so that we could "overtake and surpass" the Russians in science studies. American alarmists borrowed the old familiar Soviet battle cry.

In spite of the diametrically opposed Soviet and American official attitudes toward organized religions, many observers have noted that both frontier nations have the same "secular religion," which is faith in publicly supported universal education. Soviet Russians glorify universal education in this generation with the same fervor Americans displayed earlier. Time and again, Russian parents have said to me, "We do not expect to live long enough to obtain a really comfortable life, but our educated boys and girls will enjoy it—or at least our grandchildren." Enduring hardships which confront few Americans today, older Russians complain surprisingly little, because they have been persuaded that their privations assure educational opportunities for the coming generation.

One reason why revolt against the Soviet regime in Russia has become increasingly unlikely is that higher education has been made available to most ambitious and able Russian boys and girls. When Secretary of State John Foster Dulles recently declared that the 1956 Hungarian revolt indicated the possibility of a similar uprising in Russia, it seemed to me that Mr. Dulles failed to comprehend the fundamental difference between the situations in Russia and Hungary. The revolting Hungarians resented being treated like a Russian colony, and their uprising was directed against the Russians and their Hungarian stooges. But Russia's Soviet government, however much it may be disliked for other reasons, is unquestionably Russian. And Russia's most ambitious young people, unlike those in Hungary, have no foreigners blocking advancement in their personal careers.

Perhaps it is because Russians and Americans both developed from racial diversity that they have shared a fascination for the notion of "one world"—a single community incorporating all the world's peoples. This "one world" conception made headway in both frontier countries long before Bolshevism perverted it. It has appealed as strongly to lifelong conservatives like Wendell Willkie—who made it the title for a wartime book—as it did to nineteenth-century Russian mystics like Count Leo Tolstoi. Today the American and Russian "one world" schemes have collided head on. We Americans have been so confident that we have produced the best existing way of life that we expect the whole world to recognize its superiority. But the Russians irritate and alarm us by insisting that their Soviet way of life is better, not only for themselves but for everybody else, including us.

This particular rivalry got going long before the Bolshevik revolution, because it was in the nineteenth century that both Russians and Americans developed a deep-rooted sense of world mission, which unfriendly critics call a "messianic complex." Bolshevik rulers have shrewdly exploited this traditional Russian feeling for their own purposes, and Americans have had a similar strong faith in our destiny. Many generations ago we began to send thousands of Christian missionaries into every part of the world, not only to preach the Christian gospel but also to persuade other peoples to copy the "American way of life," with its emphasis upon universal compulsory education, voting privileges for women as well as men, public-health measures and modern technology.

The sense of world mission shared by Americans and Russians for generations was given dramatic expression immediately after World War II, which made the two frontier nations the only superpowers. For several postwar years I traveled constantly through military zones in conquered countries occupied by Russians as well as by Americans, and it was strikingly apparent that Americans were almost as much interested in imposing reforms as Russians were. Washington sent swarms of civilians into our German zone of occupation and into Japan, armed with blueprints designed to impose our conception of democracy. From the viewpoint of world politics, both Washington and Moscow sacrificed efficiency in postwar occupations in order to impose reforms.

I am sure that today the Russians would have a much more secure relationship with Eastern European countries if they had been content to operate old-fashioned imperialistic controls during postwar readjustments, as the British did from the beginning in Germany. But Soviet reformers took over immediately in most places, and hastily and brutally imposed their "way of life"—Russian-type Communism. They thereby weakened the security of their own country, as the 1956 Hungarian revolt showed. The only European border country in which the Kremlin behaved with comparative moderation was Finland, a little country which is geographically completely at Russia's mercy. The wise Finns accepted a brutally severe peace before the war ended, so Moscow never turned its reformers loose there. As a result, Finland paid off crushing reparations in record time, managed to maintain intact its prewar democratic freedoms, and is less of a threat to Russian security today than any of the border countries in which Sovietism was imposed by force.

During the first postwar years the American Government also made half-hearted attempts to impose American-style reforms upon the established societies of Germany and Japan, thereby delaying postwar readjustments. It is ironical today, when so many Americans are questioning our own educational methods, to remember that we sent reformers into Japan and Germany with arbitrary orders to impose our methods there. The theory was that prewar educational systems had been largely responsible for producing Nazism in Germany and uncontrolled militarism in Japan. That theory was always doubtful. Most Americans now have reached the more logical conclusion that the outrageous conduct of Germans and Japanese proved that highly educated populations with almost universal literacy may be as susceptible to demagogues and their corrupting ideas as the most illiterate communities. Today we are preaching the necessity of a tougher education for our own children and young people, with emphasis upon the sciences, mathematics and foreign languages. Yet that is precisely the kind of rigorous education in which prewar Germany and Japan took the lead, in Europe and Asia respectively.

When I revisited Japan in 1952, just as the American occupation was ending, I was shown around by an American economist who had directed many of the occupation's reforms of Japanese industry and finance. Now he was going back to the United States, and he was frankly depressed by the prospect. He explained, "In Japan we were able to make sensational progress because after we decided what was best for the Japanese, we told their businessmen and officials what to do, and they had to obey us. So we introduced reforms here in a few months which would require years or generations to bring about at home, where every change is endlessly debated and resisted." Apparently it did not occur to this earnest reformer that the arbitrary methods used in Japan violated the fundamental basis of American democracy. He also failed to notice, as I did, that the Japanese already were quietly preparing to junk many of the imposed reforms and to restore much of the previous Japanese economic system, which they considered better suited to their particular needs.

An American general's wife who was stationed in Japan in 1951, when President Truman abruptly recalled Gen. Douglas MacArthur, told me that a Japanese woman said to her at the time, "We Japanese had great respect for General MacArthur and we were shocked when he was relieved of his supreme command here. But why was he so insulting to the Japanese in his speeches after he went home?"

The general's wife was bewildered. She said, "But General MacArthur praised the Japanese very highly in his speeches. What makes you think that he was insulting?"

The Japanese woman explained, "Our newspapers printed his speeches in full, and General MacArthur said several times that Japan is like a fourteen-year-old boy compared to the United States. How could he say that when he knows that Japan is more than a thousand years older than the United States, and that we were highly civilized for many centuries while North America was still a primitive wilderness?" It had never occurred to the American woman, and apparently not to General MacArthur either, that the Japanese would take offense at having their country compared to a fourteen-year-old boy in need of adult American guidance.

Since their joint victory, both Americans and Russians have been discovering that other peoples are stubbornly determined to cling to their own ways of life. All around the world since 1945 I have watched Moscow and Washington competing for the privilege of sending to older countries technical advisers of every kind. These emissaries from both superpowers are government employees, and not missionaries in any traditional sense. Yet both governments which send them seem to be partly motivated by the crusading spirit of missionaries. They order their envoys to spread, directly or indirectly, the officially approved ways of life of their respective countries. The American Government has operated on two assumptions: first, that Soviet technical advisers will make wholesale converts to Communism; second, that our own advisers should make wholesale converts to anti-Communist Americanism. Both these assumptions have proved to be dubious. American Christian missionaries discovered long ago that only a small percentage of the non-Christians who take advantage of missionary schools and hospitals become Christian converts. Today's government-sponsored reformers, American and Russian alike, are running up against similar deep-rooted devotion to traditions which are centuries old. Both Moscow and Washington are learning that it was incorrect to assume that peoples who accept Russian or American

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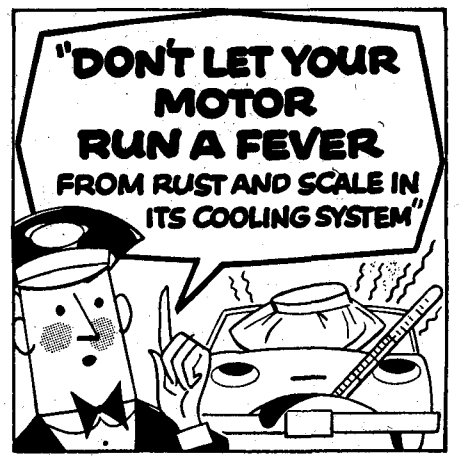

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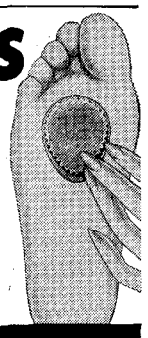

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technical advisers and money grants thereby become converts either to Communism or to anti-Communist Americanism. Most people everywhere lean over backward to resist all foreign ideologies.

One reason why today's Americans and Russians behave as they do is that both superpowers have revolutionary origins and traditions. By breaking sharply with their own pasts, the two frontier nations produced experimental forms of government whose world-wide influence has been unquestionable, for good or for evil. The American revolution seems pretty remote now, but all American school children still are taught to admire the men who ventured to defy a government which they considered tyrannical, and to write a Declaration of Independence whose ringing phrases continue to inspire people in other lands as well as Americans. With the passage of time, our revolution has become very respectable indeed—the most conservative-minded group of women in the United States proudly call themselves Daughters of the American Revolution.

By contrast, the Russian revolution after forty years still seems very close and menacing to numerous outsiders all around the globe, and the man largely responsible for this state of affairs was neither a Russian nor a Communist. He was the German dictator, Adolf Hitler. In 1941 the men who made the Bolshevik revolution were no longer young, and they had developed tremendous vested interests in Russia, for themselves and the huge bureaucracy which supported them. They still talked about Communist world-wide revolution, but for a number of years their hands had been more than full with the forced industrialization of their country, which laid the foundation enabling them to meet the German invasion.

When the fanatical Nazi warmaker hurled his massed legions against Russia he burst open a Pandora's Box with fearful contents. Just as World War I gave Bolshevik revolutionaries their start, so Hitler's bid for world conquest handed the men in Moscow unique opportunities. In the process of repelling Hitler's invasion, the Red Army was swollen to many times its preinvasion size. With this formidable instrument, it was a simple matter to impose the Soviet system upon several helpless neighboring countries. Hitler, who had posed as the foremost anti-Communist, probably did more than any Communist ruler could have done to revive world-wide Communist fanaticism.

The resulting situation presented a whole series of dilemmas to Americans. Two world wars in one generation have so completely undermined the established order everywhere that big and little revolutions of many varieties have broken out around the globe. The European belligerents fatally crippled one another's empires in these wars, which amounted to European civil wars. Millions of us still living have witnessed the crashing breakup of the greatest empires the world has known. Then, at the very moment when wars have smashed the familiar old order, human geniuses have made discoveries which project the earth and its inhabitants into the incalculable wonders of the age of outer space and nuclear fission. These revolutionary discoveries also include weapons of such shattering force that they can wipe out the world's biggest metropolitan areas with a single attack.

For the time being, all the earth's human beings lie at the mercy of the two great frontier nations, both of which possess the means to destroy most of life on this globe, as well as each other. In these circumstances, people everywhere might be expected to be literally scared to death. But in fact most people remain amazingly calm. How can this be explained? The explanation, I believe, is that the great majority of Americans and Western Europeans have become as fatalistic as the majority of Russians and Asians have been for centuries.

In these critical circumstances perhaps the most hopeful of all similarities between Americans and Russians is the tendency of both frontier peoples to alternate periods of concentration upon their internal affairs—misleadingly called isolationism—with periods of excessive intervention in world affairs. The Russians have gone through such cycles under the Bolsheviks as well as under the czars, and today the non-Soviet world watches eagerly for signs that Moscow is entering another period of comparative isolationism. Most Americans probably would welcome an opportunity to devote more attention to our own internal affairs. The record of the recent past of both countries entitles us to a reasonable hope that Soviet-American rivalry will not keep up its present fever pitch forever.

I was in Paris when World War II started, and during the next few weeks I visited all the belligerent countries to report events. I was traveling so fast that my mail was slow in reaching me, so that I received at about the same time copies of two speeches in which a prominent American and a prominent Russian both urged their respective countries to keep out of the war then confined to Europe. The arguments used in the two speeches were remarkably similar, although one of them was made by the Soviet Foreign Minister at the time, V. M. Molotov, and the other was made by the present American Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. Speaking to the National Council of Y.M.C.A.s at Detroit on October 28, 1939, Mr. Dulles said, in part:

"I see neither in the underlying causes of the war, nor in the long-range objectives, any reason for the United States becoming a participant. Were we now to act, it would be to reaffirm an international order which, by its very nature, is self-destructive and a breeder of violent revolt. The fundamental fact is that the nationalist system of wholly independent, fully sovereign states is completing its cycle of usefulness. . . . It is imperative that there be a transition to a new order. This has, indeed, become inevitable because the present system is rapidly encompassing its own destruction. . . . War does many evil things, but perhaps the worst of all is that it stops the processes of liberal thought. In our own case, it will stop our thinking while it is still immature. . . .

"I ask you to recall the world of 1914–1919. For reasons which are still in dispute we gave up our neutrality and became a belligerent. The world shortly reverted to a condition not better but worse than the world which had gone to war. If I would not repeat that experience, it is not because I favor isolation. Nor am I unmoved by current events, which constitute an almost irresistible challenge to action. But I know that it is senseless to exhaust ourselves in struggles which are inevitable, the recurrent and self-destructive by-products of the present world order. My intense desire is that the scales should fall from our eyes and that we should perceive the true way to peace. Then indeed we would act not with violence, but with an influence which would be decisive once we have added to our power the essential ingredient of wisdom."

Later, when first Soviet Russia and then the United States were kicked into World War II by sneak attacks, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Dulles became unusually active supporters of the war. And after their countries emerged as the chief joint victors, these two shrewd negotiators treated each other with mutual respect at postwar conferences until Mr. Molotov became the victim of a Soviet internal political battle. Mr. Dulles triumphantly survived, and not long ago President Eisenhower described him as the wisest man he knows. Since our Secretary of State made his 1939 speech events have confirmed his analysis that a "new order" was inevitable. We are witnessing today, in North Africa and the Middle East, the lingering final stages of the collapse of European empires. Only by default have the two frontier peoples jointly inherited world power, because all former great powers dissipated their substance in wars against one another.

Throughout their history thus far Americans and Russians have contrived to avoid declaring war against each other, although both at one time or another have fought Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Chinese and Japanese. The only time Americans and Russians killed each other in battle was during a few months of American intervention in Northwest Russia after the 1917 Bolshevik revolution, and that was a minor skirmish. Today the two surviving superpowers have far more reason than ever before to reject a suicidal conflict. Perhaps Americans and Russians will find it easier to arrange some kind of "co-existence" if both frontier peoples pay more attention to the numerous ways in which they resemble each other.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Is There Hope for "Hopeless" Families?

By Carl T. Rowan

St. Paul, Minnesota's Answer to Wasted Welfare Dollars

Adventures of the Mind 7

The Mystery of Matter

By J. Robert Oppenheimer

Have You Got the Freighter Bug?

Tramp-Steamer Vacations

I Cooked for the Queen

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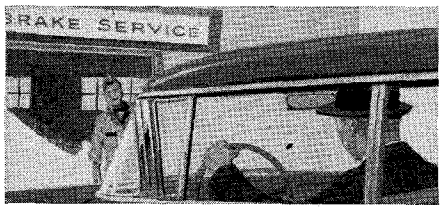

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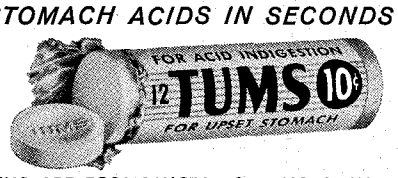

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The Chains of Fear

(Continued from Page 41)

portrait of Stalin. They went along a narrow little corridor lined with doors in which peepholes were cut at the height of a man's head. Before one of the doors they stopped. A large "No. 2" was written on it in chalk.

"Go in!"

Grigory Mikhailovich hesitated in a swirl of frightened bewilderment. He was faced by an ordinary room which had been made over into a cell. The window had been whitewashed and barred; the door had been reinforced with paneling, and a bolt fixed on the outside. The room was quite spacious. A bunk against the wall, a small table with a chessboard traced upon it, and two plain, unpainted stools were the only furniture. A man sprawled on the bunk. Two more sat on the stools, and two others, stretched out on their coats, lay on the floor. Although it was still day, the whitewashed window did not admit much light, and a two-hundred-watt bulb burned brightly at the end of a cord from the ceiling.

"Well, have a look! Another one!" said the man lying on the bunk.

Grigory Mikhailovich remained standing at the door.

"If you want to introduce yourself, please do, but if you don't want to, you don't have to," went on the man lying down. "We don't stand on ceremony; things that mean a lot elsewhere don't count for anything here. We're living in a special world, you see. So special, in fact, that if you feel the urge to curse Stalin out loud, you don't need to hold back."

The man opened his mouth as if to laugh, but no laugh came. "You see, even the air in this cell is—special." He got up from his bunk, walked over to Grigory Mikhailovich, and gazed at him with a light and friendly manner. "Perhaps you might be interested in learning with whom your last hours will be spent. Allow me to make the introductions. I beg you to note that I am the very same person who lately held the position of chief accountant for the Department of Bridge Construction—Mikhail Pavlovich Zvorykin, at your service! These two on the stools are fine people too—University Professor Vasilly Vasilevich Korablev, and the Director of Agitation and Propaganda for the party District Committee, Osip Osipovich Osipov. Original name, eh? Osip raised to the third power, so to speak. Lying on the floor you have Ivan Gavrilovich Smykin, by profession a thief and probably worse, but we charitably do not go into details. Lying next to him with his eyes closed is the mysterious Nobody, who does not wish to give us his name and therefore we call him 'Comrade Incognito'—with a nasal pronunciation as in French. And you, may I ask?"

"Volodeev, Grigory Mikhailovich." Bewildered, but somehow warmed, Grigory Mikhailovich made a ceremonious bow.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

Zvorykin spoke in a half-joking manner, with odd turns of speech, but the nervous movements of his hands and his constantly shifting eyes betrayed the fear he tried to conceal.

"It's not bad here," said Grigory Mikhailovich, looking about. "At least there's room to move around."

Zvorykin smiled. "It's very pleasant here—especially at night."

"Why at night?"

Zvorykin was about to answer, but Osipov jumped up from his stool and stared at Grigory Mikhailovich angrily.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted. "Are you a child? Don't you know where you are?" Korablev, still sitting on his stool, turned quickly, but before he could stop him, Osipov, with malicious pleasure, shouted directly into Grigory Mikhailovich's face, "You're in the death cell! That's where you are!"

The walls, the ceiling and the bright light seemed to grow dim before Grigory Mikhailovich. Eyes wide, he stared at Osipov. "I—I ——"

"That doesn't mean anything." Korablev jumped up. "Not a thing!" he exclaimed to Grigory Mikhailovich. "Anything can happen, you know, before—before —— Of course, if you burst out recklessly the way our Osip Osipovich has just done, that makes it unbearable. But if you look at things and analyze them, then it's not so bad. You'd feel better if you sat down! Take off your coat and sit down. You'll be more comfortable."

Korablev was a frail man, over sixty, with a short gray beard and a bald forehead. As he looked at Grigory Mikhailovich, he had a concerned, benevolent expression and singularly wise, compassionate eyes.

Grigory Mikhailovich obediently sat down, aware of trembling muscles and a twitch in his face. He sighed, emitting a little sob.

Zvorykin looked at him, as if to say something biting, but apparently thinking better of it, lay down on his bunk. "It's really amazing!" he said, stretching out full length. "Didn't you know where they were sending you? They read the sentence to you, didn't they?"

"Sentence?" Grigory Mikhailovich gasped. "I—they didn't read me any sentence."

"How come?"

"You see! You see!" said Korablev almost joyfully. "I told you you shouldn't be like that, that you should look into things. They didn't read you any sentence? No court was held?"

"I—day before yesterday. . . . No, last week I was arrested—that is, they grabbed me. What's the date today? I was arrested on the night of the nineteenth."

"That's only three days ago! Not last week. Today's only the twenty-second." Korablev spoke like a teacher instructing a child, stressing each word. "Do you think they could finish an investigation, draw up an accusation and decide on a sentence in three days? Nonsense! It could never happen! They're just playing with you. It's nonsense! I'll stake my life on it."

"Yes, yes," Grigory Mikhailovich repeated. "Yes! So you think it's nonsense? They told me that in the cell, too, but ——"

"There's no 'but' about it. There can't be any 'but,'" Korablev interrupted. "Why, it's plainer than two times two—an investigative method, a trick, a psychological Zhorka's box! Have you heard of that apparatus? No, don't give up yet!" Korablev looked at him softly. "I beg of you, remain calm and assured." He spoke as if he were asking a great personal favor.

Eased, Grigory Mikhailovich shifted a little in his seat on the floor and managed a wan smile. "Oh, I'll keep calm," he said. "I see it the same way as you do."

Korablev continued talking, nodding at each word, and from time to time glancing at the others as if inviting their support. But all of them had returned to their places. Each man, deep in his own thought, fell into silence. If someone spoke, he was answered in monosyllables. Grigory Mikhailovich sat lost in a daze.

The whitewashed window began to grow darker. And as it grew darker, more and more often the imprisoned men looked toward the window, quickly and furtively. Each of them pretended to be looking toward the window only by chance and not to notice that everyone else was doing the same thing. Evening meant that night was near. And at night they came to fetch the condemned prisoners.

"They'll be bringing tea soon, I guess." Zvorykin spoke the words in a tone of total unconcern. By consistently repeating this same phrase every evening, he was strengthened by it: If today he said what he said yesterday, then today everything would happen exactly as it did yesterday. And yesterday—yesterday, after all, "nothing happened." This "nothing happened" had a special meaning for the men in the death cell. "Nothing happened" meant for each of them that he was still alive, and that the night had passed fortunately for him; he had not been taken away to that horrible place where his life would end.

"Not tea, but colored hot water," Korablev corrected him, in exactly the same way he corrected him every night.

"Ah, it's all the same," sighed Zvorykin peacefully. "Hear? They are bringing it." A movement was heard in the corridor.

They drank the "tea" slowly, in absolute silence. But no matter how slowly they ate and drank, the meal was soon finished, and all turned wordlessly back to the window, now grown completely dark.

"It's probably about eight o'clock," said Osipov.

"Yes, probably something like that," echoed Zvorykin, as if time and the coming of night were no concern of his.

They began replacing the tea mugs, going through the motions with agonizing slowness, trying to string out time in a series of petty acts. Since Grigory Mikhailovich did not know what the others knew, the approach of night held no special terror for him. Although he was almost convinced that, as Korablev had said, this was just a bluff, his very uncertainty of what lay ahead racked him almost to the point of groaning and shrieking. All was quiet—oppressively quiet. Everyone sat or lay down. The night crept nearer.

"Yesterday I ——" Korablev began quietly. "Yesterday I spoke of Feodor Kuzmich and the Emperor Alexander I, and today I'm wondering to myself: Could it possibly be that the Emperor Alexander did not die at Taganrog, but hid away? Could he not have simulated death, with the assistance of trusted friends?"

"Yes!" Zvorykin came to life as if he were only waiting for this conversation. "That's a very interesting idea. But do you really think he did?"

Korablev, in his best lecture manner, began leisurely to review and analyze the circumstances of Alexander I's death. Could Alexander have hidden away unnoticed? Could a transfer of bodies have taken place? Calmly and thoughtfully, engrossed in his own words, Korablev presented the facts, weighing and comparing them, attempting to reconstruct what had happened in those November days of 1825 in a house at Taganrog. He turned to the others. "Just put yourself in the Czar's place—what would you have done?"

Suddenly Osipov jumped from his stool and cut off Korablev's words, "To hell with it! Why do you want to dig up these old stories?" Spite and anguish rang in his reproach. Whether it was directed toward the Emperor Alexander, Korablev or himself, no one could tell. He gave Korablev a menacing, challenging

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look. "Who do you think you're fooling?"

"Don't interrupt! Don't interrupt!" Zvorykin cried. "Maybe this doesn't interest you, but the rest of us ——"

He did not finish the sentence, however, because it was obvious that Osipov had destroyed the spell. Their anxiety, which Korablev had laid to rest, awoke again to assault them, and further interest in Alexander I's death was inconceivable.

They turned from Korablev. No longer did they steal looks at the dark window. Each of them began to listen, with hearing grown almost unbearably acute, to the unbroken silence of the corridor outside the bolted door. Their hearts pounded unevenly. Each peered beseechingly into the faces of the others, as if in desperate hope of finding there help for himself.

"Why—why all this?" It tore out of Zvorykin in an inhuman cry. "For whom —— Why do we —— In this way?" Leaping from his bunk, his face twisted in pain, he stood for half a minute senselessly rocking back and forth on his feet. Then, dropping his head, he began to walk round and round the cell, faster and faster, as if fleeing from something.

Smykin stood where he was, his eyes on Zvorykin. Then all at once, clasping his hands behind him, he began to follow Zvorykin, half a step behind, right at his back.

Osipov, following with his eyes the tight rectangle the two were making, stared fixedly at them for a few moments, never changing his expression, as if in a trance. Then he began walking half a step behind Smykin. They moved along the four walls from corner to corner, like three ghostly shadows not knowing where they were going or why.

To Grigory Mikhailovich, these three, with their identical behavior, their aimless steps, their hands clasped behind, seemed like specters from the grave. He shot a terror-stricken look at Korablev. The latter answered with what was meant to be a reassuring smile. But when he saw that Grigory Mikhailovich had not understood, he went quietly over and sat down next to him on the floor.

"Don't disturb them," he whispered. "It's easier for them that way. Don't disturb them."

It was impossible to know how much time had passed or how late it was. As a wild bird trapped in a room stops ever more frequently its frenzied flitting from wall to wall to pant in exhausted terror on the floor, so the three men paused in their pacing from corner to corner more and more often, turning their heads toward the door, standing stock-still to listen.

Incognito continued to lie rigidly, neither opening his mouth nor loosening his tightened jaws. But it was evident that he, too, was listening. Behind the door, all remained silent.

"Wha-what is it?" Grigory Mikhailovich stammered. "What are they waiting for?"

Korablev looked at him, but did not answer.

The three walked faster and faster. Driven by inhuman terror, like maddened hounds they hunted the narrow confines of the cell, casting aimlessly now in this direction, now in that. And their shadows hunted behind them, looming large on the wall, falling to the floor in black blobs, jumping hugely on the wall again, following them relentlessly. The corners of the cell seemed to become rounded, the ceiling to close in and the intense light of the hanging bulb to grow dim. Their temples throbbed, and suddenly, with a knowledge sharp as a nail driven into the brain, the prisoners knew that they were coming.

And now at last they had come. In the corridor there was the tramp of heavy steps, an indistinct jumble of voices. A knock sounded.

The three men stopped, breathing like horses which had been ridden too hard. With taut face and clenched teeth, Incognito lay frozen on the floor. Korablev straightened up a little and put his right hand over his heart.

"What is it?" Grigory Mikhailovich repeated frenziedly.

"The night patrol." Korablev spoke in a quiet voice, but his left eyebrow quivered.

They heard the door of the adjoining cell open. A voice spoke out curtly. A delirious pause; then someone stamping and shouting angrily.

Everything stood still: breathing, time, consciousness—heart, life. All senses fused into one: hearing. Hearing took in everything, yet twisted it instantly into a maze of indistinguishable sounds. As the steps turned in the direction of their own door, the strain became almost unendurable. Yet each of them waited and endured it, since, with all the strength of his being, he wished to live. Would the door open or would they pass?

The bolt clanked and the door opened. It was hard to say who stood there in the doorway and advanced one step into the room—something giantlike, gray, turned to stone, in a long cavalry greatcoat, torn and wrinkled, with a face not unlike the coat. Behind him, beyond the opening, stood three or four others, hands clutching rifles with fixed bayonets. They tried to look stern and official, but their eyes betrayed fear, pity and shame. In the eyes of the man in the cavalry greatcoat there was nothing at all. He stood at the door of the room, looked them all over slowly, and speaking to no one in particular, asked tonelessly, "Number Two?"

"Yes, Cell Number Two," Korablev replied calmly. He stood up, but without hurry, and placed his hands on the lapels of his jacket.

The man slowly took a folded sheet of paper from the flap of his left sleeve, unfolded it equally slowly, and just as slowly ran his eyes over it, as if looking for something. "Number Two?" he repeated.

"Number Two," replied Korablev quietly.

The man folded the paper, pushed it slowly back into the flap of his sleeve and nodded his head. "You can go to sleep."

He went out.

Hardly had the door closed when all the prisoners lay down in their places without a word, stretched themselves out and closed their eyes. The night merged into a deep sleep.

Another day broke. It broke as if nothing had happened and nothing would happen. It was like all the others, filled with trifling, tiresome concerns—the real necessities of housekeeping in the cell, and activities artificially created by the prisoners themselves. They folded their beds, remaking them into seats against the walls, and waited for the exercise period in the courtyard. But it never came, for a heavy rain was falling. The daily bread ration was parceled out; they drank their tea-flavored hot water and lit cigarettes, talking aimlessly in quiet, reserved tones. After they had smoked, they spread out their coats and lay down again.

"Once upon a time there was an old woman who had a little gray kid!" sighed Zvorykin. Drawing his legs up under himself, he fell immediately asleep.

They woke before dinner, about noon. Each thought vexedly to himself, *Why did I wake up? How nice it was to sleep.*

Zvorykin, lying on his bunk, smoking, said to no one in particular, "So, Nikitin keeps playing his jokes."

"Who?" Grigory Mikhailovich did not understand.

"Nikitin, the commandant. The one who came during the night."

Korablev explained, "He comes in as if he were about to call a name, but then only looks around, nods his head and leaves. It's impossible for me to understand the soul of such a man."

"A sadist," said Zvorykin.

"He takes cocaine," added Smykin authoritatively in his raucous voice. "I can tell. A lot of our benefactors take it. Look how gray his face is. We're his entertainment. He's looking for an escape, the swine!" He spat. "He's looking for an escape, but he won't find any."

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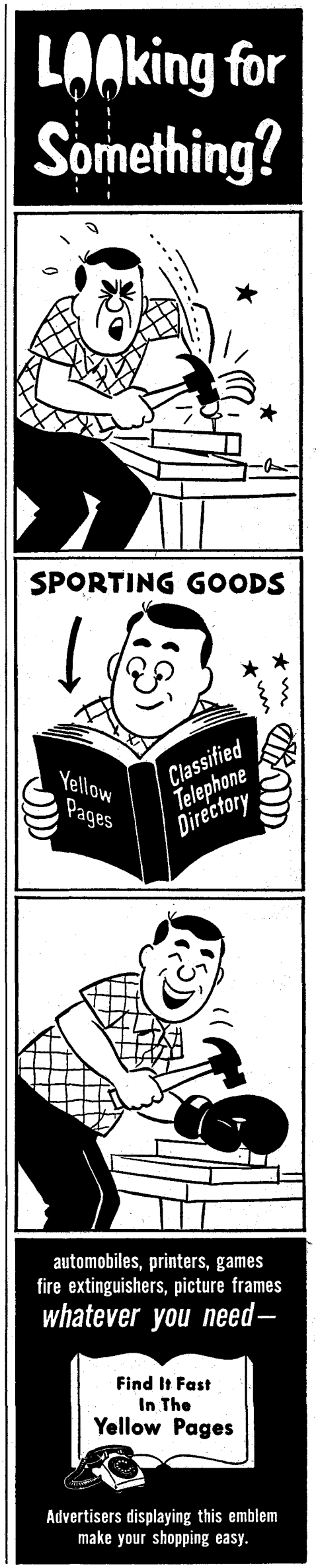

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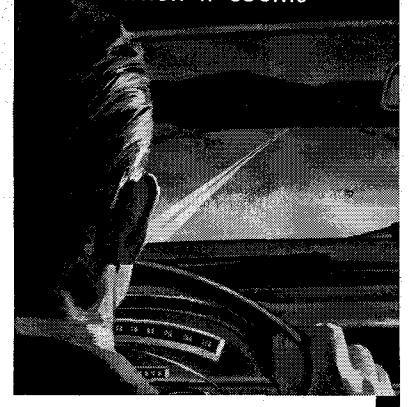

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The rain continued to beat against the window without letup. Unseen behind the layer of whitewash, streaks of water would be zigzagging down the glass in shimmering rivulets and spilling over the edge of the frame. In the garden, puddles would be swelling and yellow leaves lying in shining wet piles. The familiar, heartwarming sound of rain made the cell seem peaceful, calm, almost cozy.

After dinner, they lay down again, but sleep would not come. They rested, smoked, talked. There was a feeling of pleasant dreariness in the cell, with the autumn rain still beating softly against the window, which they wished could last forever.

Korablev sighed. "You said yesterday, Osip Osipovich, that your faith lay in the fact that the party knows what it's doing. On such a granite base a man can stand firmly, of course, but doesn't it seem to you that no party, no Communist Party, exists any more?"

"Then what exists?" Osipov said contemptuously.

"I would say no order exists, something like the Jesuits or the Knights Templar, but that would not be exactly right. To state it more truthfully, it is a pack."

"A pack?" Osipov stared hostilely.

"Yes, a pack. A pack of wolves. An order is a group based on a belief, but a pack is a group based on type. In a pack of wolves you find only wolves, isn't that so? Anything that is not a wolf won't get into the wolf pack; it won't be allowed in. Right?"

"You are talking nonsense."

"Mankind was divided and is divided into races and peoples," Korablev said. He was paying no attention to Osipov. "Yellow, white, black, you see—Frenchmen, Chinese, Zulus. But then the Marxists ordained that it be divided differently: into classes—the exploited and the exploiters, the capitalists and the proletarians. A German exploiter and a Chinese exploiter are one thing, and a German worker and a Chinese worker another. This division is so idiotically primitive that it was joyfully accepted by many people; popularized truths are alluring even while they are absurd. But the real thing is not that there are different races or different classes, but that there are two different types—that's it, you see—two types."

"What?"

"Types," Korablev repeated insistently. "There is one type—the usual human being—a man like Buddha, Christ, Homer, Pushkin, Socrates, Newton. You would say that this type also includes Attila, Torquemada and Ivan the Terrible? That is true. For they, too, are men with souls. The souls of the first are in heaven and those of the latter are in the gulf, but even in a brigand or a drunk lying face down in his own vomit you can find a soul. Then, there is the other type. This I insist on—there is this other type—he has no soul. He has always existed, but in previous ages he was lost in the ocean of humanity. He was a chance case, found only from time to time. In our day, however, he has finally become defined, he is aware of himself, he is organized and he has started to exert his will over others. He is no longer incidental. He is a common phenomenon.

"Many people think that Bolshevism is nothing more than Communism and Soviet power. No, Bolshevism is entirely different; it is the will of this other type of man. You think that I'm against Communism and against Soviet power. Not at all, I assure you. Communism is a far-fetched ideal. It won't bring man happiness in practice, but then I know that other systems haven't brought him happiness either. Soviet power is an abominable governmental structure, but, after all, is autocracy or parliamentarianism so good? I could easily make my peace with Communism and Soviet power, if they were only Communism and Soviet power. But they—necessarily, necessarily—lead us to Bolshevism—that is, to the will of the other type of man. And Bolshevism is inimical to me chiefly because I still have within me some insignificant little thing called a soul. And this soul vomits out Bolshevism as something foreign, something contradictory to my nature."

"That's interesting." Osipov stirred on his bunk. "Then, according to you, Communism and Bolshevism are not the same?"

"Not only not the same"—Korablev turned toward him eagerly—"but even inimical to each other, because Bolshevism is a threat to anything that it does not include. Communism is only an incubator for Bolshevism, for it is in the conditions Communism creates that the other type of man finds his opportunity to define himself, to become aware of himself and, most of all, to become an organized phenomenon. Do you see what I mean? Typhus isn't starvation, but it is in the conditions created by starvation that typhus gets its chance. Communism is starvation, and Bolshevism is the typhus. And in the end Bolshevism will gobble up your Communism without a trace, my most respected propaganda director! Don't get angry! Can't you see? There is no Communism at all—not at all—there is no Soviet power left in the U.S.S.R. There is only Bolshevism, the terrible, all-destroying will of the other type of man!"

Nobody has a better memory than a small boy who has been promised to be taken to a baseball game.

DAN BENNETT

"What does he need—your other type—if it's not Communism?" Osipov spoke derisively.

"He needs only one thing—power."

"Power? What for?"

"Power for power's sake. Power as an end in itself."

"Well, is that bad?"

"Power is not always bad. It can be used to support the life of the soul. But just observe how this other type of man expresses power. It's very interesting—very, very interesting. He expresses it only in oppression, in annihilation, in enslavement and in violence! What's the point of this Yezhov era, you ask? It's the struggle of the other type of man with the Communist Party. And when the struggle's over, then there won't be anything left of your Communist Party! There'll be only a pack and the leaders of the pack. And there is your U.S.S.R., my most respected propaganda director. There it is!"

"Nonsense!" Osipov cried angrily. "Downright nonsense and idiotic theory!"

Korablev merely looked at him. They were silent again. Grigory Mikhailovich sat on the floor with his legs folded awkwardly underneath him. He was not listening. He was spending the time trying to persuade himself that his being in the cell was only a bluff, but he could not rid himself of his feeling of foreboding.

Twilight fell outside the window. As yesterday, they all glanced ever more nervously and frequently at the darkening rectangle. When the hot water came, they sat down to drink their "tea."

The pattern unfolded just as it had the day before. Korablev began an interesting discussion of the other type of man, his power and what awaited mankind if it allowed itself to be enslaved. He did not force his ideas on anyone, but he held their attention. And again, as yesterday, he suddenly broke off. They had stopped listening to him and had shifted their attention, nervously and stealthily, to what was about to happen in the corridor.

Zvorykin began to circle about the cell, almost immediately followed by Smykin. Osipov sat for a long time on his stool, not giving in to the spell. He rose, sat down again, moved his feet sideways. At last he jumped up and joined the circling pair. The three men walked a narrow oval, as if playing an inhuman, unearthly game.

Grigory Mikhailovich looked at them a long time, his eyes wide, his gaze never leaving them—up and back, up and back. Like the bewitching dance of a shaman, the circling cast its enchantment over him. Mechanically he began to sway from side to side, following their march; then stood, clasped his hands behind his back, made a first uncertain step, hesitated, could no longer resist, and joined them. Seeing nothing before him, the bewitched old man tramped round and round, fleeing from something he could never escape.

And again, sometime past midnight, the heavy steps sounded in the corridor. They came directly to their cell, passing by the others. The four circling forms came to a standstill. Korablev straightened, ready to stand.

Nikitin came in, huge, gray, stony. "Cell Number Two?"

"Number Two," answered Korablev, standing.

Nikitin took the list from his cuff and unfolded it slowly. He looked at it for a long time. At last he said in a special voice, "Kurochkin."

Korablev was about to state that there was no Kurochkin in Cell Number 2 when suddenly Incognito stirred and silently got to his feet.

Nikitin looked at him blankly and nodded over his left shoulder. "Well, let's go."

Incognito raised his head and went out. Nikitin folded the piece of paper to replace it in his cuff. Suddenly, as if recalling something, he opened the paper again and looked at it.

"Volodeev!" he said, staring straight at Grigory Mikhailovich. "Come along!"

Grigory Mikhailovich heard Nikitin call his name, and he realized it was his name. He stood up, ears and cheeks ablaze, heart and brain pulsating. His legs bent like wadding, the skin tightened over his whole body, and air refused to enter his lungs. Unable to move, he stared at Korablev, but did not see him.

"Come along!" repeated Nikitin. "Well, what are you waiting for?" He seized Grigory Mikhailovich by the shoulder. As if he had only been waiting for this, Grigory Mikhailovich went out the door without looking around or glancing again at anyone. Dimly he heard Nikitin follow him into the corridor, heard the cell door bang shut and the clank of the bolt sliding home.

The sentries were standing in the narrow corridor. One of them shoved Grigory Mikhailovich roughly in the back. Not knowing what to do, he only reeled.

"All right!" shouted the sentry. "Let's move!"

Blindly, Grigory Mikhailovich went up the corridor and entered the same empty room through which he had passed on his way in. The room was in semidarkness. Against the wall a sentry, his rifle crooked in his elbow, was fastening Incognito's hands behind his back with a piece of wire. Another seized Grigory Mikhailo-

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vich's hands, drew them back and began to lash them together. It was completely incomprehensible. Why must hands be fastened at all, and why with wire? However, both these practices had long since become customary; for the past fifteen years they had been carried out each night. They were at once a demonstration of strength and a concealment of weakness.

With his hands lashed painfully behind him, Grigory Mikhailovich leaned against the wall. Perspiration rolled down his forehead into his eyes. A tight lump caught in his parched throat. Nikitin returned from the corridor. Behind him walked three other prisoners, followed by sentries. In the ringing of their steel-capped boots one could hear not a light, springy step, but a reluctant, ponderous tread.

"Let's go!" ordered Nikitin. Awkwardly bumping one another, they passed through the hall and into the garden.

It was dark and the sentries switched on their pocket flashlights and held them on the prisoners. The sky was blanketed with clouds, but the rain had stopped and a warm, humid wind was blowing. A penetrating odor rose from the rotten leaves. Their feet slipped here and there as they made their way through the darkness. The blur of a bare branch flew by half a step from Grigory Mikhailovich, and a wet twig scratched him on the cheek and neck. He stepped into a puddle and felt cold water seep into his shoe.

Nikitin walked straight toward the greenhouse. At its entrance, he stopped to let the condemned prisoners pass in, tapping each one on the shoulder as he went by. He followed with the sentries.

The room was wide, extremely long and strangely empty. On the left, two trucks with their headlights on were parked on the dirt floor, and on the right, close up against the wall, stood an unpainted table. Far off in the background a wall was bathed in darkness; one could just make out a door which led somewhere—probably into that weird structure which had been erected next to the greenhouse.

At the table sat an official in a Chekist uniform. Affecting a look of boredom, he raised his eyes to count the prisoners. "That's all?" he asked.

"That's all," replied Nikitin.

"Not one too many?" The joke was well known in the greenhouse; it was repeated almost every night.

Nikitin, however, did not respond. He took the list from his cuff and handed it to the official, who went over it carefully, again counted the prisoners with his eyes, and asked Nikitin something very softly. Nikitin leaned over to him and whispered, pointing with his finger to a line on the sheet of paper. The official underlined this with a red pencil. Nikitin went back to the entrance way and stood with the sentries.

The official stood, straightened his belt, pulling it to the right and left, and shouted in the direction of the trucks, "Misha, start 'em up!"

From the cab of the nearest truck jumped a squat little man with a mass of tousled, curly hair and no cap or belt. He scurried around to the front, gave a powerful, dexterous twist on the crank and ran on to the next vehicle. The motors began to roar.

Grigory Mikhailovich did not understand what all this meant and looked at Incognito. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the latter responded. He made an encouraging grimace. Incongruously, he winked.

The official went to the door at the back of the greenhouse, opened it and disappeared into the adjoining structure. The truck motors continued their deafening roar. At last he came out again, went to his table, took up the list and ran his eyes over it. Grigory Mikhailovich followed each movement with growing terror.

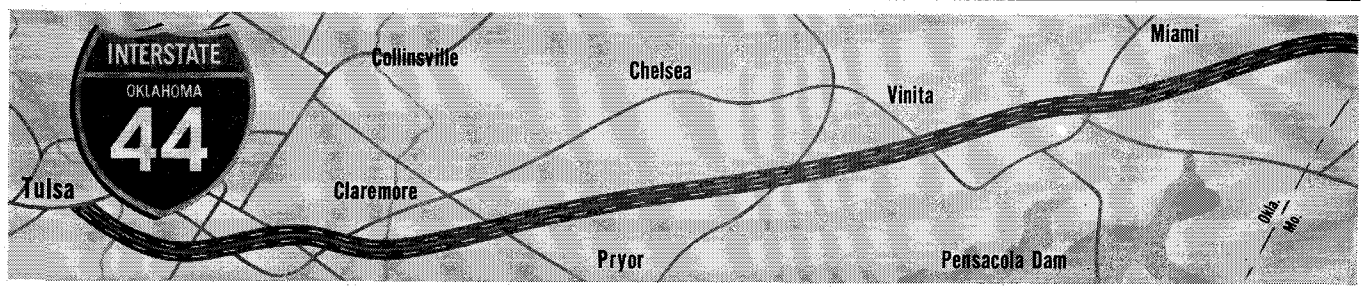
"Cheremukhin!" the official called in a loud voice.

One of the condemned men tried to step forward, but only swayed where he stood. The official took him by the elbow and led him forward toward the door in the background. Cheremukhin walked with a stumbling gait. It was the walk not of a living man but of a galvanized corpse.

The official opened the door, shoved Cheremukhin through and slammed it after him.

Grigory Mikhailovich, staring, suddenly understood: *So that is where it happens then. That is where they* —— He was afraid to finish his thought, but waited in agony for what he knew was to come: a shot. The noise of the motors grated, filling not only the whole room but also Grigory Mikhailovich's heart, his brain and his whole being. The roar was impossibly, maddeningly loud. It intertwined with the glare of the headlights, and the glare, it seemed, also roared, as if trying to outdo the motors. With his heart beating in an unconscious void, his thoughts skimming and whirling along like dry leaves in a storm and his hearing strained to the limit, Grigory Mikhailovich, through the mad chaos of noise, heard a short, dry cracking sound. *Already?* he thought. *Now it will be me. Now it will be my turn.*

The official, who had been standing by the door, (*Continued on Page 111*)



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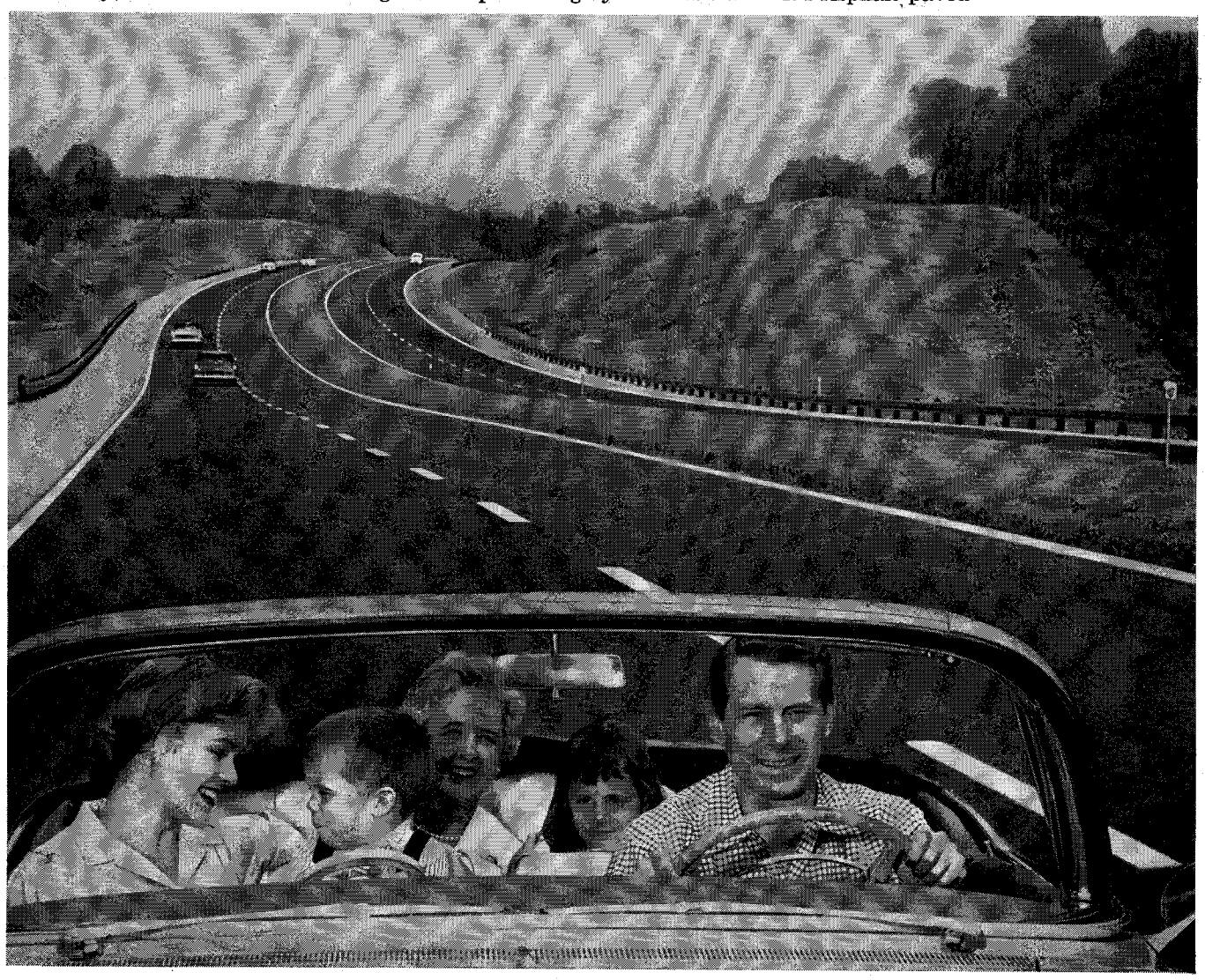

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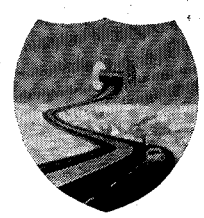

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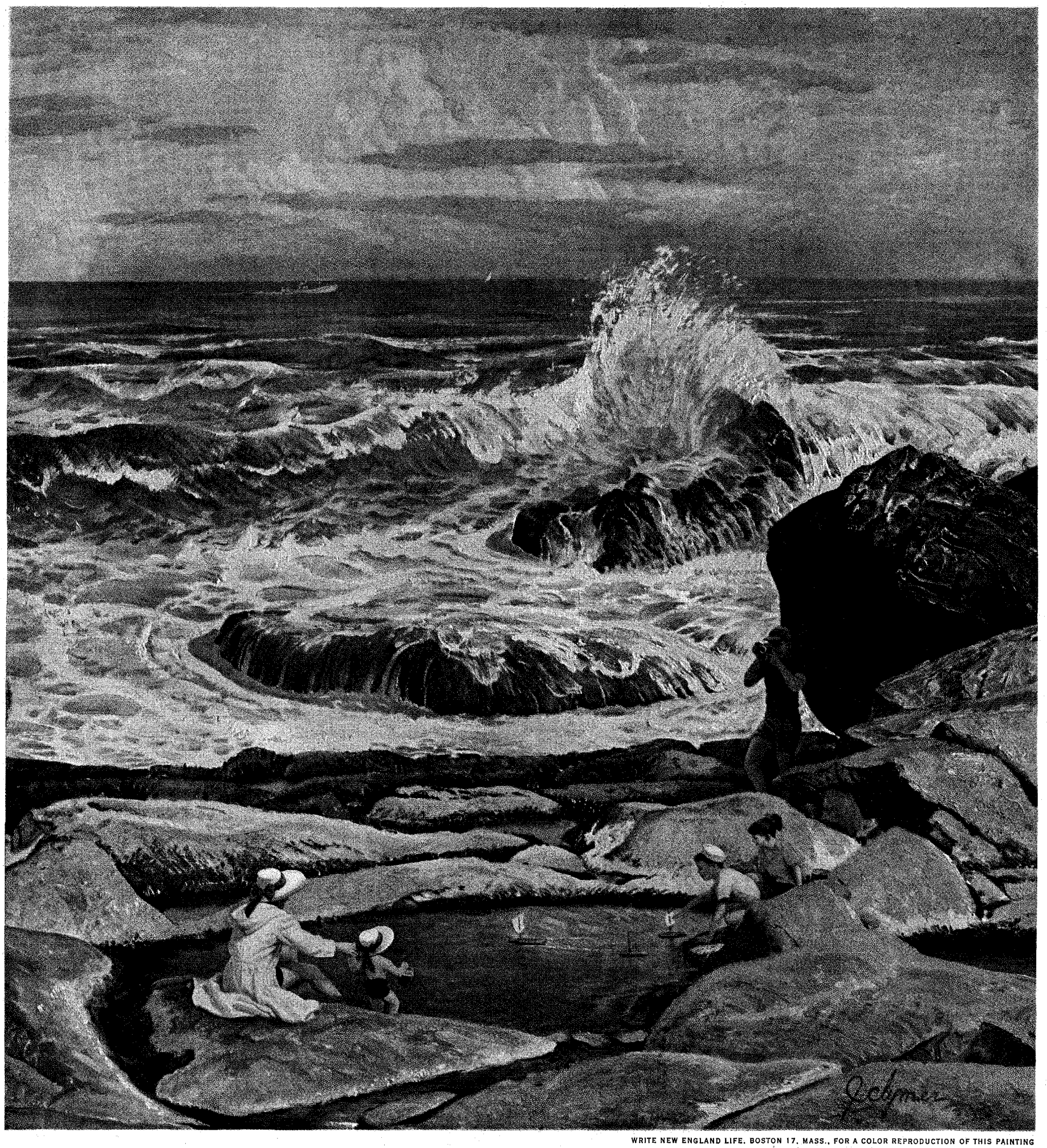

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(*Continued from Page 109*) glanced at his list but called no name. Instead, he advanced silently toward the group. He drew near, walking with firm, even pace, smiling an eerie smile, looking from one prisoner to the other. Grigory Mikhailovich saw nothing but his eyes. From a far corner they seemed to approach him, growing larger and larger, finally filling the room with their icy stare. Grigory Mikhailovich lacked the strength to look away. His neck stretched out farther and farther, as though pulled forward by those eyes.

The official came right up to them and called out another name, "Vedenyapin!"

The name rang out clearly, and Grigory Mikhailovich heard it quite distinctly. Nevertheless he was not sure. Had he been called or not? A chill had already gripped him, when the man on his left—a tall, broad-shouldered individual with the mark of a Russian aristocrat stamped on his face—raised a graying head and said with tranquil pride, "Here."

Then it's not me. No, not me. Only then did Grigory Mikhailovich realize he had not been called.

Vedenyapin did not wait for the official to take him by the elbow and lead him to the door, but stepped out by himself without a sign of unsteadiness and went unhesitatingly toward the door. Because his hands were tied behind him, his back arched awkwardly, but in spite of this, he walked confidently. The official ran after him hastily and was about to open the door, but he was too late; Vedenyapin kicked it open himself and disappeared inside. The official quickly shut the door after him and remained where he was, waiting. Again Grigory Mikhailovich heard the sound of a shot.

Why do they hurry so? What is the hurry over there? he thought, not knowing why. *He hardly had time to get through the door when the shot —— Why do they hurry?* he thought.

Suddenly he retched violently, overcome by a nauseous, repulsive stench. Actually there was no odor at all, but it came to Grigory Mikhailovich with an unbelievably repulsive pungency, as it seemed no smell, whatever its origin, could ever have come to man—a putrid, sour, stifling smell. *Blood.* The thought seeped to him vaguely. Motionless pools of blood on a concrete floor and half-decayed splotches of blood stuck to gray walls.

The official looked at his list again and once more returned to the waiting men. There was no need for him to make these trips back and forth. He could have called out the names from the door. But, without knowing the reason for it, he held to this system as to an obligatory ritual. He had unconsciously created this ritual himself, without anyone's assistance or approval. It had formed of itself, like a family custom at the dinner table or the unpretentious daily routine of a civil servant at his desk. The official performed this ritual with no evil design or forethought, never once thinking that he was torturing the souls of the people awaiting death.

He retraced his steps, and again Grigory Mikhailovich fixed his gaze on the floating eyes and could not tear it away.

"Kurochkin!" shouted the official.

Incognito winced and stepped out, but stopped suddenly and turned back. His face contorted with such hatred that even the official, who was coming up to get him, halted in his tracks.

"What's this?" the official shouted threateningly. He raised his arm.

"Snakes!" yelled Incognito. "Swine!" He choked on his rage and glared at the official. "Kolka, you—you ——"

Nikitin was about to move forward to assist the official, but Incognito turned and went to the door rapidly, almost running.

Now, it's my turn. Now it's sure to be me, babbled Grigory Mikhailovich to himself. There were only two of them left.

"Volodeev!" shouted the official.

No, not me. Grigory Mikhailovich felt faint and began to sway in place, not noticing how the official was grinning in Nikitin's direction.

The official turned and shouted in a clear voice, "As you were!"

Somewhere in Grigory Mikhailovich's brain something seemed to twitch, and a voice shouted within him: *Me.* A blurred cloud obscured his vision and once again he caught a whiff of the foul odor. He stepped forward on legs of paste.

"As you were!" the official shouted at him again, and held him by the shoulder.

Grigory Mikhailovich froze. His lower lip hung down limply.

"Miller!" shouted the official.

The man standing next to Grigory Mikhailovich moved obediently forward. Grigory Mikhailovich followed automatically. Again the official caught him by the shoulder and spoke to him. But Grigory Mikhailovich was oblivious of the words. He stood in place, heard the short, cracking report, and started once more for the dark door without waiting for the official to return. The latter took him by the elbow and drew him back forcefully.

"Nikitin!" he shouted. "Take him over!"

Nikitin went up to Grigory Mikhailovich and untied his hands. Grigory Mikhailovich's arms hung down like limp rags along his body. He stared dully, expecting something horrible to happen, something which had been delayed up to now—the most horrible of all.

"Misha!" the official shouted toward the trucks. "Stop!"

The motors died and everything was still. This stillness was the last horror which Grigory Mikhailovich had been expecting. He shrank back from the silent vehicles. Suddenly he uttered a violent, piercing scream.

Nikitin pulled him harshly by the arm. "Never mind that!" he said. "Let's go now." He grasped Grigory Mikhailovich by the shoulder and gave him a push toward the entrance.

"And don't come back here any more!" the official laughed after him.

They went out into the garden. The sentries turned toward the wing, but Nikitin, holding Grigory Mikhailovich tightly by the upper arm, led him along the path. One of the sentries accompanied them, lighting the way with his flashlight.

The moist autumn breeze cooled the old man's sweating face. The water in the puddles squelched underfoot, and the leaves slid softly in the mud as he trod on them. Again a branch scratched his cheek and, at that moment he heard the far-off sound of a streetcar bell. The sound of this bell, ringing out from a real world, stirred Grigory Mikhailovich. He nodded his head several times, let out two or three deep sighs, and realized with a sudden, drunken, insane joy that he was still alive.

"I ——" he stammered at last in a breaking voice. "I am not going to be shot?"

Without answering his question, Nikitin shoved him by the elbow even more brusquely. "Let's go!"

Although they followed the same walk along which Grigory Mikhailovich had been brought to the death cell, he could not make out in the dark where Nikitin was taking him. Even had it been light he would not have recognized the path. Nor did he recognize the steps he was walking up nor the corridor along which he was proceeding, although the ornate carpeting on the floor and the flowers in the windows nudged his memory. They turned to the left. Nikitin went into a room and left Grigory Mikhailovich in the corridor with the sentry. Three minutes later Nikitin opened the door and called to him. Grigory Mikhailovich went in, and only then did he recognize where he was—in Bukhteev's office.

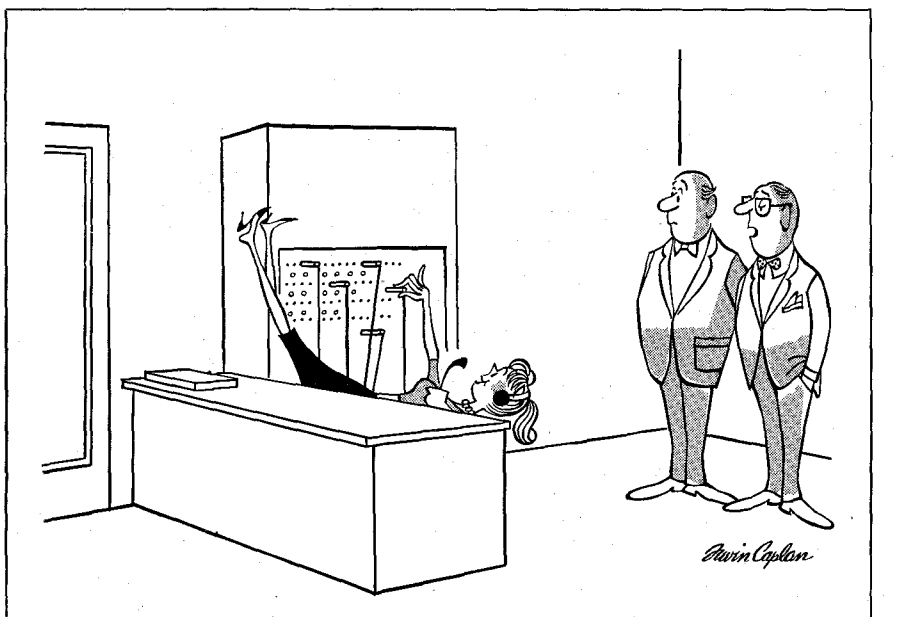
Bukhteev, an ironic smile on his face, sprawled in his armchair and looked at him. He seemed to be teasing: *Aha. Now you know how it is.* When Nikitin went out, he nodded toward the chair. "Sit down!"

Grigory Mikhailovich stared, finally understood, and sat down, trembling in every muscle. Bukhteev watched him. "Now, listen to me! Pull yourself together and really listen, because what I am going to say is important to you. If you want to take the last chance to save yourself, don't fail to understand. . . . Do you smoke?" he added unexpectedly.

He held out a pack of cigarettes. Grigory Mikhailovich seized one, snatching so impetuously that he almost broke it. He plunged it into his mouth and looked up questioningly. Bukhteev shoved a box of matches across to him. Grigory Mikhailovich inhaled, sucking the smoke thirstily. He began to choke, coughing in humiliating spasms he could not stop.

"Water! Is there some water?" he gasped.

"There's a pitcher and a glass on the window sill," said Bukhteev coldly.



"That's the trouble with hiring them right out of high school."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Grigory Mikhailovich poured out the water with trembling hands, drank, and without wiping his dripping chin, returned to his chair.

"Now do you understand me?" Bukhteev repeated his question. "It's no miracle, of course, that you've come back alive from that place, but—it's almost a miracle. I want to impress on you that it depends entirely on yourself whether you go back there or not. Do you understand?" He spoke evenly, coldly, with hardly any intonation, and all the while he never took his eyes off Grigory Mikhailovich.

Grigory Mikhailovich caught each of his words, but in actuality understood only one thing: he could save himself. He nodded his head to each syllable—*Yes, yes, I understand*—and was even on the point of smiling. Behind him hovered darkness filled with unspeakable horror, and Bukhteev was showing him the way out of this darkness. With every brain cell, with every drop of his blood, Grigory Mikhailovich cried out inwardly, *Yes, yes, I will do everything.*

"Today," said Bukhteev, "it is not likely that you could say anything sensible, but I'll call you tomorrow evening, and then you'll tell me everything. If you start refusing to answer again ——"

"No, no!" Grigory Mikhailovich cried. "I want to answer!"

Bukhteev grinned. "I'll give you a full day to get ready. Till tomorrow evening, then. But one thing ——" He raised his eyebrows slightly, his eyes widened and a threat came into his voice. "One thing. Not a word there in the cell where you've been these last days; what you've seen—not a word. You'll be asked, of course, but don't you go gossiping like an old woman. Not a word, understand?"

He was estimating Grigory Mikhailovich while he spoke. *You don't need to beat this kind,* he thought, pleased with himself. *You can turn them into wisps without laying a hand on them.* He leaned back in his chair. "You must have lived through bad moments today, but I'm not to blame for it. You yourself are. Why did you start resisting at the very time you should have been co-operating? Remember. The only thing that can save you is complete frankness. I asked you about your daughter."

"No!" The word came out of Grigory Mikhailovich suddenly and with unexpected force.

"What?" Bukhteev straightened.

He was ready to pull the old fool over the desk and pound the life out of him, but he suddenly felt such distaste and fatigue that it was impossible. "All right, all right." He pursed his lips in disgust. "I know that it's hard for you right now," he said quietly. "Well, you have twenty whole hours to think things over carefully. Tomorrow we'll have another talk."

He played with his pencil and went on studying Grigory Mikhailovich. The old man's daughter in herself interested Bukhteev not in the least. He simply needed her as a symbol of Grigory Mikhailovich's own total surrender. *It's a sport,* Bukhteev thought. *If you're going to attack your adversary, then attack him right in the guts. Otherwise, it's not even worth the effort.* Bursting with self-esteem, he handed the pack of cigarettes to Grigory Mikhailovich condescendingly. "You can take these with you. Smoke them there in the cell."

Grigory Mikhailovich wanted to bow and offer thanks, but sat glued to his chair, saying nothing.

The sentry got him up and took him back to Cell No. 15, from which he had been removed on the twenty-second.

TO BE CONTINUED

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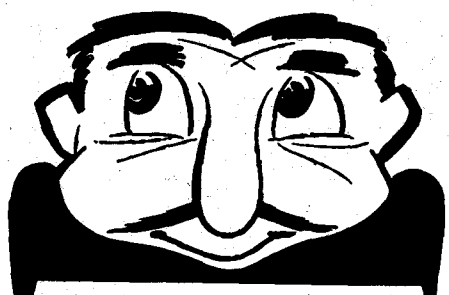

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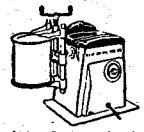

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Frame-Up for Murder

(Continued from Page 37)

charge of contacts and promotion, been with him four years; and Carl Drew, business manager, been with him five years. None of them killed Bianca Voss at half past eleven. From eleven-fifteen on, until the call came from Goodwin calling himself John H. Watson, Carl Drew was down on the main floor, constantly in view of four people, two of them customers. From eleven o'clock on, Anita Prince was on the top floor, the workshop, with Alec Gallant and two models and a dozen employees. At eleven-twenty Emmy Thorne called on a man by appointment at his office on Forty-sixth Street, and was with him and two other men until a quarter to twelve. And Flora Gallant was here with you. All airtight."

"Very neat," Wolfe agreed.

"Too damn neat. Of course there may be others who wanted Bianca Voss out of the way, but as it stands now, those four are out in front. And they're all ——"

"Why not five? Alec Gallant himself?"

"All right, make it five. They're all in the clear, including him, if she was killed at eleven-thirty. So suppose she wasn't. Suppose she was killed earlier—half an hour or so earlier. Suppose when Flora Gallant phoned her from here and put you on to talk with her, it wasn't her at all, it was someone else imitating her voice, and she pulled that stunt, the groan and the other noises, to make you think you had heard the murder at that time."

Wolfe's brows were up. "With the corpse there on the floor?"

"Certainly."

"Then you're not much better off. Who did the impersonation? Their alibis still hold for eleven-thirty."

"I realize that. But there were nineteen women around there altogether, and a woman who wouldn't commit a murder might be willing to help cover up after someone else had committed it. You know that."

Wolfe wasn't impressed. "It's very tricky, Mr. Cramer. If you are supposing Flora Gallant killed her, it was elaborately planned. It wasn't until late last evening that Miss Gallant persuaded Mr. Goodwin to make an appointment for her here for eleven this morning. Did she kill Miss Voss, station someone there beside the corpse to answer the phone, rush down here and maneuver me into ringing Miss Voss' number? It seems a little farfetched."

"I didn't say it was Flora Gallant." Cramer hung on. "It could have been any of them. He or she didn't have to know she was going to come to see you and get you to ring that number. His plan might have been to ring it himself, before witnesses, to establish the time of the murder, and when your call came, whoever it was there by the phone got rattled and went ahead with the act. There are a dozen different ways it could have happened. Hell, I know it's tricky. I'm not asking you to work your brain on it. You must know why I brought it up."

Wolfe nodded. "Yes, I think I do. You want me to consider what I heard—and Mr. Goodwin. You want to know if we are satisfied that those sounds were authentic. You want to know if we will concede that they might have been bogus."

"That's it. Exactly."

Wolfe rubbed his nose with a knuckle, closing his eyes. In a moment he opened them. "I'm afraid I can't help you, Mr. Cramer. If they were bogus, they were well executed. At the time, hearing them, I had no suspicion that it was flummery. Naturally, as soon as I learned that they served to fix the precise moment of a murder, I knew they would be open to question, but I can't challenge them intrinsically. . . . Archie?"

I shook my head. "I pass." To Cramer: "You've read the statement, so you know that right after I heard it my guess was that something hit her and she dragged the phone along as she went down and it struck the floor. I'm not going to go back on my guess now. As for our not hearing the blow, read the statement. It says that it started out as if it was going to be a scream, but then it was a groan. She might have seen the blow coming and was going to scream, but it landed and turned the scream into a groan, and in that case we wouldn't hear the blow. A chunk of marble hitting a skull wouldn't make much noise. As for supposing she was killed half an hour or so earlier, I phoned within three minutes, or John H. Watson did, and in another six or seven minutes Carl Drew was talking to me, so he must have seen the body, or someone did, not more than five minutes after we heard the groan. Was she twitching?"

"According to Drew, no. You don't twitch long with a scarf as tight as that around your throat."

"What about the medical examiner?"

"He got there at two minutes after twelve. With blood he might have timed it pretty close, but there wasn't any. That's out."

"What about the setup? Someone left that room quick after we heard the sounds. If it was the murderer, he or she had to cradle the phone and tie the scarf, but that wouldn't take long. If it was a fill-in, as you want to suppose, all she had to do was cradle the phone. Whichever it was, wasn't there anyone else around?"

"If there was they're keeping it to themselves. So far. As you know, Bianca Voss wasn't popular around there. Anyway, that place is a mess, with three different elevators—one in the store, one at the back for service and deliveries, and one in an outside hall with a separate entrance so they can go up to the offices without going through the store."

"That makes it nice. Then it's wide open."

"As wide as a barn door." Cramer stood up. To Wolfe: "So that's the best you can do. You thought the sounds were open to question."

"Not intrinsically. Circumstantially, of course."

"You know a lot of long words, don't you? After we study this statement we may have some questions." He was going. After two steps he turned. "I don't like gags about homicide, murder is no joke, but I can mention that if it was Bianca Voss you had on the phone, she had you wrong. Scum. Stinking sewer. That's too strong. That's a little too strong." He headed out.

When I returned to the office from going to hold his coat for him, which he didn't deserve after his parting crack, Wolfe had turned his chair to reading position and was opening a book.

Crossing to my desk to get the carbons of the statement, for filing, I remarked, "That would help, if he can prove that what we heard was a phony. You might not have to sit on a hard bench in a courthouse, after all."

"He won't. No such luck." He looked at me. "Archie."

"Yes, sir."

"Am I a dolt?"

"No. That would be a little too strong."

"Then I will not be taken for one."

"That sounds as if you're contemplating something. Can I be of any help?"

"At the moment, no."

"Any instructions for this evening?"

"No."

He went to his book and I went to the cabinet with the carbons.

The next morning, Wednesday, eating breakfast in the kitchen with the paper propped up in front of me—which is routine, of course—I read the account of the Bianca Voss murder. There were various details that were news to me, but nothing startling or even helpful. It included the phone call from John H. Watson, but didn't add that he had been identified as Archie Goodwin, and there was no mention of Nero Wolfe. I admit

"Oh no! You found another gray hair."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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that the cops and the D.A. have a right to save something for themselves, but it never hurts to have your name in the paper, and I had a notion to phone Lon Cohen at the Gazette and give him an exclusive. However, I would have to mention it to Wolfe first, so it would have to wait until eleven o'clock. He eats breakfast in his room from a tray delivered by Fritz, and doesn't come down to the office until after his morning session with the orchids.

As a matter of fact, another item in the paper meant more to me personally. Sarah Yare had committed suicide. Her body had been found Tuesday evening in her little walk-up apartment on East Thirteenth Street. I have never written a fan letter to an actress, but I had been tempted to a couple of years back when I had seen Sarah Yare in Thumb a Ride. The first time I saw it I had a companion, but the next three times I was alone. The reason for repeating was that I had the impression I was infatuated and I wanted to wear it down, but when the impression still stuck after three tries, I gave up. Actresses should be seen and heard from no closer than the fifth row, and not touched. At that, I might have given the impression another test in a year or two if there had been an opportunity, but there wasn't. She quit Thumb a Ride abruptly some months later, and the talk was that she was an alco and done for.

So I read that item twice. It didn't say that it had been pronounced suicide officially and finally, since she had left no note, but a nearly empty bourbon bottle had been there on a table, and on the floor by the couch she had died on there had been a glass with enough left in it to identify the cyanide. The picture of her was as she had been formerly when I had got my impression that I was infatuated. I asked Fritz if he had ever seen Sarah Yare, and he asked what movies she had been in, and I said none, that she was much too good for a movie.

I didn't get to suggest phoning Lon Cohen to Wolfe because when he came down to the office at eleven o'clock, I wasn't there. As I was finishing my second cup of coffee a phone call came from the district attorney's office inviting me to drop in for a chat, and I went, and spent a couple of hours at Leonard Street with an assistant D.A. named Brill. When we got through, I knew slightly more than I had when we started, but he didn't. He had a copy of our statement on his desk, and what could I add to that? He had a lot of fun, though. He would pop a question at me and then spend nine minutes studying the statement to see if I had tripped.

Getting home a little before noon, I was prepared to find Wolfe having a fresh attack of grump. He likes me to be there when he comes down from the plant rooms to the office, and while he can't very well complain when the D.A. calls me on business that concerns us, this wasn't our affair. We had no client and no case and no fee in prospect. But I got a surprise. Instead of being grumpy, he was busy, with the phone book open before him on his desk. He had actually gone clear around to my desk, stooped to get the book, lifted it and carried it back to his chair. Unheard of.

"Good morning," I said. "What's the emergency?"

"No emergency. I needed to know a number."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes."

I sat. He wants you at his level because it's too much trouble to tilt his head back. "Nothing new," I said, "at the D.A.'s office. Do you want a report?"

"No. I have an errand for you. I have formed a conjecture that I think is worth testing. You will go to Alec Gallant's place on Fifty-fourth Street and speak with Mr. Gallant, his sister, Miss Prince, Miss Thorne and Mr. Drew. Separately if possible. You will tell each of them —— You read the paper this morning as usual?"

"Certainly."

"You will tell each of them that I have engaged to make certain inquiries about Miss Sarah Yare, and that I shall be grateful for any information they may be able and willing to furnish. Specifically, I would like to see any communications they may have received from her, say in the past month. Don't raise one brow like that. You know it disconcerts me."

"I've never seen you disconcerted yet." I let the brow down a little. "What's the conjecture?"

"It may be baseless. You don't need it to perform the errand."

"Now?"

"Yes. Without delay."

"If they ask me who engaged you, what do I say?"

"That you don't know. You are merely following instructions."

"If I ask you who engaged you, what do you say?"

"I tell you the truth. No one. Or more accurately, I have engaged myself. I think I may have been hoodwinked and I intend to find out. You may be fishing where there are no fish. They may all say they have never had any association with Sarah Yare, and they may be telling the truth or they may not. You will have that in mind and form your conclusions regarding it. If any of them acknowledge association with her, pursue it enough to learn the degree of intimacy, but don't labor it. That can wait until we bait a hook. You are only to discover if there are any fish."

I stood up. "It may take a while if the cops and the D.A. are working on them, and they probably are. How urgent is it? Do you want progress reports by phone?"

"Not unless you think it necessary. You must get all five of them."

"Right. Don't wait dinner for me." I went.

On the way uptown in the taxi I was exercising my brain. I will not explain at this point why Wolfe wanted to know if any of the subjects had known Sarah Yare, and if so, how well, for two reasons: first, you have certainly spotted it yourself; and second, since I am not so smart as you are, I had not yet come up with the answer. Anyway, that was underneath. On top, what I was using my brain for was the phone book. Unquestionably it was connected with his being hoodwinked, since that was what was biting him, and therefore it probably had some bearing on the call that had been made from his office to Bianca Voss, but what could he accomplish by consulting the phone book? For that I had no decent guess, let alone an answer, by the time I paid the hackie at 54th and Fifth Avenue.

Alec Gallant, Incorporated, on the north side of the street near Madison Avenue, was no palace, outside or in. The front was maybe thirty feet, and five feet of that was taken up by the separate entrance to the side hall. The show window, all dark green, had just one exhibit: a couple of yards of plain black fabric—silk or rayon or nylon or cottonon or linenon—draped on a little rack. Inside, nothing whatever was in sight—that is, nothing to buy. The wall-to-wall carpet was the same dark green as the show window. There were mirrors and screens and tables and ash trays, and a dozen or more chairs, not fancy, more to sit in than to look at. I had taken three steps on the carpet when a woman standing with a man

(*Continued on Page 115*)

Here's a great new approach to par

Beautifully balanced, brilliantly designed, here are clubs to whittle strokes off anyone's game—the *new Jay Hebert* Registered *"Signature" Clubs.*

Their unique SYNCRO-STROKE design gives every club in the set that "family feel"—gives your game a wonderful new consistency.

Woodheads are HYDROSEAL PROCESSED, impregnated with plastic for extra strength and extra yardage, and these great woods are virtually impervious to water damage.

A superb distance ball, the incredible AIR-FLITE for '58 with its new DURA-THIN cover offers remarkable toughness, too. The cover stands up hole after hole, washing after washing.

If you're a power-hitter who occasionally *misses* a shot, try another great ball, the super-tough KRO-FLITE. It's got the distance, too!

To lower that handicap, play Spalding all the way. All Spalding products are *unconditionally guaranteed.*

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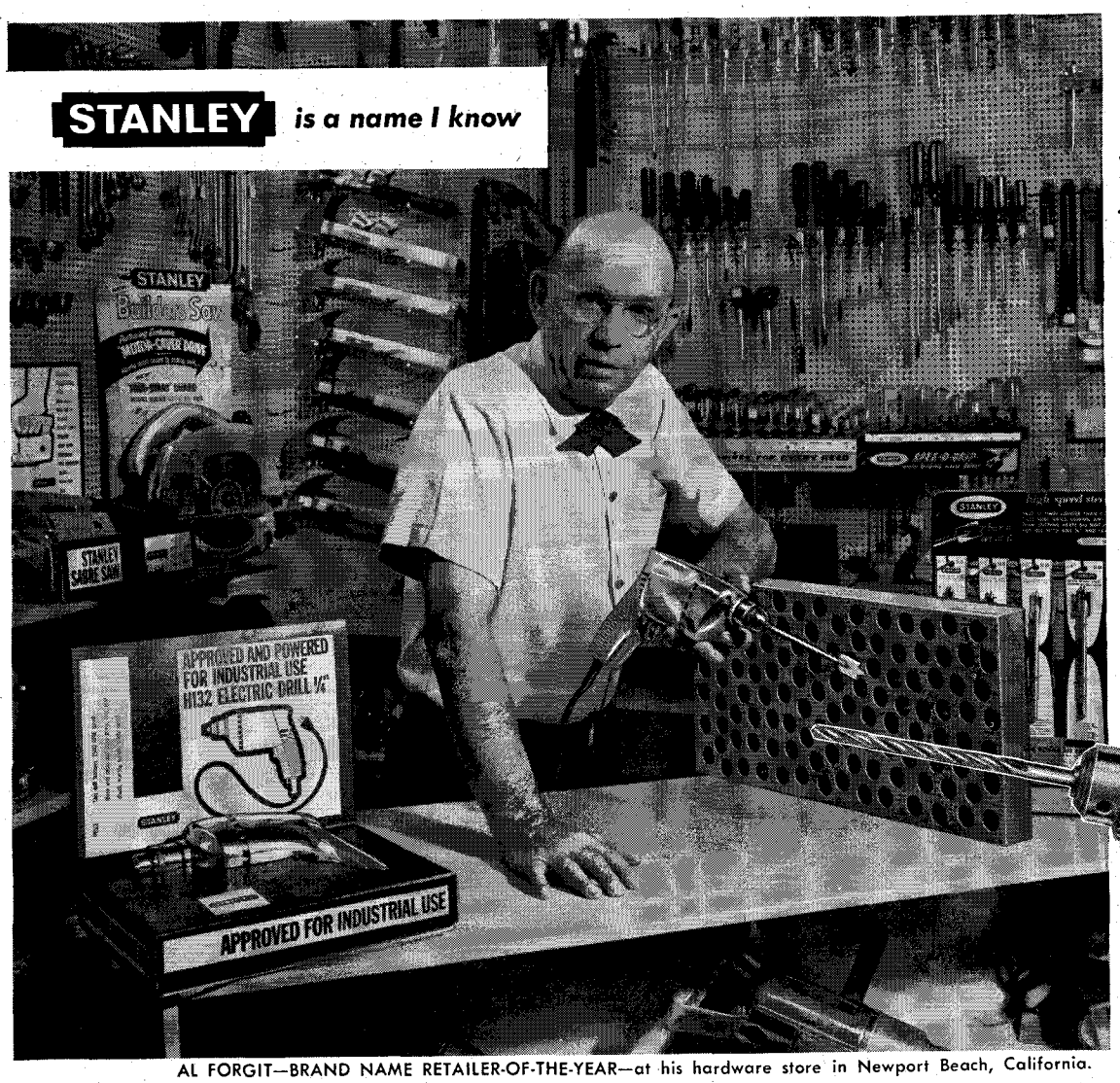
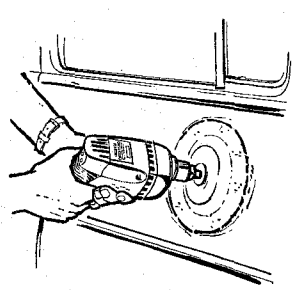
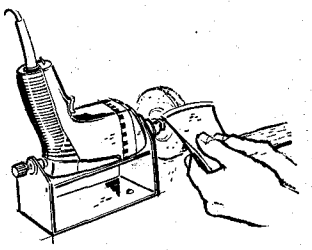


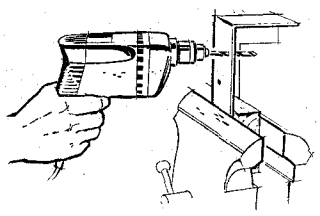
AL FORGIT—BRAND NAME RETAILER-OF-THE-YEAR—at his hardware store in Newport Beach, California.



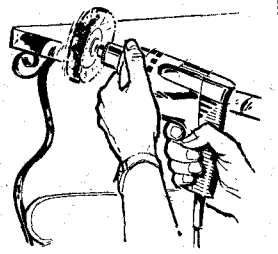
Cleans, sands, polishes furniture or car — the easy way.



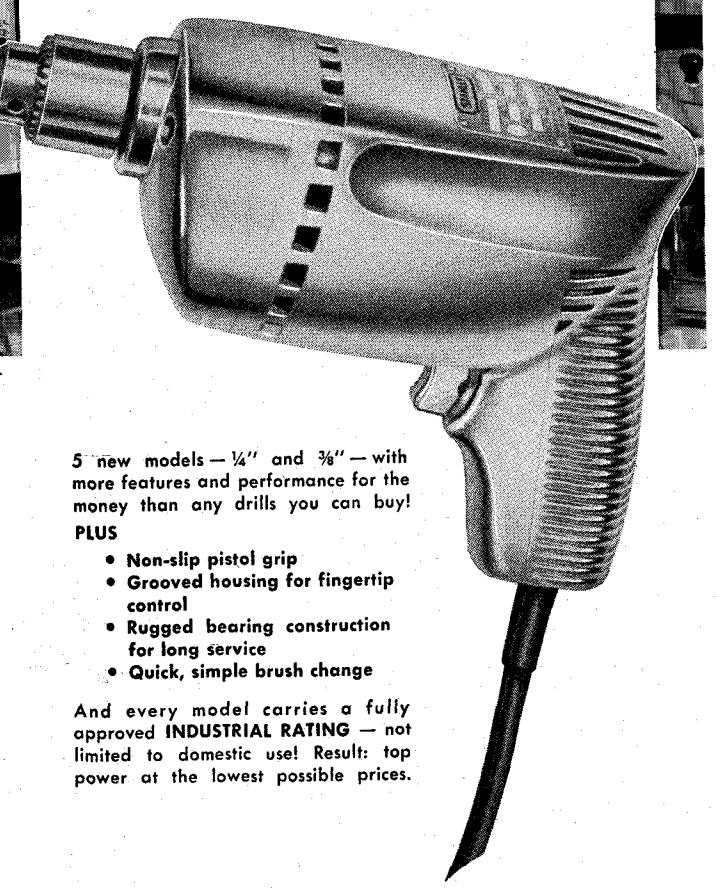
Use as a grinder to sharpen knives, axes and other tools.



Delivers full power for high-speed drilling in wood, metal.



Use with wire brush to clean rust, etc. from metal surfaces.



"This new ¼-inch Stanley drill is the most powerful you can buy for $24.95"

"Here's the best drill value I've seen in years — powered for industrial use — yet priced for the handyman! And when a name like Stanley comes with it, you've got what I call 'Brand Name Value' at its best.

"Just to prove it, I ask my customers to try it out with an over-sized bit on this oak plank. They cut clear through in seconds. And that's about all the convincing most people need.

"I sell it to carpenters, boat builders and other professionals — so you can be sure it has all the power a handyman needs for even the toughest household drilling jobs. Works nice and easy with accessories, too.

"Take my word for it...it really pays to buy Brand Names. And in power tools, the name to buy is Stanley."

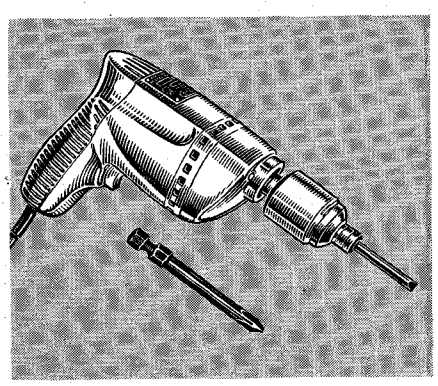
5 new models — ¼" and ⅜" — with more features and performance for the money than any drills you can buy!

PLUS

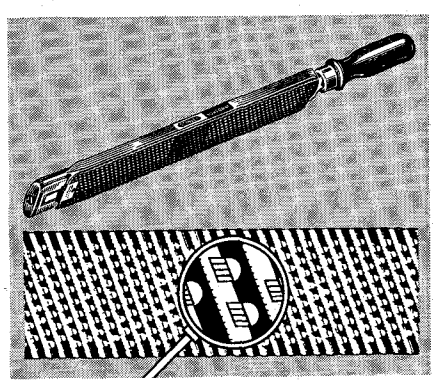
- **Non-slip pistol grip**
- **Grooved housing for fingertip control**
- **Rugged bearing construction for long service**
- **Quick, simple brush change**

And every model carries a fully approved **INDUSTRIAL RATING** — not limited to domestic use! Result: top power at the lowest possible prices.

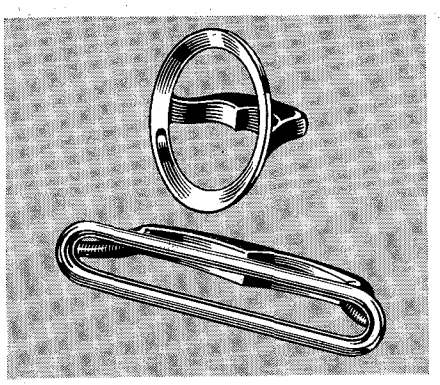
STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE



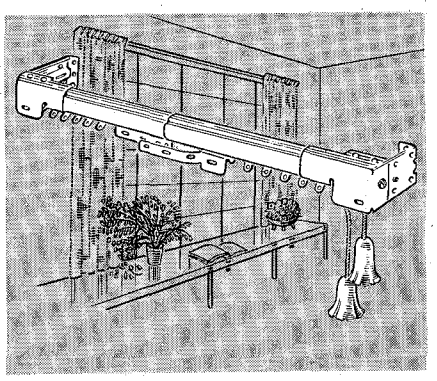
Stanley's new heavy-duty powerdrivers with ideal speeds for tightening screws and nuts, are priced as low as $42.95!



SURFORM — with replaceable blade, has 450 razor-sharp teeth. Ideal for shaping wood, plastic, soft metals. Only $2.69.



New Stanley cabinet hardware — brushed-copper pulls on black supports. The favorite of discriminating builders.



Stanley's Duraglide traverse rods for windows up to 18 ft. wide, are sturdy; work smoothly — hang drapes perfectly.

STANLEY

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

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(*Continued from Page 113*) by a table left him to come to meet me. I told her my name and told her I would like to see Mr. Gallant.

The man, approaching, spoke, "Mr. Gallant is not available. What do you want?"

That didn't strike me as a very tactful greeting to a man who, for all he knew, might be set to pay $800 for an afternoon frock, but of course with a murder on the premises, he had had a tough twenty-four hours, so I kept it pleasant.

"I'm not a reporter," I assured him, "or a cop, or a lawyer drumming up trade. I'm a private detective named Archie Goodwin, sent by a private detective named Nero Wolfe to ask Mr. Gallant a couple of harmless questions. Not connected with the death of Bianca Voss."

"Mr. Gallant is not available."

I hadn't heard his voice in person before, only on the phone, but I recognized it. Also he looked like a business manager, with his neat, well-arranged face, his neat well-made dark suit, and his neat shadow-stripe four-in-hand. His cheeks wanted to sag and he was a little puffy around the eyes, but the city and county employees had probably kept him from getting much sleep.

"May I ask," I said, "if you are Mr. Carl Drew?"

"I am, yes."

"Then I'm in luck. I was instructed to see five different people here—Mr. Gallant, Miss Gallant, Miss Prince, Miss Thorne, and Mr. Carl Drew. Perhaps we could sit down?"

He ignored that. "See us about what?"

The woman had left us, but she was in earshot if her hearing was good, and Wolfe had said to see them separately, if possible. "If you don't mind," I said, "I'd rather see you one at a time because I have to report to Mr. Wolfe and I'm apt to get confused talking with two people at once. So if that lady is Miss Prince or Miss Thorne ——"

"She isn't. And I'm busy. What do you want?"

"I want information, if you have any, about a woman who died yesterday. Not Bianca Voss. Miss Sarah Yare."

He blinked. "Sarah Yare? What about her?"

"She is dead. She killed herself. Yesterday."

"I know she did. That was tragic. But I can't give you any information about it. I haven't any."

"I'm not after information about her death. That's up to the police. What I'm after —— Someone has engaged Mr. Wolfe to make inquiries about her, and he sent me to ask you people if you had any messages or letters from her in the past month or so, and if so, will you let him see them?"

"Messages or letters?"

"Right."

"But what—who engaged him?"

"I don't know." I was not permitting my face or voice to show that I had caught sight of a fish. "If you have had messages or letters, and would like to know who wants to see them before you produce them, I suppose Mr. Wolfe would tell you. He would have to."

"I have no messages or letters."

I was disappointed. "None at all? I said the past month or so, but before that would help. Any time."

He shook his head. "I have never had any. I doubt if she ever wrote a letter—that is, to anyone here—or any messages, except phone messages. She always did everything by telephone. And for the past month or so—longer than that, more than a year—she hasn't been—uh—she hasn't been around."

"I know." I was sympathetic, and I meant it, though not for him. "Anyway, I don't think Mr. Wolfe would be interested in letters about clothes. I think it's personal letters he wants, and he thought you might have known her well enough personally to have some."

"Well, I haven't. I can't say I didn't know her personally; she was a very fine customer here for two years, and she was a very personal person. But I never had a personal letter from her."

I had to resist temptation. I had him talking, and there was no telling if or when I would get at the others. But Wolfe had said not to labor it, and I disobey instructions only when I have reason to think I know more about it than he does, and at the moment I didn't even know why he had been consulting the phone book. So I didn't press. I thanked him, and said I'd appreciate it if he would tell me when Mr. Gallant would be available.

He said he would find out, and left me, going to the rear and disappearing around the end of a screen, and soon I heard his voice, but too faint to get any words. There was no other voice, so, being a detective, I figured it out that he was on a phone. That accomplished, I decided to detect whether the woman, who was seated at a table going through a portfolio, had been listening. If so, and if my bringing up Sarah Yare had more significance for her than it had for me, she was keeping it to herself.

Drew reappeared, and I met him in the middle of the room. He said that Mr. Gallant was in his office with Miss Prince and could let me have five minutes. Another fish. Certainly Drew had told Gallant what my line was, and why did I rate even five seconds? As Drew led me to an elevator and entered with me, and pushed the button marked 2, I had to remember to look hopeful instead of smug.

The second-floor hall was narrow, with bare walls, and not carpeted. As I said, not a palace. Following Drew down six paces and through a door, I found myself in a pinup paradise. All available space on all four walls was covered with women, drawings and prints and photographs, both black and white and color, all sizes, and in one respect they were all alike: none of them had a stitch on. It hadn't occurred to me that a designer of women's clothes should understand female anatomy, but I admit it might help. The effect was so striking that it took me four or five seconds to focus on the man and woman seated at a table. By that time Drew had pronounced my name and gone.

Though the man and the woman were fully clothed, they were striking too. He reminded me of someone, but I didn't remember who until later. Lord Byron. A picture of Lord Byron in a book in my father's library that had impressed me at an early age. It was chiefly Gallant's dark, curly hair backing up a wide, sweeping forehead, but the nose and chin were in it too. The necktie was all wrong; instead of Byron's choker, he was sporting a narrow ribbon tied in a bow with long ends hanging.

The woman didn't go with him. She was strictly modern, small and trim, in a tailored suit that had been cut and fitted by an expert, and while her face was perfectly acceptable, the main thing was her eyes. They were as close to black as eyes ever get, and they ran the show. In spite of Alec Gallant's lordly presence, as I approached the table I found myself aiming at Anita Prince's eyes.

Gallant was speaking. "What's this about Sarah Yare?"

"Just a couple of questions." He had eyes, too, when you looked at them. "It shouldn't take even five minutes. I suppose Mr. Drew told you?"

"He said Nero Wolfe is making an inquiry and sent you. What kind of an inquiry? What about?"

"I don't really know." I was apologetic. "The fact is, Mr. Gallant, on this I'm just an errand boy. My instructions were to ask if you got any messages or letters from her in the past month or so, and if so, will you let Mr. Wolfe see them?"

"My heaven!" He closed his eyes, tilted his head back and shook it—a lion pestered by a fly. He looked at the woman. "This is too much. Too much!" He looked at me. "You must know a woman was assassinated here yesterday. Of course you do!" He pointed at the door. "There!" His hand dropped to the desk like a dead bird. "And after that calamity, now this, the death of my old and valued friend. Miss Yare was not only my friend; in mold and frame she was perfection, in movement she was music, as a mannequin she would have been divine. My delight in her was completely pure. I never had a letter from her." His head jerked to Anita Prince. "Send him away," he muttered.

She put fingers on his arm. "You gave him five minutes, Alec, and he has had only two." Her voice was smooth and sure. The black eyes came to me. "So you don't know the purpose of Mr. Wolfe's inquiry?"

"No, Miss Prince, I don't. He tells me only what he thinks I need to know."

"Nor who hired him to make it?"

So Drew had covered the ground. "Not that either. He'll probably tell you, if you have what he wants, letters from her, and you want to know why he wants to see them."

"I have no letters from her. I never had any. I had no personal relations with Miss Yare." Her voice sharpened a little. "Though I saw her many times, my contact with her was never close. Mr. Gallant preferred to fit her himself. I just looked on. It seems ——" She stopped for a word, and found it. "It seems odd that Nero Wolfe should be starting an inquiry immediately after her death. Or did he start it before?"

"I couldn't say. The first I knew, he gave me this errand this morning. This noon."

"You don't know much, do you?"

"No. I just take orders."

"Of course you do know that Miss Yare committed suicide?"

I didn't get an answer in. Gallant, hitting the table with a palm, suddenly shouted at her, "Name of God! Must you? Send him away!"

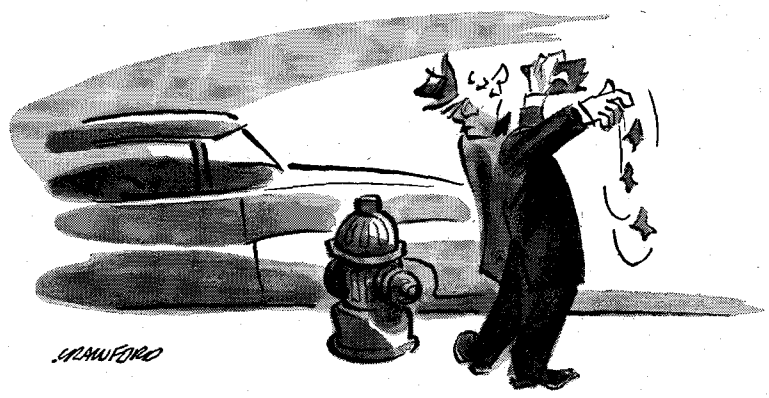
"I'm sorry, Mr. Gallant," I told him. "I guess my time's up. If you'll tell me where to find your sister and Miss Thorne, that will ——"

I stopped because his hand had darted to an ash tray, a big metal one that looked heavy, and since he wasn't smoking, he was presumably going to let fly with it. Anita Prince beat him to it. With her left hand she got his wrist, and with her right she got the ash tray and moved it out of reach. It was very quick and deft.

Then she spoke, to me. "Miss Gallant is not here. Miss Thorne is busy, but you can ask Mr. Drew downstairs. You had better go."

I went. In more favorable circumstances I might have spared another five minutes for a survey of the pinups, but not then, not if I had to dodge ash trays. So I went.

That is, I started. But when I was near enough to the door to start a hand out for the knob, it suddenly swung in at me, and I had (*Continued on Page 117*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Alec lent his car to his friend, Alonzo, who parked it illegally by a fire hydrant. A policeman ticketed it. Alonzo, a lordly character, tore up the ticket, returned the car, and left town without mentioning it to Alec. The city sued Alec for the fine.

"I didn't park by the hydrant," Alec complained. "You're trying to hold me guilty of someone else's act, and that's unconstitutional. Go after Alonzo if you must prosecute someone."

"Our city ordinance makes the car owner responsible for illegal parking no matter who was actually behind the wheel," the city prosecutor pointed out. "And it's a good thing it does, as your friend has skipped town."

If you were the judge, would you make Alec pay for Alonzo's misdeed?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Alec had to pay. The court said that while it was unusual to hold one person responsible for the act of another, "it is common knowledge that many thousands of automobiles are parked in the streets at all times and it would be inconvenient and impossible for a municipality . . . to keep watch over parked vehicles to ascertain who in fact operated or parked them."

Based upon a 1943 Illinois decision.

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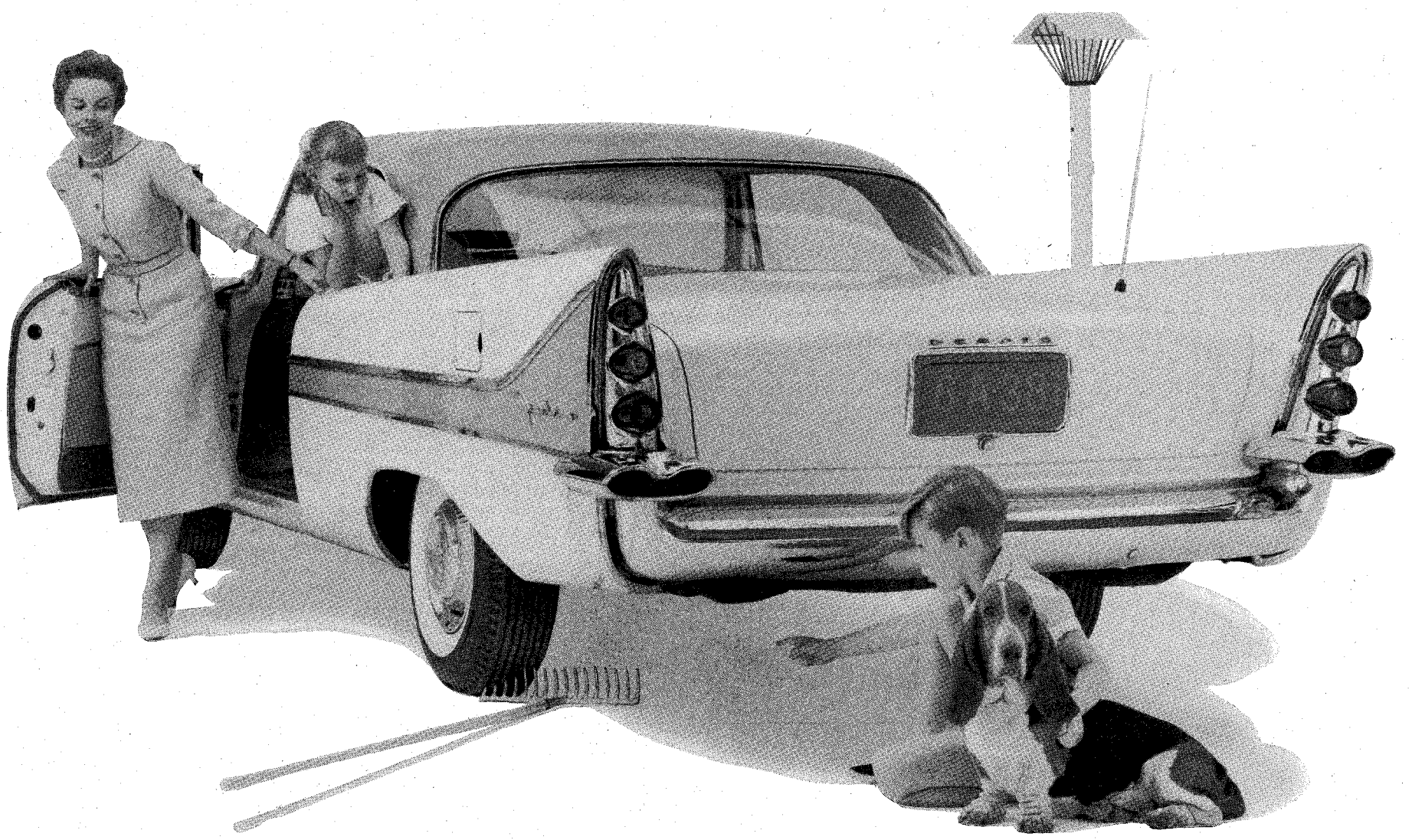

"No harm done, Children...
It's a Seiberling Sealed-Aire tire"

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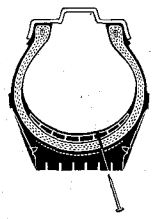
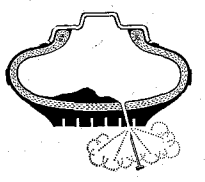


Seiberling's exclusive bulkheads keep the sealant in position, giving you *lifetime* puncture protection and tire balance.



In other puncture-sealing tires, the sealant can slide and lump-up. You lose puncture protection *and* tire balance when this happens.

Seiberling Sealed-Aire tires do not go flat when punctured— and all you need to do for *permanent* repair is to pull out the puncturing objects. That's because they are built with Seiberling's great new *exclusive* tire development: bulkhead construction*. So pull out the rake, Junior, and Mother can be on her way... safe from dangerous punctures.

When you buy Seiberling tires in *any* price range, you can be sure they are honorably built, honestly priced, and exactly as represented by Seiberling's conscientious dealer organization.

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Made by the makers of America's Finest Tires in every price range
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(*Continued from Page 115*) to jump back to give it room, and there was Flora Gallant.

Turning to close the door, she saw me and stopped, right against me. She backed up, then whirled to face the table.

Anita Prince spoke. "You know Mr. Goodwin, don't you? Your alibi?"

Flora didn't answer. Gallant had left his chair and was coming around the end of the table to her, and she extended her hands and he took them.

"My dear," he said. "My dear sister. Was it bad?"

"It's all right," she said. "It was so long."

"Who was it? The one that croaks like a frog?"

"No, not him. There were two of them, one named Brill and one named Bowen. It was so long."

It would be, I thought, with the district attorney himself taking a hand.

"More than three hours," she said. "Most of the time it wasn't about me; it was about you and the others. I suppose because I have an alibi." Her head turned. "Yes, Anita, I know Mr. Goodwin—as you say, my alibi. Carl told me he was here asking questions."

Flora turned to me. "Well—hello."

I returned it. "Hello. If you've been answering questions for three hours, I guess you've had enough for a while, so I'll just ask ——"

She cut me off. "Not here." She moved. "I don't mind you asking me questions." She was touching my arm. "But tête-à-tête." She turned to her brother. "It wasn't too bad, Alec. I'll tell you later." She stepped into the hall, and I followed, pulling the door shut.

"My room is so small," she said, "that you can't stretch your legs." She touched my arm again. "I know. You ought to see it, anyway. I'm sure you're a better detective than any of them. Come along."

Leading me along the hall toward the front, on past the elevator, nearly to the end, she opened a door, stood aside for me to enter, and followed me in.

"This was her room," she said. "When you're through asking me questions, you can go over it and maybe you can detect something. Maybe you'll find something they missed."

I glanced around. There were coats, suits, dresses, all kinds. They were on dummies scattered around—on hangers strung on a pole along a wall and piled on a big long table. Half of one wall was a mirror from floor to ceiling. At the far side of the room was a desk, with a pad and pen stand and calendar and other objects on its top, including a telephone—the one, presumably, that Wolfe and I had heard hit the floor.

Flora crossed to the desk and sat down on a chair near an end of it. "You sit in her chair," she invited me.

"It's hardly worth taking the trouble to sit," I told her. "However." I turned Bianca Voss' chair around and sat. "Only a question or two—one, really. Apparently Carl Drew told you what it is."

"He said you wanted to know if we have any letters from Sarah Yare, and Nero Wolfe wants to see them. I haven't any."

"Then that answers it. It doesn't make much of a tête-à-tête, does it?"

"No."

"I get the impression that everybody around here was pretty fond of Sarah Yare. Were you?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you first met her before she—when she had the world by the tail."

"Yes."

I looked at her. Her face had full light on it from a window, and her chin was more pointed than ever, her eye rims were red, and her lips were too tight. That was nothing remarkable; after all, not only had she just returned from three hours of nagging by Brill and Bowen about a murder—murder of a woman as she occupied the chair I was sitting in—but also someone she had been fond of had just died in a very unpleasant manner. But there was something about her—I guess her eyes—that made me feel that if I went after her I would get something. The trouble was, I would be exceeding instructions, and I still didn't know what Wolfe had been doing with the phone book.

So I merely said, "Well, I guess that covers it."

"Archie," she said.

"Yes, Finger?"

"You kissed me good night when you put me in the taxi."

"So I did. It's nice of you to remember."

"Would you kiss me now?"

It was a little complicated. When Wolfe is investigating a murder case for a client, and I am helping, I do not go around kissing the suspects. But we had no client, and I was working on Sarah Yare, not Bianca Voss. Besides, if I declined, she would think I had decided there was something repellent about her, and I hadn't decided a thing about her or anyone else. So I arose. So did she, which was sensible. One on his feet and one in a chair is no way to kiss.

She drew away. "Then you still like me."

"I think I do. I could tell better after a few more."

"Then I can ask you. I couldn't ask if you were not—if you were my enemy. Now I can. Why are you asking all of us about Sarah Yare?"

"Because Mr. Wolfe told me to."

"Why did he tell you to?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you know. He tells you everything. Why?"

I shook my head. "No good, Finger. Either I don't know or I do know but am not saying. What's the difference? It happens that I really don't know, but it doesn't matter whether you believe that or not."

"I don't. You're lying to me. You are my enemy. You told Carl Drew that someone engaged Mr. Wolfe to make an inquiry. Who engaged him?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you know. Was it Carl Drew?"

"Don't know."

"Was it Emmy Thorne?"

"Don't know."

"Was it Anita Prince?"

"Don't know."

She grabbed my arms. I wouldn't have thought her little hands had so much muscle. Her face was right under mine, tilted up to me. "I have to know, Archie. There's a reason why I must know. What can I do? What can I do to make you tell me?"

Instructions or no instructions, that was too much. I would find out what was biting her. "I can't tell you what I don't know," I said, "but maybe I can help. Sit down and calm down and we'll see. It's quite possible ——"

The door opened. I was facing it. Flora let go of my arms and turned. A voice which I had myself frequently heard croak more or less like a frog sounded. "Huh? You?"

It was my old friend and foe, Sgt. Purley Stebbins, of Homicide. In two steps he stopped and was glaring. Behind one of his shoulders appeared the saggy cheeks and puffy eyes of Carl Drew. Behind the other appeared an attractive display of hair about the color of white gold, a nice smooth brow, a pair of blue eyes not at all puffed, and a nose that went with them fine. The rest of her was shielded by Purley Stebbins' broad frame.

Purley took another step, and another. He probably thought a slow and measured advance would be more impressive and menacing, and, as a matter of fact, it was, or would have been if I hadn't seen it before.

"Greetings," I said.

"The scene of a murder," he said, "and you." He came to a stop an arm's length from me.

I grinned at him. "This time," I said, "you're in for a disappointment. I haven't got the answer ready for you because I'm not interested. Sorry, but my mind is elsewhere. Actually I'm just on a fishing trip." My eyes went to Carl Drew, who had approached on the left. "If that's Miss Thorne, would you mind introducing me, Mr. Drew?"

"That's me," she said. "No introduction required. You're Archie Goodwin." Now that all of her was in view, I could see that the mouth and chin were no letdown from the other details.

"Fishing," Purley croaked. "For what?"

"Fish." I put one brow up. He thinks I do that because I know he can't, but my motives are my business. "Listen, sergeant. Don't let's start ring-around-a-rosy and end in a squat. If you demand to know why I'm poking my nose in a murder, you know darned well what you'll get, so what's the use? Even if I told you what I'm here for—and I'm not going to—you wouldn't have the faintest idea if or how it's connected with what you're here for. Neither have I. Anyhow, I'm about finished and I've had no lunch. All I want is a few words in private with Miss Thorne. . . . If you will be so good, Miss Thorne?"

"Certainly," she said. "My room is down the hall."

"Just a minute," Stebbins growled. "Maybe you'd like a ride downtown." To me.

"I've already been downtown. I spent two hours at the D.A.'s office this morning."

"Did you tell them you were coming here?"

"I didn't know I was coming here. I went home, and Mr. Wolfe sent me on an errand."

"And I find you here. And you're obstructing justice and withholding evidence, as usual."

"Nuts. What evidence?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out. I'm not going to waste time horsing around with you." He moved. "Miss Gallant, what has this guy been saying to you?"

That would not do. Wolfe hadn't told me he wanted to keep his conjecture to himself, but I took it for granted that he did, since he hadn't even told me, and he certainly wouldn't want Purley Stebbins sticking his big thumb in, not to mention Cramer and the rest of the Homicide gang. And if Flora didn't spill it, one of the others probably would.

Action was called for. I stepped in front of Purley and told Flora, "Come on, I want to tell your brother something I want you to hear. Come along." She took half a second for a glance at Purley, then left her chair, and I took her arm. As we headed for the door I told Carl Drew and Emmy Thorne, "You too. I want you all to hear. Come along."

They came. Going down the hall they were right behind Flora and me, and on their heels was Stebbins. On past the elevator. At Gallant's room I turned the knob and swung the door wide, and stood on the sill to say my piece.

"Sorry to interrupt you again, Mr. Gallant, but Sergeant Stebbins is trying to exceed his authority, as usual. He wants me to tell him what I came to see you people about, and I won't, and he thinks he's going to squeeze it out of you. Of course you can tell him if you want to, but there's no reason why you should, and if you ask me, I wouldn't. Sometimes the police are entirely too inquisitive. They mean well, but so did the boy who aimed a rock at a rabbit and hit his sister."

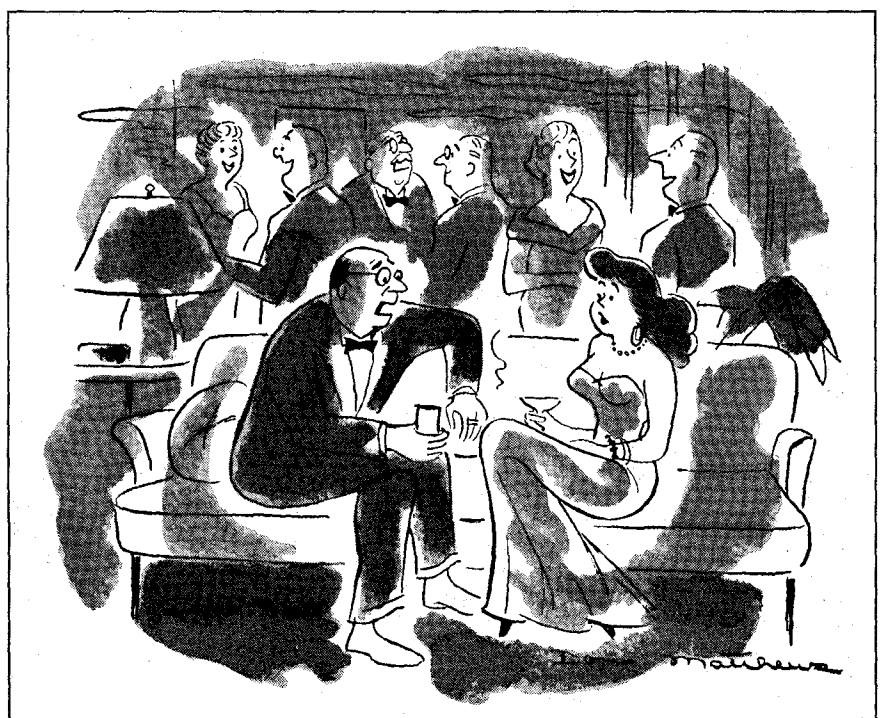
Flora slid past me to enter the room. Carl Drew wanted in, too, and I moved aside for him, and Stebbins followed him, glaring at me as he passed. I felt a touch on my elbow and turned.

"That was quite a speech," Emmy Thorne said. "I would have clapped if I had known you were through."

"Glad you liked it. Absolutely unrehearsed. No script."

"Wonderful. If you want some words in private, my room is at the end of the hall. This way."

TO BE CONCLUDED



"I don't fly anywhere, Miss Briggs. I'm space man in an advertising agency."

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"It says here, and I quote,—"

Once again Titleist was played by more pros and amateurs on the winter tournament circuit of 1958 than any other ball.

No one is ever paid to play Titleist. It is sold like all other Acushnet balls through golf course pro shops only.

TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

The Intrepid Kids of Disneyland

(Continued from Page 23)

Actually, the boats on the jungle-river cruise are on guide rails, one never leaves the ground on the Rocket to the Moon and the numerous witches in the dark rides aren't really going to grab you. Yet these details are mentally shoved aside by all who willingly join in the game of "let's pretend."

One day a four-year-old boy emerged from the narrow, dark corridors of the Sleeping Beauty Castle. Still under the spell of various episodes from the fairy tale, such as the wicked Maleficent summoning up demons to place a curse on Beauty, the lad walked over to a young-girl attendant and tugged at her skirt.

"Lady, you had better not go in there," he warned.

"Why not?" asked the young woman.

"Because," said the boy, "it'll scare hell out of you."

The Sleeping Beauty Castle is mild compared to the Snow White and Mr. Toad rides, which regularly produce complaints from those parents who consider the experience too frightening for their kiddies. In Snow White, little cars whisk the riders past four threatening witches and a dangling skeleton that whispers "Go back, go back." The Mr. Toad cars careen around corners, barely miss a stack of "falling" barrels and meet head-on the lights of an oncoming train—painted on a door which swings open a split second before the car "crashes" through it. Despite their parents' qualms, most youngsters look forward to being scared. Really, that's the most fun of all.

Brian, aged nine, who went to Disneyland with a school group, had a somewhat precocious attitude toward the scary rides. Afterward, when his fourth-grade teacher asked the class to write what they enjoyed most during the trip, Brian wrote:

"When I went to Disneyland I had a real pretty partner. We went on a dark ride and I kissed her. I forget which ride it was, but I liked it the best."

The ride operators have a few pet tricks for teen-agers who scoff, "This is kid stuff." Upon overhearing such comments, an operator occasionally drifts inside and stations himself near a spooky portion of the ride. He then sneaks up behind the slow-moving car to lay a ghostly hand on the braggart's shoulder. It never fails to elicit a scream, and the victim always emerges chastened.

Sometimes parents become separated from their children and run about, searching frantically for them. Eventually, they are directed to Disneyland City Hall, where, more often than not, they find the child waiting under the large sign: LOST PARENTS INQUIRE HERE FOR CHILDREN.

If the child is not at City Hall, Disneyland officials always ask, "How many ride coupons did your child have when you last saw him?" For no child is ever considered "lost" at Disneyland as long as he has coupons. In three years of operation, Disneyland hasn't lost a child yet.

They have found a few, however. Last summer, after an all-day visit by a group from the Montana State Orphans' Home, the party leader discovered that two of his ten-year-olds had skipped out of their room in a downtown Los Angeles hotel. Early the next morning they were found beside the Disneyland river, having hitchhiked to the park, scaled the fence and eaten breakfast from the orange trees.

Two or three runaways have been picked up by the park's security officers, including one eleven-year-old from Denver who hid out at the Frontierland Indian Village for almost a week. He had escaped detection by pretending to be a neighbor of one of the Indian boys.

Disneyland has a variety of water attractions—river boat, canal boats, keelboats, rafts, canoes and motorboats—and kids occasionally fall in. Last August, a six-year-old slipped from a Storybookland boat while leaning too far out to see the miniature house of Pinocchio. After being fished out of the shallow canal, the boy was taken to Disneyland's wardrobe department, where his wet clothes were replaced with a cowboy outfit, which he was allowed to keep. A week later, a playmate of this youngster fell in "accidentally" at the same spot. Instead of a cowboy outfit, he received only a reprimand while his clothes were being dried and pressed for him.

When the gates open each morning at ten o'clock there is always a mad dash by a few kids down the street into Tomorrowland. These knowledgeable youngsters know their way around and are seeking to be first in line for Autopia, where specially built one-cylinder gasoline runabouts can be driven at ten miles per hour on a scaled-down clover-leafed version of a superhighway.

Some kids would stay at Autopia all day if parents and pocketbooks would allow. A record of ninety rides in one day was set two years ago by a twelve-year-old farm boy from the Midwest during a period—since discontinued—when four-dollar cards were sold which allowed children entree to everything. Even then, it was a strenuous job for the youngster. After each ride he had to scoot through the exit gate and run for the end of the line to wait another turn. Disneyland rules now prohibit repeat rides when others are waiting.

When the park first opened, Autopia was a major center of disappointment for many children. No matter what the child's age, if he was not tall enough to touch his head to a fifty-six-inch-high marker outside the entrance, he could not easily reach the gas pedals, and was ruled ineligible to drive the cars.

Complaints showered down upon the operators. "He may be small for his age, but my Robert is much brighter than average," said one father, requesting special dispensation for his underheight son. Another parent complained, "We let Don (who was only eleven!) drive the family car, so you certainly ought to let him drive these little put-puts."

One small but resourceful twelve-year-old, who lacked an inch of the proper height, took things into his own hands. He went to the information desk at City Hall, borrowed some cardboard and stuffed it into his heels. When he returned to Autopia he reached the marker and was allowed to drive.

With an eye to ending the complaints and disappointments, not to mention the pain of having to turn away cash customers, Disney installed a Junior Autopia. It has identical cars, except for lengthened gas and brake pedals. Any kid who can bump his noggin on the bottom of a four-foot measuring frame can drive at Junior Autopia. And the very small now "drive" on Midget Autopia, where realistic cars with steering wheels that spin and horns that toot are propelled on a hidden guide rail along a small-scale freeway.

Another attraction for the very young is the spaceman who walks around the Tomorrowland area clad in silver space suit and plastic-bubble headgear. The spaceman runs into the usual quota of wisecracking teen-agers who want to know what he hears from Sputnik. Most of his time, though, is spent in serious conversation with toddlers, to whom a spaceman has become a sort of twentieth-century Santa Claus.

One woman rather hesitantly brought her two-year-old son to meet the spaceman and then seemed surprised when the lad smiled and eagerly accepted the silver man's huge hand.

"Now I've seen everything," the mother commented. "He's scared to death of the Indians over in Frontierland, but shakes hands with a spaceman."

Some youngsters get confused at Tomorrowland when they visit the authentic-looking, eighty-five-foot-high rocket ship which stands outside the Rocket to the Moon ride. As they enter the adjoining ticket terminal and walk down a narrow passageway into a circular room designed to resemble a space-ship cabin, they assume they are entering the rocket ship they saw outside. The illusion of going to the moon and back is heightened by several things—the presence of uniformed stewardesses, a movie-screen film shot of a real rocket as it blasted away from the earth, recorded sounds of rocket motors, and by feeling the cabin

"Say—did you know you can see your refrigerator from here?"

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vibrate as it might during powered phases of flight.

One nine-year-old, completely caught up in the illusion, emerged from the ride into the daylight and stared at the tall rocket ship.

"That pilot's sure good," he was overheard telling his father. "He brought us down in exactly the same spot we took off from."

At Tom Sawyer's Island in Frontierland, kids can climb rocks, or fish; they can fire air-operated, bulletless rifles at the plastic Indians or crawl through caves and tunnels for as long as they wish. Attendants are scattered about the island to keep an eye on the youngsters, but Disney has given strict orders to let the kids enjoy themselves.

When the island first opened, one security officer took his job too seriously and tried to keep the kids quiet and orderly. Within a week he was transferred to a gate-watching job on the night shift, where he could act like a cop.

The most envied kid in Disneyland is fourteen-year-old Tom Nabbe. Two years ago, when Walt Disney was at the park inspecting construction of Tom Sawyer's Island, he was waylaid by young Nabbe.

"I'd make a great Tom Sawyer, Mr. Disney," suggested the boy, who then had a part-time job selling souvenir books. "I could sit over on the island with a fishing pole and give it atmosphere."

Disney looked him over. The chubby, freckle-faced kid could have come right out of Mark Twain.

"I should pay you to sit and fish?" replied Disney with feigned shock. "You should pay me. Besides, I can build a plastic Tom Sawyer who wouldn't be leaving every few minutes for a hot dog."

Every time Disney set foot in the park, the boy tagged after him. Finally, Walt gave in and hired him to lead other kids through Injun Joe's cave, bait their fishhooks and answer questions. Except for the summer months, when he works full time, young Tom holds forth on the island only during weekends, having not yet been able to con the school authorities into letting him play hooky.

"Mr. Disney comes to me for advice now," brags Tom as he sits barefoot on the dock at the island, clad in dungarees and faded green shirt. "Why, when he wanted to put in a slide, I told him it wouldn't be good because a lot of the kids who come here are dressed in their best clothes. So he didn't put the slide in."

Disneyland has its occasional poignant moments. Several children, given only a few months to live by their doctors, have had their last wish fulfilled—to visit Disneyland. These youngsters are treated more royally than visiting kings.

There are also frequent trips by physically handicapped children. Four youngsters from a Los Angeles school for the blind spent an entire day "seeing" the park. Carefully supervised, they were able to drive the Autopia cars, steer the great Mark Twain river boat and toot its whistle, and ride the burros on the Mule Pack ride through Painted Desert and over Rainbow Mountain.

Since that day, one of the youngsters, twelve-year-old Michael Cole, has been back to Disneyland three times.

"I see new things every time I go," says Mike. "And I'll bet I have more fun than some sighted children. After all, how many kids get to steer the Mark Twain and ride in the cab of the train with the engineer?"

A surprising thing about Disney's paradise for kids is that on some days it is hard to find any bona fide children. Adults—that is, kids eighteen and over—outnumber children almost four to one. Whenever youngsters suggest going to Disneyland, their parents, uncles, aunts and grandparents always seem to join the party.

Last summer, a 102-year-old woman from Iowa visited the park along with her daughter, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The summer before, a 104-year-old man from Los Angeles spent a day browsing through Main Street and even took the Mad Hatter's Tea Party ride in Fantasyland, where passengers are whirled about roughly in large spinning cups.

Fifty "kids" from the Pasadena Home for the Aged took a jaunt to Disneyland, arrived at ten A.M. and stayed until closing, riding the trains and dark rides and driving the Autopia cars. The youngest of the group was seventy-six; the oldest was ninety-eight.

One of the most famous overage kids was Harry S. Truman, who went on almost all of the rides except Dumbo, during his Disneyland visit. Mr. Truman wanted nothing to do with any elephant, even Dumbo. When he decided to see the miniature fairytale settings in Storybookland, there was a slight delay. The canal boat was fully loaded, but, for some reason, the pretty young operator seemed unable to get it going. Finally, she turned to her noted guest.

"Pardon me, Mr. Truman," she said. "If you would lift your foot off the brake, we could start."

The former President of the United States instinctively lifted his right foot and the boat took off. He looked down at the brakeless floorboards; then joined the laughter at having fallen for this old wheeze that operators on many of the rides frequently pull on unsuspecting patrons.

Another visitor of rank was the King of Morocco, Mohammed V, who arrived one morning in royal regalia, accompanied by a complete entourage. The king was given a brief formal tour, then departed shortly after noon for his Los Angeles hotel. Three hours later he came back, wearing civilian clothes, and spent the rest of the day having fun with the other tourists.

During a fifteen-hour stopover between planes on their way home from the 1956 Olympic Games, a group of Russian athletes were given special permission by United States immigration officials to visit the place of their choice. They chose Disneyland. An international incident almost occurred when a press photographer snapped a picture of the athletes behind the bars of a train car labeled "Monkey Cage" during their ride on the miniature circus train called Casey Junior, which chugs through Fantasyland.

Disneyland does not please everyone. Besides the parents who feel that the dark rides are too scary for their children, the most frequently voiced complaint concerns the high cost of fantasy. General admission is ninety cents for adults, seventy cents for juniors (age twelve to seventeen) and fifty cents for children. The individual rides are priced from ten to fifty cents. The average daily expenditure is $3.63 per person, including parking, admission, rides and refreshments. In addition, some visitors—about one in fourteen—buy merchandise including

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Women seldom run into trouble; they back into it.

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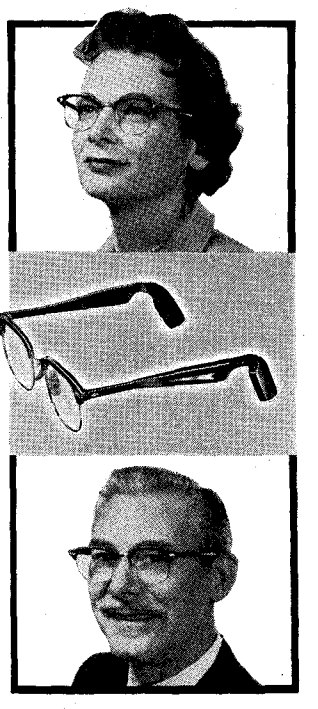

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cameras, dresses, china, or costume jewelry. If these expenditures are counted in, they bring the average for all guests up to $4.49. But many people have discovered it is not at all hard for a family of four to blow thirty dollars or more on a single trip.

The Disneyland management defends its price scale by pointing out that with $23,000,000 invested in the three-year-old project, they must show a profit or else fold up and quit. They also need income to pay for the new things Walt Disney is constantly dreaming up. A 306-foot-long painted reproduction of the Grand Canyon has just been installed on the Santa Fe & Disneyland train ride around the park, at an expense of half a million dollars.

Despite its commercial aspects, Disneyland employees, especially the ride operators, are hired for their ability to carry on the spirit of fun and fantasy, and all must have a genuine fondness for children. While acting experience may be helpful, it is not a prerequisite. The ride operators often have to be quick at improvisation.

One day on the jungle cruise, a ride operator was laying it on thick. "We are now entering treacherous territory never before entered by white men.... It sounds like trouble ahead," he spoke quietly into his microphone as the recorded sound of drums was heard. "Must be a Watusi war party. Let's hope we can get by without being seen."

At that moment the boat rounded a bend and came upon the native village, where four towering mechanical Watusi warriors slowly raised their spears and pointed them toward the occupants of the boat. A fifth warrior, however, was lying on the ground between two uniformed Disneyland mechanics who were busily repairing a gear in his leg.

"Well, what do you know?" quipped the guide, without batting an eye. "Looks like they trapped one."

Many Disneyland visitors have a hard time distinguishing the real from the simulated. The ducks on the river cause the most consternation. Ride operators on the Mark Twain add their bit to the confusion by impishly remarking, as ducks glide past the river boat, "You'd be surprised how many folks think those ducks are real."

For added atmosphere on the jungle cruise, a white plastic duck was placed so that it was sticking half out of the mouth of one of the crocodiles. This experiment was short-lived because the management was immediately showered with complaints about the inhumane treatment of ducks. One guest even complained of the odor from the "dead" duck.

The extremely lifelike wax cashier in the booth at the Main Street Cinema often makes people feel foolish after they have plunked down their dime and asked for a ticket. One nearsighted man marched indignantly to City Hall to complain about the rudeness of the cashier who had ignored him.

Throughout Frontierland there are realistic-looking animated bears, mountain lions, deer and the like. High on one hilltop, a magnificent plastic stallion switches his tail every fifteen seconds and gives forth a genuine whinny, accurately recorded by a real stallion for the Disney studio sound department. This doesn't fool anybody with good eyesight. But it does give a certain mare on the stagecoach run a big thrill and she always turns her head to answer back when she passes that spot.

A seven-year-old boy was certain he could tell the real from the unreal. As they jogged along on the burro ride, the leathery mule-skinner warned, "Look out for them thar cactus plants. Them needles is mighty sharp."

The skeptical boy leaned over and took a swipe at the cactus. On the way to the first-aid station, he decided all was not fantasy at Disneyland. The management has since moved the cactus out of reach.

Walt Disney loves to tell of the time he was out in the park and left Mrs. Disney waiting for him in their apartment above the Firehouse on Main Street. As he returned, he noticed two women pointing at the window of the apartment, where his wife was looking out at the crowd.

When he approached the building, he heard one of the women say, "My, but that looks like a real woman up in that window."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," her friend chided. "That's nothing but a dummy."

Disney's fan mail contains frequent suggestions for additions to the park. Ten-year-old Randy said he had noted that all the ducks looked so happy at Disneyland, and wondered if it would be possible to bring his pet duck over.

"He is a pretty white duck and he is very lonesome," wrote Randy. "Would you please let him live there, Mr. Disney? I would let you have him free."

The offer was accepted and Randy brought his duck. He now comes to the park to visit the pet—as well as to take in a few rides.

One twelve-year-old in Englewood, New Jersey, wrote that he thought Disney should start a hotel for children right in the middle of the park. The age limit for guests and employees would be fourteen and the hotel would have a huge soda fountain, penny machines and swimming pool. No cash would be allowed—also no parents allowed—with the kids signing tabs for everything. Father, of course, would settle the bill when he came to pick up his offspring.

There is no doubt that Walt Disney is the biggest kid of all. A nut on trains, he takes great glee in driving all of Disneyland's numerous locomotives. An hour before the Grand Canyon diorama was scheduled to open, he insisted on taking each of his three major trains—passenger, freight and excursion—around the park and through the new project, to check the effect from the visitor's viewpoint. He usually stands in line like any other tourist and never seems to tire of taking the rides and stopping to talk to children about their likes and dislikes. And he hardly can wait until his own two grandchildren get big enough to help plan new things for the park.

Last year, Disney was invited to dedicate Walt Disney Elementary School, near Disneyland. Sixth-grade children in the district had been invited to suggest names of prominent Americans for three new schools—the names picked for the other schools were Dr. Jonas E. Salk and Dr. Peter Marshall.

When Disney went to the dedication ceremony, he took along the entire Disneyland Band. During his speech, he told the school board that if they would let the kids out on a school day, he would treat the entire gang to a visit at Disneyland, plus a chicken dinner.

On the appointed day three weeks later, 738 of the 739 students—one was too ill to get out of bed—descended upon the park. "Uncle Walt," as the children at the school call him, had himself a ball, personally conducting them through the caves on Tom Sawyer's Island and driving them on the trains.

The next day there were a lot of envious kids at the two other new schools in the area.

"You guys get all the breaks," said one fourth-grader at Jonas Salk School to his playmate from Walt Disney School. "All we got out of naming our school was a couple of polio shots."

As guests leave Disneyland, opinion-survey girls question some of them to note their reactions to the day's activities.

One man was walking stiffly out of the park along with his small daughter. He was asked, "Which ride did you do first?"

"I can't remember exactly," he replied. "But I can tell you which one I did most. I had to go on that blankety-blank burro ride nine times with my daughter."

Another time, during a strong windstorm, a man was asked if the weather had spoiled his enjoyment of Disneyland. The man gave the survey girl a quizzical look.

"Why?" he wanted to know. "Is Walt Disney planning to do something about the weather too?"

One weary-looking visitor, accompanied by a toddler wearing a Mickey Mouse cap, made the classic remark of all time, "This is the greatest people trap in the world ever built by a mouse."

Rotten Log

By Elizabeth Landeweer

A rotten log with ferns at base,
Is like a crowded market place,
With ants like *Hausfraus* hurrying,
And spotted beetles scurrying,
As if to catch commuters' trains;
With here some fossilized remains,
A dry skin with a slit-up back,
As empty as a cast-off sack
And there, a grub in chrysalis—
A rotten log is genesis,
Life and death and all creation,
Busy as Grand Central Station.

Yusuf the Lionhearted (Continued from Page 21)

tent poles for a construction camp. Next they made him a hand-and-foot roller of thirty-foot sections of pipe. Six months of that, and food such as Yusuf had never dreamed of, and they taught him to drive a small truck. Then a large one. And after a further severe apprenticeship, they had pinned his badge on him—a badge which not even the Sheik of Kuwait could boast. Yusuf, a cat skinner, a bulldozer driver. A man who could move mountains and who, this very day, was about to move a mountain, or anyway the upper half of a mountain. The rest he would move tomorrow.

Once more Yusuf was swept by ecstasy—this time so great that he decided he'd better get down at once, face Mecca, kneel and recite the second of his day's five prayers. So down he got, and thanked Allah devoutly, though often he wondered whether it was Allah he owed allegiance to or the Other One. Were those deities still at war? Must the breast of him, Yusuf the meager, be their field of Armageddon?

More or less dragging one foot because he felt so melancholy and racing with the other because he felt so glad, Yusuf made his way back to his bulldozer seat and set his hoarse-voiced monster to clawing its way up the dune.

He halted on the wind-flattened summit. The bog which Excellency Hooper desired filled was down there off the north base. Beyond was a considerable ridge of hills. They were vague, for summer dust was astir. It covered the nearby camel brush and stuffed the nostrils. If it were not for the haze, a gap in those hills would disclose the roofs and dry mud walls of Azraq, crumb-small in the distance. Behind them would be the green smudge that was the grove of date palms where he had toiled fifteen months in fierce, wild expectancy of claiming Hussa. Hussa right now must be spinning goat hair into yarn, or weaving it at her loom, or stirring pots of bubbling goodies, all for the master who had bought her. Wretchedness anew surged through Yusuf, making his throat taste like the bottom of that saline bog down yonder. He was glad that the haze blocked his native village from view.

Ed Hooper had brought him here to shove sand. Ed would be back at sunset. It was no time for lamentation. Yusuf lowered his twelve-foot blade.

"On, my daughter!" he breathed to his beautiful machine of the iron lungs, and started pushing. "On, my little one!" Each trip down the north face sent a dozen tons tumbling.

The sun was well up. The sun was warm.

At each zigzagging return to the summit, Yusuf peered off toward Azraq. With each halt for peering, the distant haze had thickened.

On the fortieth return, a drastic change had occurred. The haze, formerly yellow, had become dark orange. It reached high into the sky. Something was churning it. Its lofty tips writhed like flames, tossed like banners.

A local sandstorm off there, decided Yusuf. The far ridge of hills would confine it. He backed his 'dozer, tore forward and bit more tons. Down the face of the dune he rushed them, and into the bog. Then up the dune again.

At about the noon hour, Yusuf's blade struck neither sand nor clay. Nor stone; the sound was no gritty thud. It was a clink, a metallic ring. An object tumbled up and rolled in the sand ahead of him. What was this, torn from the bosom of a mountain? Yusuf halted his machine and got down.

What Yusuf beheld was a vessel about half as large as a bolt keg. Some of it was rust-red and some was silver-bright. It was a hat, and of the utmost durability. But it was quite unlike the hard hats worn by Yusuf's (*Continued on Page 122*)

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(*Continued from Page 120*) employers. This was built to cover the whole head, even the face. The facepiece was built out, was pointed, like the bill of a bird.

Once before, Yusuf had seen something uncovered in this region. It had been a shield, well dented, bearing an emblem still unforgotten in these parts, in enamel on raised brass—a blood-red cross. The object turned up by a trenching machine had brought high officials of the pipeline constructors rushing to the spot. The shield had been lifted out with much reverence, the whole area roped off, and all surrounding soil sifted, but no further article of interest had showed up. An officer of the construction company had gone off with the shield after rewarding its finder with fifty dazzling riyals.

Yusuf gazed at this thing in his hands. This strange—this very strange hat. He examined the spot where it had leaped to light. He climbed back upon his cat. He backed, then inched the blade forward with delicacy. A noisy rending, a shrieking disclosed a whole hoard. Once more he got down. And knew. It was in the tradition of his tribe to recognize what his startled eye beheld. More helmets. Breastplates. Several small shields and one great one. Mail shirts, a mace, shinplates, and, standing forth in the sand like a very cross resurrected, the silver hilt and upper half of what was surely a two-handed sword.

Utterly awed, Yusuf pulled the whole sword from the sand. He hefted it, and though it almost lifted him off his feet, he swung it aloft by both hands. What time had passed since last it whistled and cleaved through Arab air? He placed it on his tractor and dragged out the biggest shield. It was one to cover an entire man, to roof him over or wall him in, and on it a scarlet cross, rudely nicked, still blazed like fire. He picked up a helmet finer than the first, and, after knocking the sand out of it, found that he could work its facepiece up and down. The hinges squeaked, lacking oil. They complained loudly, after centuries of silence.

A puff of cold air from the hills, a chill like the slap of a strap, caught Yusuf on the cheek, but he was almost too excited to notice it. Even though it meant a shamal, a northwester, a rising unpleasantness. Dust-raising northwesters were usual enough at this time of year. What concerned Yusuf was the extent of treasure he had uncovered. He had found pillage from the wars of the Crusaders, doubtless transported hither long ago by some victorious Arab chieftain; buried here for safekeeping, and never returned for.

And the story of those Crusaders, those other men from overseas, Yusuf knew well, for he was of their blood; they were one half of his ancestry.

It was so. It was why his tribe, the Salubi, were so bitterly despised. Six to eight hundred years ago the Franks, men of blond beards and great frames, had come to the edge of Araby to overthrow Islam and had fought to do it; had remained fighting, with frequent reinforcements, for two centuries. And when, between battles, those knights and their foot warriors took their helmets off, though they were infidels who sought to place cross above crescent, they had found favor in the eyes of many Arab damsels who should have stayed in their fathers' tents. When the last of the invaders bowed to the victorious Saracens and withdrew to their ships, these unwise women and their offspring had been left behind to become, from Mosul to Mocha, from Antioch to Medina, the community of the scorned: a class so meanly considered, so without all dignity, that its women were not even regarded as important enough to go veiled. Though Salubi girls were often bewitchingly pretty, other Arab men would never marry them, would merely steal or buy them. And one of these, to Yusuf's lasting torment, had been his own Hussa.

And now at his feet was wealth to redeem half the Salubi girls of the countryside, including ——

The chill wind from the gap toward Azraq smote Yusuf's cheek again. It didn't matter. Nor the fact that the sun was clouding over, that the duster was on the move. He was down in the shallow pit his blade had dug. He was trying on, for sheer curiosity, these garments of his ancestors. Mail shirt. Breastplates. Shinplates. He lifted the mighty shield.

It was strange, but donning this implacable hardware did something to him. Something more thrilling, even, than pinning on the badge of Tractor Operator, First Class. He felt a swelling of his muscles, a sense of tingling worth. Was he, with this shield before him, this helm on his head, a reborn ancestor of himself, a Christian knight? Was he, perhaps, a veritable Frankish king, though an unhorsed one?

Unhorsed? He, Yusuf? With this yellow-painted monster, this steel-hoofed beast straining at its iron haunches for his least command?

Weighted as he was, climbing to his tractor seat was almost impossible. Small wonder that the lightly clad Saracens on fleet horses had been able to demolish the Franks, once they struck down their mounts. Small wonder that dashing crescent had prevailed over cumbrous cross. Yet Yusuf, after pushing the great shield aboard beside the sword, managed the all-but-impossible and found himself on his tractor seat. He wanted to find out what a Frankish king felt like before he was tumbled to ground. And, on this great steed, this seven-feet-high, fourteen-feet-long, eight-feet-wide charger, he more than found out. He felt exactly as a mailed warrior should feel who was a rider of one hundred horses under one saddle. Buy Hussa from Salim bin Hamud? Pah! He would wrest her by force of arms. He would hack and hew to her presence like a Lion Heart, like a Barbarossa, like a Godfrey of Bouillon at the gate of Jerusalem. He would recapture her, single-handed. He would bear her off.

The wind was howling. It was driving hard pellets. They plinked against his apparel, but they could not hurt.

He covered up his storehouse of riches with one fourteen-ton push. He headed the 'dozer down the north face of the dune and onward for the gap in the hills, which now were licked by occasional tongues of lightning.

The clank of his advance, the five-miles-per-hour rumble and mighty snorting, would have been heard for miles at another time, but in this increasing gale, this characteristic summer shamal, they were as one clamor among many. In a northwester, that father of the dust, no traveler in his senses would be abroad. Every rider of horse or camel would be down on the ground, his beast grounded with him, his face pressed into the animal's flank and his head wrapped tight. The very guard atop Azraq's walls would be in flight for the guardroom at the tower's base, the cedarn gates of the market town shut tight against the bombarding sand.

"On, my daughter! On, my little one!" cried Yusuf, exulting, driving toward those pennons of caught-up sand, driving for the eye of the windstorm and the gap in the hills. The sun now was a mere stain of light. Afternoon was as deep evening.

Yusuf steel-hoofed his way into Azraq's valley as evening became starless night. The rumble of his coming matched and blended with the voices of the skies. Hereabout in the bawling blackness, silent and afraid, Azraq's houses crouched behind their town wall like travelers face-buried in the bellies of their prostrate camels. A flare of lightning tossed its brief lantern. Yusuf beheld Azraq's gates. By the two levers that controlled his tracks, he squared for it.

"On, my daughter," he breathed, and threw the johnsonbar forward, at the same time ducking.

Six-inch planks, iron-studded, leaped aside with a splintering scream. Within was the market square.

Yusuf's visor was open; he needed every bit of murky vision he could get. He crossed the square with solid tread. Ahead was the street of little shops. He knew Azraq well; he marched halfway down its length. Nothing in human shape opposed him, nothing but a few obtruding shop fronts that were, and then suddenly were not. The dozer brushed by, its blade sharply angled into the narrow way. All shutters were up, all doors and windows shut. The slimmest gleams of charcoal hearths, of fitful lamps, rayed through overlooked cracks.

This would be Salim bin Hamud's place of business. This would be where the fat merchant sat by day like an overstuffed spider, shrewdly eying the passing purchasers, his elbows sunk into his pampered thighs, the backs of his wrists meditatively supporting his perfumed beard. Behind this tightly battened row of shutters would be the mounds of date paste, the watermelons and lemons, the damasks, spices and incenses, the brassware from India, carpets from Iran and cottons from Japan. Behind those, in turn, would be the shop entrance to the merchant's dwelling, and in there now, no doubt, would be Salim in a floor corner with his head covered, trembling at each shake of house wall, croaking to the storm jinn with dust-choked throat. Pillowed, beyond question, among his five women, four of whom would be his allotted wives and the fifth lovely Hussa, who perhaps at this very moment was handing her lord a sustaining sherbet.

Yusuf stayed one crawler track, sent the other forward, and deftly pivoted. He dropped to first gear and pushed the johnsonbar. There was a ripping of stout planks from Lebanon, a shriek of strong locks parting, and Salim's well-sealed shop front had dissolved. The iron behemoth crunched the heaped watermelons, the shapely vessels of brass and tinned copper, the bolts of silk, the vials of fragrance, the rugs from Shiraz and the canisters of cinnamon and cardamom and pepper, and came to a slender door.

Facing this, Yusuf backed his twenty tons of awful power, gasped in the swirls of released frankincense and pepper, drew the cross-blazoned shield over his helmeted head, cried, "Bravely onward, my little one!"—and the two-foot closed doorway all at once was a twelve-foot open one, and Yusuf was in the house of his enemy.

An oil lamp flickered dimly, giving off wafts of sandal. That large two-halved circle of camel-hair robing, looking like the two cheeks of a peach, would be the up-ended rear of Salim, his head hidden deep in human cushioning. The uproar of Yusuf's entry, joined with the wind carnival outside, had the household petrified.

Yusuf braked his steed. He got down, having now the hang of his heavy encasement. He lifted the lamp from its bracket, held it over the soft tangle. Salim's stern quivered like a truck's hood on a cold morning; he called plaintively on Allah; on Hussa; on Dagheima, Jahaira, Khasna and Mahara, the four who were closest about him.

Yusuf laid hand to the brown robe and plucked the merchant backward from his nest. He replaced the lamp and took from the tractor what he needed to make this moment complete. Did Salim's starting eyeballs take in that man-high shield with emblem, that five-foot sword, the panoplied avenger straight from Acre, Joppa, Jerusalem and the long ago?

With a groan, Salim shut his white eyelids and rolled back to his ostrich posture. Yusuf traced the agitated rear with the point of his sword. To do more had been more merciful; a thrust would have ended all; but Yusuf was savoring revenge for six and a half centuries of ignominy. He contented himself with drawing arabesques, ripping some threads and lightly scratching skin—the last so that Salim tomorrow would know this had been no vision in a swoon.

Hussa watched. Sitting on her heels, eyes refusing to blink, she stared. Her dark eyes, (*Continued on Page 124*)

"I'm taking you off the vitamin pills."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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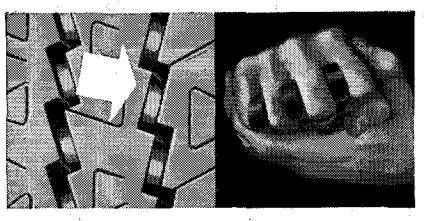

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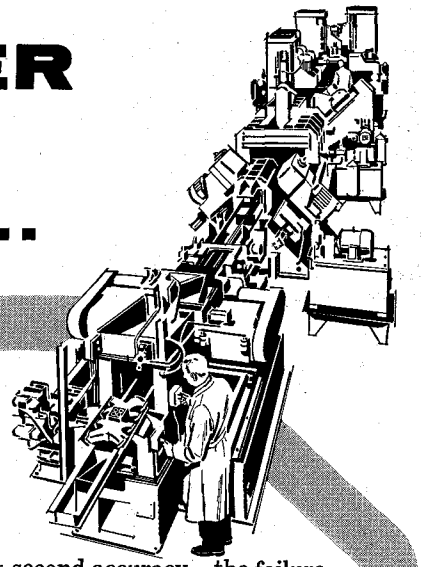

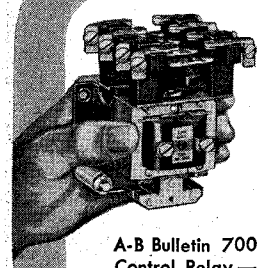

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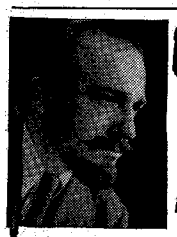

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(*Continued from Page 122*)

luminous in the lamp's waver, were straight on that face in its metal framing. Hussa had the advantage of Salim, her master, and the four who were his wives. She had tribal memory handed down from mother to daughter. She knew all about the Godfrey, the Lion Heart, the Raymond, the Barbarossa, and the very dimensions of them; she also knew the young man of her generation whose suit she had accepted.

"Come, beloved." Yusuf put shield and sword back on the tractor. He caught her two hands. He helped her shake free of the limbs of the others; to come to her own two feet. He held her a delirious instant to his steel breastplates. In exaltation he informed her, "I am your knight."

"I know." They could barely hear each other through the racket from the deep-coughing bulldozer and the shouts of the wind in that shattered room.

"I think maybe I am Godfrey of Bouillon."

"No, you aren't. You're Yusuf. I love you just the same."

"You love me still? I had only twenty riyals to place in the hand of your father."

"I've loved you always. I hated old Salim."

"Can you guess where I found these garments?"

"No. And I don't care."

"You know how I got here?"

"Of course. Allah sent you."

"I am supposed to be fighting tonight for the Other One."

"There is no God but God. It doesn't matter by which name you call him."

"And He is on our side." Yusuf lifted her high and placed her on the tractor seat. He climbed up lumberingly, and she had to help him by pulling. He cried, laying the great shield over both their heads, "Hang on!" He shifted to the gear with the twenty-eight-thousand-pound push, and trod the gas.

The outer wall to Salim's house exploded. They blasted forth into a dark back street. Down that lane he boomed. Into the market square once more. Across it and through the mangled gate.

They were out on the desert with the wind behind them. Into its ninety miles per hour they put their five. Since Zubail lay to the southeast, and that was where the wind was headed, they needed no signposts.

Beyond the gap in the hills, the dozer's hundred-gallon tank ran dry.

Ed Hooper found them there, at morning. He had been out with trucks and searchlights, scouring for Yusuf and other scattered operators, half the night. Ed's eyebrows were thick puffs of sand and his general color was exactly that of a devout pilgrim who has been to Mecca, but his language was six other kinds, including Tagalog, Urdu, Choctaw, Singhalese and Canuck. He did not seem half as surprised at finding a shapely girl in Yusuf's arms as he was in their attire. It was, he had to admit, a nifty rig for a sand gale. Helmet and breastplates were on the lady. A chain shirt and what one of Ed's vice presidents called greaves were on Yusuf. The two tractor sitters were neatly roofed over with as handsome a piece of weatherproofing as Ed had seen since the invention of corrugated aluminum, and the blood-red cross upon it gave it real style.

"Now this," Ed made known in one of the Eskimo tongues he had picked up while constructing the Canol pipeline from the Mackenzie River to the Yukon, "I'd like explained. Did you find yourselves blown into a museum or did the shamal take the top off somebody's shed?"

"Huh?" said Yusuf.

"The shamal, son. The wind."

"Oh? Is it still blowing?" Yusuf looked about. He had forgotten there was a gale.

"It stopped blowing about two A.M.," said Ed Hooper, admiring the way these ragheads could concentrate. "About the iron duds. Where did you get them?" He tapped the mail shirt inquiringly.

"I found them," said Yusuf with dignity, as became a man of ancestry.

"Oh, did you now!" cried Ed. "And how about the girl friend?"

"She is mine," stated Yusuf. "Quite mine."

"So I gather. Well, you sure picked a funny time to pitch woo." He peered closer, and got a full blast from the bewitching eyes of Hussa, limpid in the morning light. She smiled at Ed. That construction stiff promptly buckled like an insecure form full of wet concrete. "Don't do that to me," he yelped. He studied the pair. He remembered the stern briefing that all Americans got when they signed their two-year contracts with Trans-Islam Pipe-line Constructors, Incorporated. *Don't interfere with native ways or native women.* He forced his gaze back to Yusuf and the joint attire. If Yusuf had found this set of souvenirs, he had maybe found plenty more. Wait till that vice president got Ed's report!

"Look," said Ed. "I'm all for the customs of the country, and we have some good ones too. But this isn't Central Park. What you need, after a beard and book get through with you, is a house. I got just the house. Inside the Zubail compound, under full protection of the Big Sheik. You give me this old-fashioned stuff you're wearing and I'll move into the single-men's dormitory. A bit of swap, see?"

Yusuf did not understand more than a few words. But Hussa had spent eighteen months in the household of a merchant and she knew the signs of a dicker when she saw them. She spoke to Yusuf. Between Hussa's brains, Yusuf's slim English and Ed Hooper's reinforced Arabic they reached an understanding. The present suit of armor, the shield and the sword for a dwelling with air conditioning.

All the way to Zubail, Hussa giggled. Yusuf, in Salim's house last night, had looked so funny in his outfit. It had been miles too big for him.

Yusuf was blissful too. He had Hussa. He still had his secret—the location of the rich Crusader loot—and that, before he got through was going to cost Islam Pipe-line a radio, an electric range and a refrigerator. And a car with sand tires for Hussa. Salim bin Hamud had never given her so much as a riding camel.

And Yusuf still had his badge of Tractor Operator, First Class. THE END

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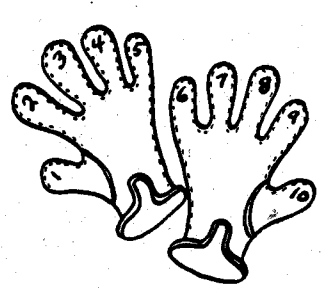

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A Visit With Eddie Arcaro

(Continued from Page 27)

"Well, let's see how much we can do before I fade out," he said. "Didn't you tell me you have an early deadline on this?"

I admitted it would be a tight squeeze to complete the story in time for the issue of the Post featuring Norman Rockwell's Arcaro cover.

"O.K., we'll wrap it up tonight," the old pro said briskly. He turned to his wife, a willowy blonde who was a model before she married Eddie in 1937. "What time is dinner?"

"The maid is off tonight, so I thought I'd have a drink with you before I made dinner," Mrs. Arcaro said. "Do you want to eat early?"

He nodded. "That'll give us a chance to start work now." He moved a coffee table and two chairs near an outlet for the tape recorder, then sat down and lighted a cigarette. "All right. What do you want to know?"

For the next five hours, counting interruptions for dinner and phone calls, he answered questions quickly and decisively, scotching a number of romantic notions about horses and jockeys, even though it meant depreciating himself.

He broke fast from the starting gate when I asked him to compare the pressure in his business with that on athletes in other sports. "The pressure is easier on a jockey," he said. "Even men who play on teams are on their own, more or less. The pitcher or the hitter in baseball has got to be good in his own right. Nobody is up there helping a boxer. A jockey has a horse going for him, and I have to believe horse is at least ninety per cent of the battle.

"The best horse I ever rode was Citation. I wasn't any asset to him. Anybody who knew the elements of riding could have won with him. Citation was so good you could make two or three mistakes in a race and he'd still win. On the other hand, the best jockey in the world can't help a plug that's outclassed by superior horses."

He took a long drag on his cigarette. "I may get kicked out as president of the Jockeys' Guild for saying this," he resumed with a smile, "but I think our importance is overrated. Any one of two dozen top jocks will get home with the best horse in a race. A jockey does a good job if he makes a horse run up to its potential, because seventy per cent of them don't want to win. Most horses ——"

"Wait a minute, Eddie," I cut in. "Did you say seventy per cent of all horses don't want to win?"

"That's right. In fact, I think the figure is even higher. Horses are like people. Everybody doesn't have the aggressiveness or the ambition to knock himself out to make a success. Most horses will dog it and goof off if you let them get away with it."

"I assume you mean run-of-the-mill selling platers," I said.

"Not necessarily. A lot of horses that were rated great really didn't put out unless they were forced to do it. In his time, Whirlaway was considered the best horse in America"—Arcaro won the Triple Crown with him in 1941. "Whirlaway wasn't great in my book, because he had to have a pace set for him. He didn't hang back as far as Silky Sullivan does, but he loafed behind the pack, and he'd stay there unless you made him turn on his tremendous speed. I had to fight him all the way when he set the record that still stands for the Kentucky Derby.

"Stymie, who held the money record shortly after the war, never beat a good horse carrying equal weights. If he was coming up in the stretch and a horse gave him a battle, Stymie would quit. Most come-from-behind horses are like that. If they make a charge and can't get by, it generally cooks them. Stymie was the best-managed horse I've ever seen. Hirsch Jacobs, his trainer, was a master at picking spots where the weights favored Stymie."

We broke off for dinner. Eddie announced that he was hungry, but he ate only one fried chicken leg, a salad and a small portion of stewed fruit. He did not touch the rolls, potatoes, cookies or the wine on the table.

"I thought you were one jockey who didn't have a weight problem," I remarked.

"I've gained only two pounds in the last ten years," he said, "but I can't push my luck. I've lasted so long because I've never had to go on a strict diet or sweat off weight in the steam box like most of the boys when they get older. Those steam treatments burn you out after a couple of years. I watch myself because I'm too heavy now for a rider."

Too heavy at 114 pounds? Horses carry upward of 120 pounds in most major races. It would seem that a live burden is preferable to the lead bars put in the saddlecloth to make up the balance of the assigned weight.

"That sounds logical, but most trainers believe horses run better with dead weight. It's steadier and more centrally balanced. Willie Shoemaker, who weighs only ninety pounds, knocks the bottom out of the live-weight theory. Last winter he won the Santa Anita Handicap with Round Table carrying forty pounds of lead. His tack was so heavy he needed two men to carry it to the paddock."

Mrs. Arcaro, who had answered the phone twice during dinner, left afterward to play cards with some girl friends. "Will you take the calls tonight, pop?" Eddie asked his father, Pasquale, who lives with him. "Don't disturb me unless it's important."

When we were installed at the tape recorder again, I said to Eddie, "I'd like to discuss the art of race riding—how a jockey handles different horses, develops a sense of pace and —— What's the matter?"

He had made a wry grimace while I was talking. "Too much junk is written about a sense of pace," he said. "Every good new boy who comes up is described as 'a jock with a clock in his head.' It's ridiculous. There isn't one rider in this country who knows how fast a race is run. Track conditions vary so much there can be a difference of three seconds in a mile from one day to the next."

He smiled sardonically. "If I had a clock in my head I would have won another Derby. In 'Forty-seven I pulled a boner that cost Phalanx the race by a nose. I tried to make my move with him on a muddy track between the half-mile and the quarter poles, and I couldn't understand why he wasn't picking up the other horses. The figures later showed that was the fastest quarter mile in the race. I put so much pressure on Phalanx that he didn't finish with the real live punch he always had."

Are there other common misconceptions about jockeys?

"Yeah, the talk you hear about natural-born riders. I don't know how anyone can be called a natural in any line that requires a lot of study for success. The only jockey close to being a natural is Shoemaker. He gets more out of a horse with less effort than anyone I've ever seen. Horses run kindly for Shoe. Why? I wish I knew. I had to learn everything about horses the hard way."

"What made you want to be a jockey?" I asked. "Was it the money? Did you feel a special affinity for horses?"

"No. A kid doesn't think of money. I'd never been within ten feet of a horse until I got a job as an exercise boy when I was thirteen years old. I became a jockey because I was crazy about sports, but I was too small to compete with kids in any game."

He continued, without a trace of rancor in his soft, liquid voice, "Racing was my only outlet. I've done all right, but I wasn't a natural. I was an exercise boy for three years, and I rode in races a full year before I thought I had a chance to make the grade. You can't look at a jockey and say he's good because he rides as though he was born on a horse. You've got to race against him to get a real line on his ability."

What's the pay-off?

"His will to win and his judgment in competition. A tough rider is always worrying you, even when he's on a bad horse in a claiming race. He makes a horse run up to its full capability. He wants to win 'em all."

"That's true of the standouts in every sport," I said. "How does a jockey communicate his aggressiveness to a horse if it is in the seventy-per-cent group which, as you said, doesn't want to win?"

Arcaro hunched forward and slapped his shoulder. "By driving with him from up here. Race riding is as much physical exertion as you want to put into it. Every top rider has strong back and shoulder muscles. Even little Shoemaker is built like a lightweight fighter from the waist up. You develop those muscles by pushing with the horse on every stride, by showing him you're the boss and making him keep his mind on his job.

"Of course, there are limitations to what a jockey can do. If you want to hold a horse back and he wants to run, you've got to let him go or you'll choke him. And there's no sense whipping a tired horse, because he'll quit on you. Some jocks put on a big show by whacking their horses in the stretch, but I think more horses are whipped out of the money than into it. A horse resents it when he's leveling for you."

How can a jockey tell if his mount is going all out?

"If he flicks his ears, he's admiring the scenery or thinking about something besides running. His ears should be laid back close to his head. But the best tip-off to me is a horse's breathing. It's deep and regular when he's relaxed, but he grabs for air when he's running under tension. Breath control is the secret of handling horses. It's no accident that stables like Calumet, Greentree and Maine Chance consistently come up with good horses. They're taught breath control as colts."

"Eddie, you mentioned judgment as an important asset to a jockey, but that angle was lost in the shuffle," I said. "I suppose you mean the sudden changes in strategy that must be made during a race."

He was grabbing for air himself, but the only concession he made to fatigue was to loosen his tie. "We could talk about this all night, but as a general principle you can't stick to a fixed plan. You've got to react to situations as they arise."

I asked him to cite some spontaneous decisions he has made.

"Well, there's the Derby I won on Lawrin. The morning of the race, Ben Jones, Lawrin's trainer, walked me around the track and showed me the mud was so deep on the rail I had to keep away from it. Well, Lawrin left the gate in front, but on the first turn he was knocked back into last place up against the rail—the one spot in the world I didn't want to be. I stayed there to save ground, and I never went around a horse in going to the front."

He paused. "After more than twenty thousand races, I ought to be able to dig up a few more examples that make me look good," he said. "Here's one. The only time in his life Whirlaway took an early lead was in the Belmont Stakes. The other jocks slowed down the pace to save their horses for Whirlaway's big finishing punch, but I gambled he could draw them out and have enough left to win. The same thing happened in the Pimlico Special with Shut Out, another come-from-behind horse who never had been a front runner."

I asked whether it helped top horses like these to be handled by jockeys thoroughly familiar with them.

"Only a little bit. As I said earlier, any experienced jockey will do a competent job. The only one of my Derby winners I had ridden more than once before the race was Hill Gail."

I said, "Eddie, I'd like to check a story I've heard. Did you give half your Derby money to Albert Snider's widow when you won with Citation?" Snider, who had been Citation's regular jockey, was drowned in Florida a few weeks before the race. Arcaro's 10-per-cent share of the purse was $8340.

"It was the least I could do," he answered. "Snider would've won it all." He changed the subject abruptly. "Actually, you can learn a lot about a horse quickly if you know the business. The trainer gives you a fill-in on the horse's habits and running style if you've never been on it before. You get a good idea how the horse handles in the fifteen-minute gallop to the post. You get the feel of his mouth and running action, find out whether he has a tendency to lug in or bear out and how he holds his head. When the race starts, you can tell in the first sixteenth of a mile whether he's alert or sluggish, and you rate him accordingly."

Of all the horses Arcaro had mentioned, Citation alone had evoked some degree of warmth in him. I wondered out loud whether he liked horses.

The question puzzled him. "Of course I do. I make a good living from them."

"That's not what I mean," I said. "Do you have the same sort of affection for horses as for your dogs?" Eddie had been fondling his two French poodles—a miniature and a standardbred—until he put them out for getting too inquisitive about the tape recorder.

He said, "I can't say I'm crazy about all horses, but I do admire a real top horse's guts and courage. It's a wonderful feeling when you think you're going to get beat, and your horse gives you that extra effort that makes you love him."

... ...

Benevolent Boss

He does not always scold
and shout
At slip-ups and mistakes;
You should hear him laugh
about
The ones *he* sometimes
makes.

Curtis Heath

... ...

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"Eddie, most authorities rate horses pretty low among animals in intelligence. Do you agree with them?"

"No, I don't. I think a Thoroughbred is very smart. It's a wonder he doesn't turn into a complete idiot when you analyze what's done to him from the time he's trained for racing. First of all, his intensive breeding makes him high-strung. Then, when he's sixteen months old, a man he's always trusted takes him to the starting gate and locks him in a narrow stall that must look like a prison to the colt.

"People holler at him, smack him in the fanny and ring bells to get him accustomed to racing conditions. He's scared to death, but the next day he's expected to be calm when they put him in the gate again. He must be intelligent to figure out what the trainer is trying to do, and bear up under the pressure put on him."

A stranger listening to Arcaro talk about horses and jockeys like a dandy little sportsman never would suspect that he was a dead-end kid on horseback when he came up to the big time in 1932. Repeated suspensions for flagrant fouls had no effect on him until the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct in 1942. Arcaro, bumped by Vincent Nodarse's mount coming out of the gate, whipped his horse in a blind fury, overtook the field, then rammed into Nodarse and sent him crashing into the fence. Arcaro was barred from racing for a year—a sentence that finally reformed him.

"It was the best thing that ever happened to me," he told me. "It gave me time to think and take stock of myself." He studied his hands. "My trouble was I didn't change with the times. The young jockeys coming up had more education and were higher-type kids than when I broke in. You might say I was the last of the old-time jocks. I was thirteen when I left school in 'Twenty-nine after the eighth grade. During the depression, changes in the working laws made kids stay in school until they were sixteen.

"I'm not making excuses for myself, but the older jockeys set bad examples for the kids of my generation. You had to be tough and nasty to survive. There were fist fights in the jock house every day. It was murder on the track. It was worth your life to go through an opening on the rail. The guy in front would cut in and put you over the fence. You had to learn every trick to win. There was the leg lock—putting your knee against a horse as it was about to pass. You'd be amazed how much the least amount of pressure slows down a horse. Another cute one was to grab the saddle cloth of a horse ahead of you and make him drag you along. You could wear him down pretty good in an eighth of a mile if you got away with it. And sometimes jocks used the whip on each other more than they did on their horses.

"In those days there were no movies to help the patrol judges and stewards catch fouls"—at every major track now a battery of cameras records each race on film. "The movies have cut down most of the roughstuff by showing how riders who beat the rules cause jams that result in falls. When you're thrown in a race it's so sudden you don't know what happened, but it doesn't look pretty when you see it in the movies."

"Have you had many falls?" I asked him.

"So many I've lost count," he said. "At least fifty."

"Any serious ones?"

"The first was real bad. I went down in the middle of the pack in Chicago in 'Thirty-three. I was in the hospital for four months with a fractured skull and a punctured lung. A horse stepped on my back."

"Were you gun-shy when you went back to work?"

"Yes, I was very jittery, but I knew I had to take the hazards of the business if I wanted to stay in it. My second fall cured me because it taught me that most accidents are caused by scared jockeys. A week after I came back I was caught between two horses, and I thought they were going to sandwich me. I got panicky and pulled my horse up. He stepped on the heels of the horse in front and went down. If I'd fought to hold my position, I would've gotten running room and been all right.

"I used to average five to eight falls a year, but the movies have made riding much safer. Besides, there aren't as many jocks looking for an edge. There's more give and take now. If you come up on the inside of a dead-beat horse, the rider will pull out and let you pass, because you'll give him the same break when the positions are reversed. Of course, you can't depend on that. When a jockey has an armful of horse, he'll hold you in what we call a blind switch."

"Suppose a rider refuses to play ball with the boys? Do the other jockeys get together and cool him off? I understand Ycaza is something of a cowboy. He seems to be involved in a lot of fouls."

"In the old days we might've ganged up on him, but there's no sense in that today because we'd get suspended ourselves. Last winter the boys in California thought Ycaza was getting away with so much roughstuff that they went to the stewards and made a formal protest."

Ycaza recently drew suspensions totaling twenty-five days for two riding offenses at New York's Belmont track.

I asked, "When you look at Ycaza, Eddie, do you see a resemblance to yourself at his age?"

He smiled. "Yes, I do. Maybe that's why I like the kid. He's got great ability. He just never admits defeat, hates to see a horse pass him. He's got to learn to curb his temper, and I think he will."

"How did he act toward you when he was taken off Jewel's Reward for the Derby?" The twenty-one-year-old Ycaza, a Panamanian, finished first in the $97,800 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah on Jewel's Reward in March, but was disqualified for interfering with Tim Tam in the stretch. Three weeks before the Kentucky Derby, Ycaza again was disqualified in a race at Jamaica, when the stewards upheld a protest filed by Arcaro. After the second incident, Ivan Parke, Jewel's Reward's trainer, decided Ycaza was too much of a risk and replaced him with Arcaro in the Derby. It turned out that Jewel's Reward wasn't going anywhere that day anyhow.

The question about Ycaza's reaction made Arcaro hesitate for the first time. "I haven't told this to anyone. I called him off to the side and talked to him. I told him he didn't have to look for an extra edge to win his share of races. I felt it was my duty as president of the Jockeys' Guild"—Arcaro has held the position for ten years—"and I was indirectly responsible for putting him out of the Derby. Ycaza has a chance to be great, and I'd hate to see him spoil it by getting a bad reputation."

"You've mellowed a lot, Eddie, but the crowds haven't. They seem to be booing you more than ever. Do you resent it, or accept it as a part of the business?"

"I can't say I like it, but I only resent it when a hothead curses me in the paddock. The other jocks kid me about it on the parade to the gate after I've lost on a favorite. 'They're really going to give it to you now,' they say. Maybe it's a compliment. They've got me on such a high pedestal nobody in the world could live up to it.

"The face is familiar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Racing is a more emotional thing than other sports because of the betting angle. Hardly anybody goes to the track as a spectator. When a horse player loses, it's not only the money he's dropped that makes him sore. He's handicapped the race, and if the results don't come out in line with his figures, he takes it as a personal insult to his judgment."

"Aren't many of your horses false favorites because you're on them?"

"I suppose so, but no more than the horses ridden by Shoemaker and Valenzuela, who's hot right now."

"Do you bet yourself?" I asked him.

"I quit ten or twelve years ago when I got the security I wanted. Another reason I gave up betting was that it hurt my riding. I pressed too much, moved up on a horse faster than I ordinarily would. Oh, I bet once in a while when I'm not riding. Last winter, when I was laid up for two months with a dislocated knee, I bet ten or twenty dollars on every race at Santa Anita."

"How did you make out?"

"Like everybody else," he said, grinning. "I lost. I picked a few winners, but on the over-all picture I lost."

"We're near the windup now," I said. "If you don't care to answer this next question I'll understand, but there's a good deal of curiosity about the money you've earned."

"It's no secret," he said amiably. "You can figure almost on the nose what a jockey makes by taking ten per cent of the purses won by his horses. A story in the papers a few months ago said my purses added up to nearly $24,000,000. I think it was an accurate estimate."

"You've made a lot of good investments, too, haven't you?"

"Well, I don't throw my money arc[illegible] Most of it is in oil and a chain of driv[illegible] restaurants on the Coast. I have a g[illegible] piece of an oil syndicate that drills a fe[illegible] new wells every year. We just bought 170,000 acres in Peru that may be a real jack pot."

"Don't you also own a company that sells equipment for jockeys and horses?"

"Yes, but I'm still waiting for it to pan out after five years. Sometimes it seems I'm my own best customer. I wear out about thirty pairs of boots a year at twenty-five bucks apiece."

"Have you taken any more fliers on Broadway?" In 1946 Arcaro backed Swan Song, a play written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, which had a Broadway run of only twenty-two performances.

"I went for a bath on that one," he winced. "I dropped thirty thousand dollars. I said never again, but when Don Ameche, a good friend of mine, asked me to put some money into Holiday for Lovers, starring him last year, I didn't want to turn him down. I broke even on it. Hey, you know enough about me to write a book."

"That might not be a bad idea if I knew the last chapter," I said. "Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions in racing?"

"I've never set goals for myself. I treat riding as a business and try to win each race as it comes along. I know I'm getting old for a jockey, but Johnny Longden is forty-eight, and he was the leading rider at Tanforan last winter. Maybe I can last as long as he has. I hope so."

Arcaro went on, "I'd be silly to think of quitting. I've made more money in racing than I possibly could in any other line, and I'd be an awful liar if I told you I don't like being a celebrity. I'll get good horses and make money as long as I ride well. The main thing," the little man said earnestly, "is to keep on winning."

THE END

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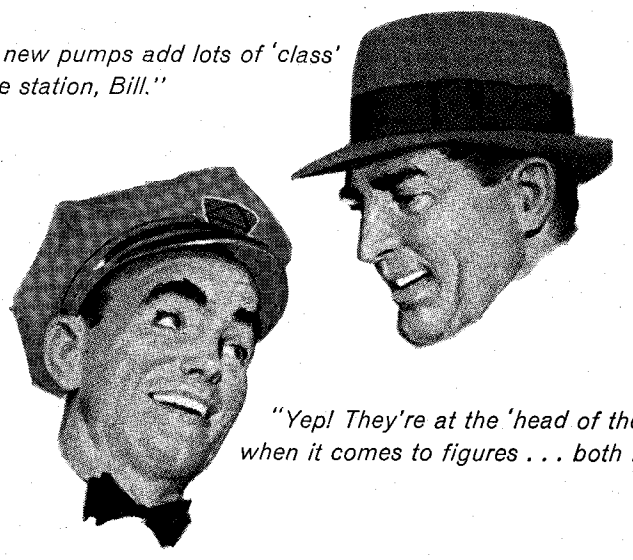
The beauty that was made to measure

by A. O. Smith



"Your new pumps add lots of 'class' to the station, Bill."

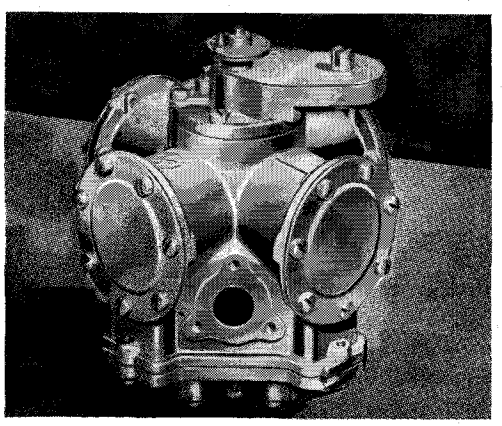
"Yep! They're at the 'head of the class' when it comes to figures . . . both kinds!"

"They sure dress up the station," I said, admiring the new gasoline pumps, as Bill finished filling the tank on my car. "And they seem nice and handy to work with."

You probably have a friend like Bill, too — a service station operator you trade with regularly. You trust him. You appreciate his skill that ranges from fixing a tire to soothing an engine's cough.

"Best gasoline pumps I ever had!" Bill was polishing the windshield now, rubbing away at a stubborn tar speck. "They've got the finest precision meters in the business. Made by A. O. Smith. And y' know, beauty's just skin deep so a gasoline pump is really only as good as the accuracy of the meter inside."

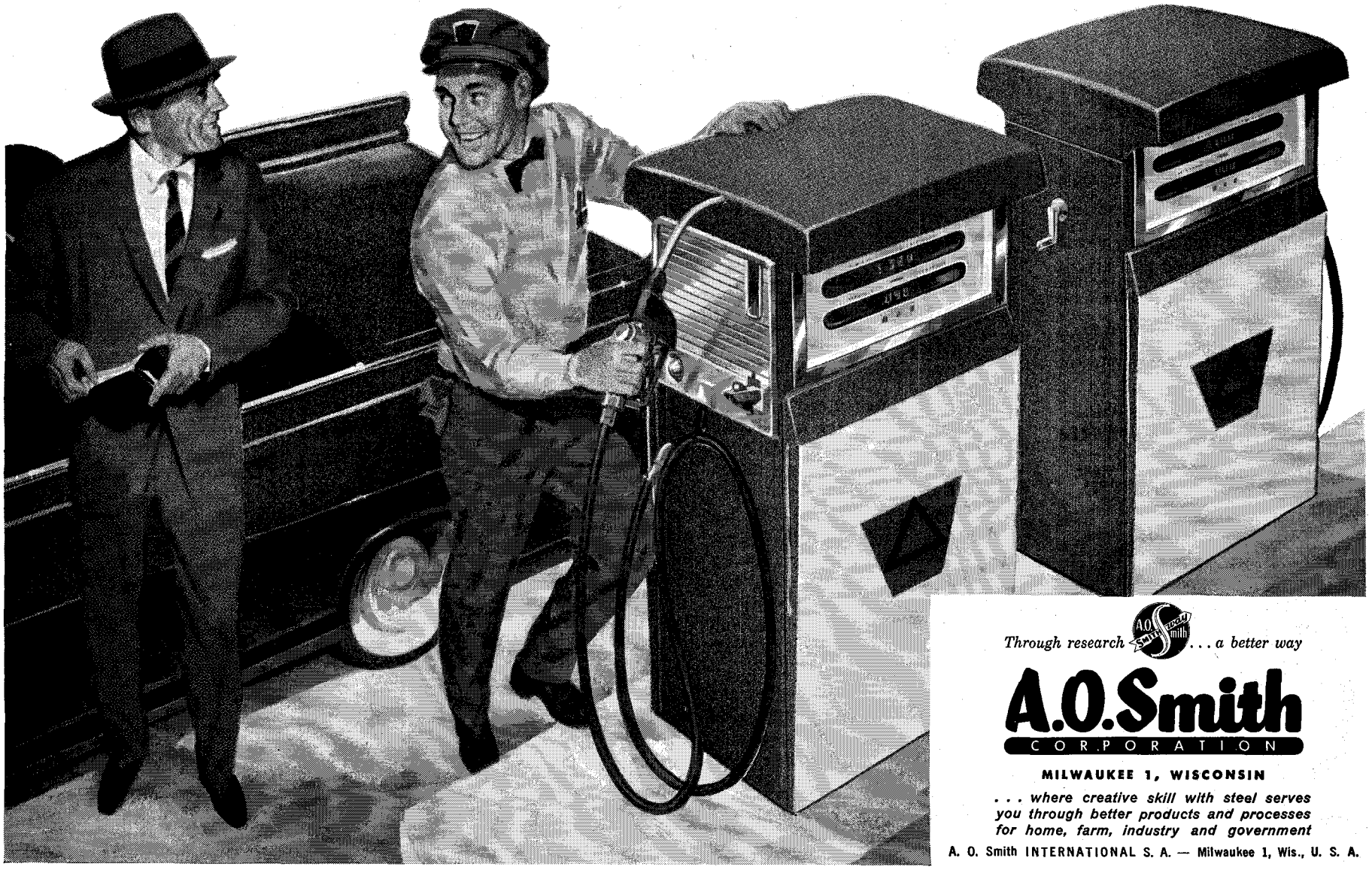
I couldn't resist, "Beauty made to measure — eh, Bill?" "You said it,"



he smiled as he carefully closed the hood. "When it comes to adding up the sale, these pumps are right at the head of the class. They never miss a drop. The customer always gets fair measure . . . and that's the way I want it."

Bill looked at the figures on the face of the A. O. Smith pump. "Let's see. That's nine and six-tenths gallons . . . *right on the button!*"

◄ A. O. Smith's famous PM-2 meters (left) are featured in the beautiful L-3-line gasoline pumps (below). Made by a company with 20 years' experience producing dependable meters and accessories that bring pin-point accuracy to the measuring of petroleum products, from wellsite to service station. If your business is serving the motorist, *write for free literature.*



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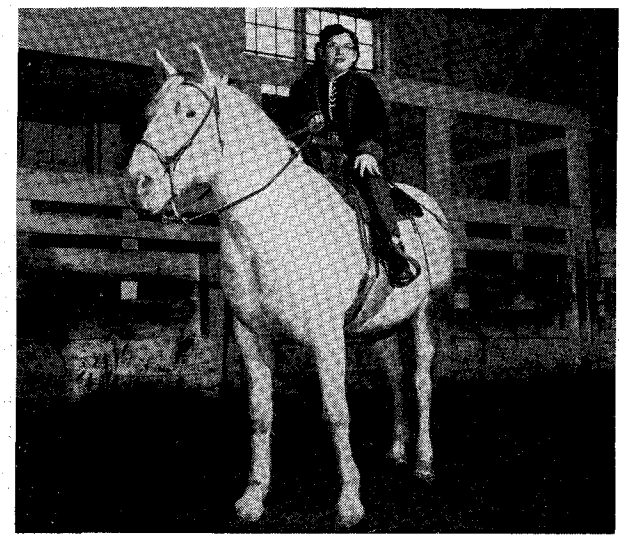
Pat Gets a New Saddle



In a lively, happy biographical letter, **Pat Pfeifer,** the equestrienne in the picture, said that "a bout with polio has limited me to riding a gentle horse," and that was all she said about polio. Later, her employer—president Del Snider, of Taylor and Co., a Portland, Ore., advertising firm—revealed that she has to get about in a wheel chair, but drives her own car to work daily, a seven-mile trip. Snider says, "When the people at Taylor's learned that Patsy had made her first sale to the Post [page 31], they almost cheered. Her determination, ability and good nature have made her our most popular employee." The Pfeifers are a horse-loving family; the author's brother, Jack, is a rodeo veteran, and when he gets out of the Marine Corps, he and his wife and Pat will start ranching on a small scale. Recently Pat's saddle fell to pieces of old age. "I went into hock to buy another, worrying about paying what I owed—and next day the Post bought my story."

No Place for Shunpikers

Hal Burton, in his page 25 analysis of troubles that beset toll highways, mentions parallel superturnpikes, and "shunpikers," those wicked motorists who devise ways to dodge tollgates without paying. So it's diverting to note that Burton has a personal interest in a toll system which doesn't have to worry about such matters at all. Burton, in an article, Why Do I Ski?, in the last Feb. 8 Post, told how he conceived the idea some years ago of the wonderful scenic chair lifts and ski trails which now exist on Whiteface Mountain at Lake Placid, N.Y., and how Gov. Averell Harriman recently appointed him to the Whiteface Mountain Authority, which operates both the ski center and a spectacular toll highway to the mountaintop. Burton says a trifle smugly that nobody is apt to motor up that mountain except on the road, nor is anybody likely to shinny up a cable tower and jump into the moving chair lift to duck paying his fare. He adds, "The ski lift is also very popular with summer seers [advt.]."

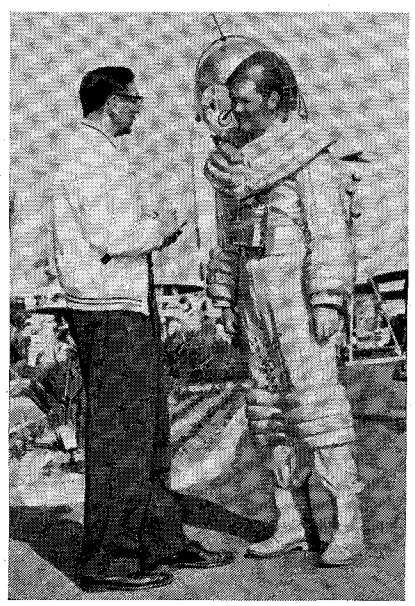
Tales of the Authors

Artist Musier Lee, author Lawrence Lee.

Lawrence Lee, author of fiction and poetry and professor of humanities at the University of Pittsburgh, went out with a hunting party in Alabama some years ago; the party got lost in a rare Southern snowstorm and stayed lost until rescuers found them. "This germ of my story [page 32] was real, and so too were the women waiting anxiously at home"—but beyond that Lee took off into unadulterated fiction. The professor's wife is artist Musier Lee, and that photo caught them just before her recent one-woman show at Pittsburgh's Playhouse Gallery. Daughter Augusta is a student where her daddy teaches.

Robert Cahn reports in his page 22 article on Disneyland that when Harry S. Truman sat down in one of the "rides" the operator said, "Sir, if you'll take your foot off the brake, we can start." The ex-President got the merry ha-ha when he lifted his foot, found no brake under it—and the ride started. Why didn't Cahn write that, before picking up this anecdote, he fell for the same gag?

Small-world item: author **Alice Lake,** while lunching one day with her sister, Dorothy Sterling, writer of children's books, remarked that she was collaborating on a Post article with a man named **Albion Hartwell,** a multiple-sclerosis patient in New York's Coler Hospital. "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Sterling, "could that be the Al Hartwell I used to know?" It was. Seems that they had become acquainted some 15 years ago as a result of taking their youngsters to the same nursery school each morning before boarding the same bus for their mid-city jobs. Mrs. Lake had never met Hartwell until she undertook the page 17 article.



Bob Cahn chats with Disneyland spaceman.

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"I Cooked for the Queen"

The Queen of England's favorite dish is fried potatoes! Fascinating reminiscences by Charles Mellis, former chef on Britain's royal train.

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